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## THE PROBLEM OF CHURCH UNION

THE discussion relates to union and not to unity. Union means the organic joining of the various churches; unity means the full and sympathetic cooperation of all the churches. As yet we do not have either formal union or full unity. There are many good people who long and pray for both.

Consequently the talk of church union is constant and emphatic. The preparations have been in many forms. The American Bible Society, the Young Men's Christian Association, the Young Women's Christian Association, the International Sunday School Association, and the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America have all tended to bring the churches toward a working unity. The movement now has exponents in two important and influential weeklies; it has at last expressed itself in a wealthy theological seminary; and it has begotten for itself an organ in the form of a quarterly. In Scotland it has already won an objective victory of real note, while in Canada it seems on the edge of another great conquest. In America it is being furthered by a commission which, being properly financed, is sending out literature that is finely courteous and unaffectedly pious. This commission is preparing for a World Conference on Faith and Order—a conference wherein opportunity may be had for better mutual understanding and for positive statement of positions deemed fundamental.

This array of facts could be increased greatly. It is enough to say that one of the serious movements of the period is the move-

ment toward church union. The vision of the united church is making a mighty appeal. It answers to the present passion for consolidation. It has all of the lure of bigness. It pleases the age with its promise of economy and efficiency. It seems the natural goal for that interdenominational comity that has steadily grown through many decades. It is the inevitable reaction against that spirit of division that in days past manifested itself so easily and needlessly until the religious census was burdened with the names of several scores of churches. Seeing eyes behold the trend toward union on all sides. Once in a while it appears locally. Regular denominations are asked to give place to a nondescript union organization having no direct connection with a world program. Indeed, the movement has made such headway that the question of its guidance should be one of concern to all the followers of the Lord.

The word "problem" is not used recklessly. The securing of church union is just that—a problem of difficulty and magnitude. Practically four hundred years have passed since the birth of Protestantism. That mighty river has sent off smaller rivers. These smaller rivers have sent off creeks. These creeks have been divided and subdivided into rivulets. This main figure of speech suggests that the Protestant movement has reversed normal processes. Usually the rivers and creeks and rivulets are joined together to make the mighty stream and to pour at last into the unifying ocean. Can all those channels be reversed? Can Protestantism go backward to unity while still going forward to power? It is an easy prophecy that many mountains must be removed, many watersheds reformed, and many shore lines reconstructed, ere these wandering streams shall join their waters in one vast course. The figure of speech suggests what a huge problem is involved in the movement.

But it would be easy for one man to magnify the hindrances, and it would likewise be easy for him to give undue emphasis to his own religious and ecclesiastical opinions. The only safe course is to gather a composite message. Now a composite message, like a composite photograph, is not apt to be attractive, even though it may represent, not a solo, not a quartet, but rather a big chorus

of convictions. If one will collect sentiments from many good men who are not given to wildness of judgment and who do not hold a theory of the church inevitably committing them to some form of the outward unity of Christendom, one will be saved from reckless idealizing. The truth is that the hindrances to the objective union of the churches are both many and great. Summed up and designated by general adjectives, these hindrances may be called doctrinal, temperamental, historical, ethical, and volitional.

The doctrinal difficulties, happily enough, do not relate to the fundamentals of the Christian faith. The calls for conferences usually invite all those who recognize Jesus Christ as God and Saviour. The platform indicated by this language is to-day the platform of the greatest portion of Christendom. Movements that have forsaken that platform have been largest in their beginnings, have lost missionary ardor, and have apparently lacked the power that can make a world conquest. Union which comprehended all who recognize Jesus Christ as God and Saviour would include an amazing majority of Christian people and would exclude a minority, slender in numbers, however excellent in other respects. It is thus evident that the doctrinal differences that separate the churches do not refer to the person of our Lord. They refer to certain conceptions of the church itself as the instrument by which the grace of Christ is to be brought to the world.

It is often affirmed that the differences between Roman Catholicism and Protestantism are fundamental and irreconcilable. Certainly no sane man expects any speedy union of the Roman and Greek churches or of the Roman and Protestant churches. The problem of unity must be worked out in Protestant circles ere the larger and more difficult task is undertaken. A careful study of tendencies does not reveal any vigorous moving to the type of unity for which the Roman Catholic Church stands. The best-loved cardinal of that church in America has recently affirmed that for unity "the first essential requirement is the recognition of the Sovereign Pontiff, the Successor of Saint Peter, divinely appointed head of Christendom." This cardinal says that "once the proper position of the Pope is recognized I do not believe that the other controverted doctrines are as formidable as is commonly

imagined." Take it the world over, however, the drift seems to be quite in the other direction. There is no movement toward the recognition of the Pope. Witness France! Witness Portugal! Witness the restlessness even in Spain! The Roman Church grows in America by birth and immigration, but very slightly by conversions from Protestantism. Yet in every Protestant church of goodly size there will be found converts from Rome. The simple truth is that there are in the world to-day literally millions of people who would die ere they would submit to a scheme of unity based on any doctrine of external human authority. The English statesmen have been slow to see that Ulster meant what she said! Well, the Ulster spirit is a zephyr compared to the cyclonic whirlwind that would come from an effort to enforce the authority of the Roman Pontiff!

When we move into the Protestant world the difficulties are not so great, but they are still very real. There is a gulf between those who find a warrant for a church life in a historical exigency and those who find the warrant only in historical continuity. There would be a debate not only about the facts, but about the meaning of the facts, if the facts were proven. The men who believe that a historical relation contributes something essential and is necessary to constitute validity or even regularity can scarcely be expected to surrender their conviction, while those who regard such a view as either a figment or a fiction would naturally be averse to a union which would deny that their spiritual forefathers had lacked any divine grace that could come only by way of manual contacts! If there are some who would assign genuine virtue to a proved succession, there are many more who would fear any theory of the church which they regarded as even refinedly materialistic. It may be that between these two theories of the church there is some point of reconciliation, but it is suggestive that the most recent and most earnest pleaders for unity insist that the question must be postponed.

In 1872 Phillips Brooks wrote to a friend: "Have you read Lightfoot's Commentary on Philippians? Do get it and read the 'Essay on the Christian Ministry.' It does seem to me to finish the Apostolic Succession Theory completely" (Life of Phillips Brooks,



Allen, Vol. II, page 174). Again he writes to a friend with reference to the secession of Bishops Cummins to found the Reformed Episcopal Church: "And what do you think about Cummins? What a panic it must make among the bishops to know that a stray parson is round with a true bit of the genuine succession, perfectly and indisputably the thing, which he can give to anybody that he pleases! Nothing like it since the pow-wow among the gods when Prometheus stole the sacred fire" (Ibid., Vol. II, page 206). If these views represent the Protestant Episcopal Church, union would not seem so difficult. But if one reads the protest signed by hundreds of clergymen of that denomination at the time when the Convention had decreed that with the consent of the bishop ministers of other churches might be allowed to appear in Episcopalian pulpits, the matter of union seems an absurdity and an impossibility. If the bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church feel that they cannot conscientiously vote to unite with the Federal Council, what hope is there that they would be able to find terms on which self-respecting members of other churches could agree with reference to actual union? Amid all the discussions of the subject no theory has as yet been put forward that promises a meeting ground for the two conceptions of the nature of the church.

It is likewise often claimed that there is a psychological foundation for the main branches of the Christian church. The advocate of this view will tell us that as the man of insight passes from the Methodist Episcopal to the Congregational or Presbyterian, and then to the Baptist, and on to the Protestant Episcopal Church, he will clearly observe differing types of persons and so different moods of religious service. Of course, this argument runs off into absurdity when it is locally applied. Even the small community will hold the various temperaments; but does this fact call for the various churches answering to those temperaments? The natural answer would be that if we are ever to have a united church, it must provide within itself for the needs of the various religious types. The advocates of church union believe that such a church could be fashioned so broad and catholic as to be really inclusive of all normal religious temperaments.

Unless such a union could be made, division would quickly reappear. The lesson of history is plain here. More than this, the lesson would seem to be that the division was wholesome. Who can believe for a moment that it would have been better if the Puritan movement had been held within either the Roman Catholic Church or the Church of England? Who can believe that, if the Wesleyan movement had been kept within the Established Church, Methodism would still have kept its fervor and peculiar flavor? Is it likely that if William Booth had not walked away from a Wesleyan Conference that had been shocked by his unconventional proposals of Christian work, and if he had not put the Salvation Army on a separate basis, his movement would still have kept the bizarre and glaring splendor of its appeal? The strong bonds of unity have not in the past prevailed against the demands of spiritual types. In spite of these bonds, often made of ecclesiastical iron, Martin Luther came, and John Calvin, and Roger Williams, and John Wesley, and William Booth. The pressure of unity went just so far and then souls either seized their spiritual rights or rushed off into spiritual lawlessness, as one may be pleased to interpret history. So the argument based on temperament is substantial, and the advocates of unity must reckon with it as a serious thing. The excuse for some smaller denominations may be smaller than the denominations themselves. But the contention that the final adjustment of Christian forces will provide for several divisions of the church, all federated for action and all frankly and reverently acknowledging the divine mission of the others, is not to be dismissed with a sneer.

The historical argument against outward unity declares that the record of the past does not speak convincingly of the benefits of one church. The world had one church for a long period. That was just prior to what men call the Dark Ages. The picture of that period is not a highly persuasive plea for outward oneness. Besides, the argument may be made contemporary. There are now large sections of the earth where objective unity prevails. Spain, for example! or Bulgaria! or Portugal! or Russia! If Protestant illustrations are desired, they are at hand. There are sections of Europe where one church is practically all. Do those

sections show any nearer answer to our Saviour's prayer for that kind of oneness that would lead men to believe on him? Records, past and present, are not very convincing pleaders for unity.

It is not surprising, therefore, that many sensible men ask that we shall try fellowship and federation ere we try the more delicate relations demanded by objective unity. It is deemed significant by these men that thus far the leaders of the movement for church unity have been furnished by those communions that claim either an exclusive ministry or an exclusive sacrament. Are they really anxious for church unity? Or are they mainly concerned for some theory that lies behind church unity? A writer on the subject in the *Atlantic Monthly* for May, 1913, reaches his conclusion by asking, "Is not the proposal to give episcopal orders to the churches that have lost the apostolic succession one which should be seriously considered?" Our forefathers duly considered that matter; and they made the American nation because they found their own conscientious reply. Several millions of their sons will utterly decline to consider any platform of unity that makes their spiritual ancestors in the slightest sense ecclesiastical outlaws or ecclesiastical guerrillas. The united church may doubtless emphasize order as a means toward efficiency; but it will not be allowed to emphasize order as a means toward authority or validity or regularity. There is a numerous spiritual type in the world that will not yield itself to the aristocratic conception of the church. What is the official answer to the question raised at Kikuyo? Is the shocked and indignant Bishop of Zanzibar correct in his charges against his brethren of Uganda and Mombasa? Petty and deplorable as the incident seems, perhaps it will render service if we can secure at length a straight and unequivocal declaration of the spiritual standing of nonconformists in every land.

There are likewise ethical differences that stand in the way of church unity. Some of the great denominational cleavages have occurred on what men deemed sacredly moral lines. The largest division in the largest Protestant Church had such a cause. Some may say that indiscretion, haste, and bitterness figured on both sides of the famous controversy. But all will say that there was something magnificent in the spectacle of a church surrendering

almost one half of its members and property rather than to consent that one of its Bishops should keep slaves that had come to him by marriage. Or, should anyone believe that a really sacred right was involved on the opposite side of that transaction, he will still grant that there was glory in a movement that surrendered formal unity rather than inherent righteousness. Phillips Brooks, in a fine passage in his sermon on "The Church of the Living God," says: "The church which forty years ago had cried out at the sin of slavery would be more powerful than we could imagine in America to-day. The church which to-day effectively denounces intemperance and the licentiousness of social life, the cruelty or indifference of the rich to the poor, and the prostitution of public office, will become the real church of America." It is suggestive that all the terms of this statement are ethical. The reader finds himself inquiring whether any Protestant Church in the land corresponds fairly to the above description. Phillips Brooks was a prophet when he wrote this moral challenge. He saw that an ethical unity must precede an ecclesiastical unity.

In proof of this point we have all noted that, when an ethical cause unites the various churches in a community, a spiritual unity begins to sway the minds and hearts of those who have been otherwise divided. The attack on wickedness and the defense of righteousness make a meeting place for the children of God. The hindrance to church union in this respect must not be underestimated. There are some men in the United States who will not consent to dwell in the same church organization with brewers and distillers. In the city where these words are written hundreds of men engaged in the liquor trade are at least formal members of one branch of the Christian church; other men who mingle intoxicants with groceries and sell both to their customers are in good standing in some Protestant churches. All over the land there are members of churches, and even some clergymen, who are sippers of strong drink and compromisers in their whole attitude toward an unholy traffic. Who imagines that it would be possible to yoke these men with those earnest Puritans who are pushing the battle to the very doors of the American saloon?

This is, of course, but one illustration of the ethical issues

that bear on the whole case. If there is what a great preacher called "the expulsive power of a new affection," there is likewise what might be called the divisive power of a great conviction. It is easily possible for such a mood to degenerate into narrowness, and to exalt minor issues, and even to seek to invent some extra sins. Yet the men who to-day are making the fiery center of several vast reforms will not be lured into a church union based on a false breadth and an evil patience.

Finally, there are what we have called the volitional hindrances to church union. Here it must be allowed that the evil will can do its sorry work. When churches are formed on the question of buttons or hooks and eyes; on whether a fragment of the gospel story shall be turned into a virtual sacrament; on whether organ or violin music shall invade the house of God; and on many other questions that are utterly minor, it must be that human perversity has done very bad service. Without doubt, also some denominations have grown from personal and greedy ambitions. Whatever may be said in justification of the larger divisions of Protestantism, who can find ample apology for so many kinds of Methodists, or Presbyterians, or Baptists, or Lutherans? Evidently one thing needful is that many of us shall pray for that divine grace that will enable us to distinguish between an opinion and a conviction.

Beyond this, it is necessarily difficult for a man to tell just where his loyalty to a denomination parts company with his loyalty to some wider and diviner interest. When our family history has been related to one branch of God's church; when at its altars all of our ancestors, so far as we have record, have found their faith and inspiration and comfort; when we have sacred memories of fathers and mothers who have invested sacrificial lifetimes in working for a particular type of gospel and in building up an organization for the furtherance of that gospel, it is asking no small thing that we should merge all this into an immense ecclesiastical trust. We have that rather beautiful partisanship to deal with in our approach toward church union; and we have observed that there is a good bit of it in all our church camps. Certainly, however, we can believe that, if the will of Christ be for the



formal and outward union of his church, his grace is sufficient to enlarge our little loyalties until they are joined in devotion to his wide Kingdom. .

The dogmatist may be willing to affirm that all the hindrances that have been classed as doctrinal, psychological, historical, and ethical may really be classed as volitional. But union will not be hastened by making light of the views of honest men, nor yet by any cry against so-called "reactionaries." Church union cannot be accomplished by a wave of a wand; neither will it be promoted by scorn toward even petulant dissent. In the whole project God gives us a splendid chance for patience and for that charity which is even better than tolerance. The only hopeful attitude is a prayerful waiting for the revealing of God's will.

Meantime there can be only gratitude that there is in Christendom in general so much loyalty to the One Shepherd. If the sections of the flock all turn toward him, it is inevitable that they shall turn toward each other and shall come into closer companionship. We still wait for the definition of the "one fold," or, as the commentators tell us, of the "one flock." When that definition is placed in the mind and heart of the church, the problem of unity, if not of union, will move to its gracious solution. In the hush of some spiritual evening we shall see the hillsides whitening with the approaching sheep; we shall hear the rush of eager feet toward one kindly shelter; we shall catch sight of the Good Shepherd himself coming in from his journey bearing the sheep that was lost into the safety of the ninety and nine; and when all the divisions of the "one flock" shall move in obedience to the voice of the "one Shepherd," the hirelings shall vanish and the true undershepherds shall lead their sheep along the ways of God. Until then the expectant church must be sincerely ready to say, "The will of the Good Shepherd be done, now and forever. Amen."

*Edmund H. Hughes.*

## JOHN STUART MILL

I. THAT "most strenuous and magnanimous spirit" John Stuart Mill was born in Pentonville, London, on May 20, 1806. His father, James Mill, the historian and philosopher, belonged to a family which came originally from the slopes of the Perthshire Grampians of Scotland, a region noted for the growth of keen thinkers and ardent disputants. The elder Mill received the best education his frugal parents could procure, and after graduating at Montrose Academy he entered upon a course of study at Edinburgh University, where he formed friendships with John Leyden, David Brewster, and Lord Brougham. At the age of twenty-nine he began his well-known literary career in London, where his strong and logical intellect, clear perceptions, precise statement, and versatile knowledge attained deserved reputation. He treated the themes he discussed in an original and constructive manner: loose reasoning was his abomination; and for him, at any rate, the prevalent empirical method was displaced by his strict adherence to first principles and their ascertainable results. When thirty-one he married Harriet Burrow, a lady of generous nature and refined tastes. The union was not a particularly happy one. James Mill was by no means a cheerful personality, his stern and reserved demeanor being better fitted for exacting philosophical and literary pursuits than to discharge the duties of domestic life. Holding himself aloof from the majority, and never on familiar terms with any, he entirely approved Landor's surly, supercilious maxim, "Few acquaintances, fewer friends, no intimates." Mrs. Mill deserved a better fate, and her eldest son, John Stuart, was destined to increase its bitterness by his unfilial conduct. His father accepted the dicta of the utilitarian cult, that men are born alike, and that every child's mind is a *tabula rasa* on which experience registers its impressions. In harmony with this conception, education became the formative factor in determining life and shaping character. It should begin with the dawn of consciousness and be prosecuted without stint. How absolutely James Mill indorsed these views is evident from the methods he adopted

in training his son. There have been few more pathetic juvenile histories than that of John Stuart Mill, and were not its strange recital so well substantiated, doubts as to its accuracy would be legitimate. It has been received with feelings of amazement mingled with those of sympathy and indignation. At the time when the infant prodigy should have been playing in the nursery, or on the open fields, he was compelled to memorize the Greek alphabet and long lists of Greek words with their English equivalents. Before his eighth birthday he had read *Æsop's Fables*, *Xenophon's Anabasis*, the whole of *Herodotus*, a large part of *Lucian*, *Diogenes Laertius*, and *Isocrates* and the first six *Dialogues of Plato*. In addition to these classics, studied in the original, he extended his researches to the English historians and essayists; *Robertson*, *Hume*, *Gibbon*, *Millar*, *M'Crie*, *Rollin*, *Hooke*, and *Sewell* being actually read by the time this child had reached his tenth year. The differential calculus and other branches of higher mathematics, including geometry and algebra, to say nothing of Latin, logic, treatises on scholasticism, and the study of *Organon*, were undertaken by him during the period of his adolescence. Macaulay's phenomenal precociousness was altogether eclipsed, and, even so, Mill's father was still dissatisfied, thrusting upon him other herculean labors which were simply impossible. At eight he received the appointment of schoolmaster to the younger members of the family, a post which he confesses was more educative to his mind than helpful to his manners. The Draconian theories of an insolent philosophical system which recognized no limitations were thus ruthlessly applied to the eldest child, who vicariously operated upon still younger children as they left the cradle. It was a painful and depressing spectacle, and *Jeremy Bentham* added to its repulsiveness by volunteering his services in carrying out the scheme, so far as *John Stuart* was concerned, "by whipping or otherwise"; to which the elder Mill replied, "I take your offer seriously, and we may perhaps leave him a worthy successor of us both." The unfortunate lad was, in their view, a living peg on which to hang their unnatural notions and exhibit their supposititious advantages to posterity.

Training of this sort was more than a dubious discipline; it

was a merciless exploitation whose marvelous achievements were obtained at a penalizing cost. It is extremely questionable whether the knowledge thus acquired was as valuable to Mill as his father supposed it would be, and still more so whether the results thus secured were worth the sacrifice of a normal childhood and youth to ideals born in the brain of unimaginative speculators. Mill avers that his childhood was not unhappy; but at best his testimony can have only a negative value, since he might have mistaken the absence of actual suffering for the positive presence of pleasure. He had never tasted the sweetness of irresponsible freedom common to normal boyhood, with its thrilling romances and adventures, and although he was highly emotional, and even religiously inclined by temperament, he had been forced to face existence from the purely intellectual standpoint. He admits that his father made unreasonable demands upon him and that he was subjected to a carefully prepared and rigorous curriculum, every detail of which was predetermined and the goal defined. The rigid austerities involved in its realization were responsible for Mill's meager development physically. Mr. Hugh Elliot asserts: "He must have been born into the world with the constitution of a giant. . . . But all its strength was drafted off to the nervous system, and we find him throughout life threatened by consumption. He suffered also from a ceaseless twitching of the eyelid of one eye, evidence enough how great was the strain which that overwhelming intellectual burden cast upon his physical condition."

There is, however, something to be said on the other side. If the father never spared others, neither did he spare himself. He held many public views in a spacious and intelligent way and desired that his son should cultivate sympathy with the causes which made for social betterment. The advantages derived from so close an association with his father's vigorous mind and its lucid and lofty controversies for the common weal inevitably contributed to John Stuart's ethical and intellectual qualities as a sagacious advocate of necessary reforms. "One of the grand objects of education," said James Mill, "should be to generate a constant and anxious concern about evidence." To this end they

took daily morning walks together, during which the problems of political economy were discussed. These peripatetic dialogues had to be reproduced in written form on the following day. A high standard of exactitude was enforced, the outcome of which was palpable in those literary talents which were most useful to the comprehensive philosophy John Stuart afterward set forth. He acquired habits that grew with his life: no opinion was to be received on authority, however venerable; half solutions of difficulties were not to be passed upon as complete; puzzling questions must never be abandoned; obscure corners of a debated issue should be explored to their last ramifications; the part of any subject must not be confused with the whole. A passion for veracity was permissible, although all other sentiment was disavowed, and once results thus gained were established, they should be fearlessly and honestly accepted. As a discoverer and defender of reasoned truth in human affairs, Mill was taught to look with cold aversion upon those upholders of dogma who shrank from the searching light of free, rational investigation. This is the apology for a process out of which he emerged having saved his individuality, though as by fire. Whatever were the youth's feelings, his endurance was beyond praise. Nor is there any hint that he faltered while passing through so premature a forging process. His resolute will and his respect for his father's lightest word were stimulated by the example of those wholesome characters which had overcome formidable obstacles. His mind early attained and kept to the end a high range of efficiency. And, while many thinkers and some contemporaries were more eminent for originality, none surpassed Mill in the amplitude of his knowledge, the diversity and scope of his intellectual pursuits, or in his invaluable faculty for fusing together rich but fragmentary phrases of thought. He acquired those gifts of concentration which made him a mental analyst of the first order. On the whole, it seems probable that the interminable drudgery to which he was subjected in the astonishing program delineated was beneficial for his philosophical capacities.

But philosophical capacities fall far short of the sum total of a human spirit's mysterious powers, and the day came, or, per-



haps, more correctly, the night fell, when Mill's implicit and complacent trust in his metaphysic and its proposed evangel was rudely shattered. His mutilated childhood followed his career as its Nemesis and was revenged in a series of dark, depressing moods which well-nigh overwhelmed him. For an interval, while his heart arose in revolt against the unbearable tyrannies inflicted upon it, everything on which he had hitherto depended tottered and seemed about to fall. He was numbered among those disenchanting spirits whose ideals have melted into thin air. Realizing that if all his objects in life could be attained at one stroke this would grant him no respite, he said with melancholy emphasis: "My happiness was to have been found in the continual pursuit of a certain end. The end had ceased to charm; and how could there ever again be an interest in the means? I seemed to have nothing left to live for." There came upon him

A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear,  
A drowsy, stifled, unimpassioned grief,  
Which finds no natural outlet or relief  
In word, or sigh, or tear.

What availed his father's regimen or his bold and brutal efforts to stifle in the gifted son his spiritual aspirations? The irrestrainable passions burst out from beneath the glacial exterior like an antarctic volcano flaming above the snow, teaching observers the lesson that we may perhaps repress ourselves, but no one else can attempt it with impunity. Excessively nurtured in intellect and starved in emotion by calculating rationalists who conducted their frigid experiments in his vitalities as though these were insensible, Mill never regained the proper mingling of elements and consequent equipoise then forfeited.

His father had banned the poets because they fed sentimentality, and any glow of personal fervor was a cardinal offense against correct taste. The son recovered himself by reading Marmontel's *Memoirs*, and later the poetry of Wordsworth was a leaven of consolation. These authors not only quickened his withered feelings, they contradicted the main tenets of the Benthamite position. He saw that the heart could be a guide to truth and was not necessarily a rebel against it. A far more adequate appreciation of

human happiness awakened in him. He began to live the life of emotion, and, treading this unaccustomed road for which he had received so little preparation, it is not surprising that he fell into a snare.

His introduction to the well-known Mrs. Harriet Hardy Taylor resulted in an intimacy which created division in his family and caused keen anxiety to his friends, some of whom, however, have maintained that the animadversions cast upon the compact were largely based upon wrong impressions. The facts are as follows: Harriet Hardy was married when eighteen years old to John Taylor, a successful merchant of London. She needed the financial aid his material prosperity afforded and he was a kindly, affectionate husband, of some education and many laudable traits, who erred, if at all, in not being more insistent upon the integrity of his domestic honor. The disparity of their respective ages and lack of mutual sympathy prevented the wife from feeling more than an affectionate gratitude for her husband's forbearance and abounding kindness. To love him in the deep sense of which we are told she afterward showed herself capable of loving was an impossibility. Her soul awakened when she met Mill, and he spoke of her in terms of ardent devotion as "the only woman I have ever known with whom I could have entered into the marriage relation." Her tribute to him was even more fervid and came perilously near mawkishness. "O, this being!" she wrote in 1833, "seeming as though God had willed to show the type of possible elevation of humanity. To be with him is my ideal of the noblest fate; for all states of mind and feeling which are lofty and large and fine, he is the companion spirit and heart's desire." She made confession of her affection for Mill to Mr. Taylor, who requested her to renounce her lover, and on her refusal they for a time separated. Finally Mr. Taylor weakened and welcomed her return to his home as a friend and companion, the new relation giving him, he assured her, much delight. Mill resumed his constant visits there despite the remonstrances of his father, who bluntly accused him of being in love with another man's wife. After twenty years of this indiscretion and selfishness the death of the magnanimous husband left his widow free to marry her ad-

mirer, and the monetary fortune bequeathed to her by the deceased enabled her to live in material comfort. But the consequences of their relations exacted a heavy toll from Mill's character, his work, and his influence. Sir William Robertson Nicol affirms that, while there was nothing technically immoral in the Taylor incident, it was a sad and sorry entanglement which turned many of Mill's books to folly. Lord Morley, on the other hand, described Mill years ago as "true to his professions, tolerant, liberal, unselfish, single-minded, high, and strenuous." The eulogy is entirely too silvery, and it may be revised when Morley's promised *Life of Mill* appears. The advanced age of the distinguished biographer of Gladstone may deprive us of the *Life of Mill*. If it should not do so, Morley cannot allow the philosopher's conduct in this affair to escape beneath any literary disguises. It will be still more difficult to explain the implacable attitude of the "Saint of Rationalism" toward his long-suffering mother, whom he does not once mention in his *Autobiography*. This deplorable aversion arose because of her neglect of his belated bride, and destroyed the peace of that circle in which he had been an affectionate son and an open-handed brother. Miss Taylor, the granddaughter of Mrs. Taylor, has urged all that can be said in vindication of the behavior of Mr. and Mrs. Mill, but candor compels her to admit that Mill was cruel and insulting toward his nearest kinsfolk, and that, while they suffered acutely, their affection was as invincible as his resentment. "Not one bitter word is flung back at him. One sees that he reigns in all their hearts. As one reads one feels less anger with him than deep love and admiration for those brave women who seem to consider in each 'scornful phrase' only the wound from which it springs and which they perpetually seek to find and heal." Comment is superfluous; right-minded men and women can be trusted to appraise such an affinity and its results at its true value; nor will the powerful defense or extenuation of gifted people conceal the essential folly and depravity of the whole proceeding.

Mill and his wife withdrew almost entirely from society and made their home at Avignon, in France, the seat of the Papacy during the "Babylonian Captivity" of the fourteenth century.

Seven years later she died there, and this crowning calamity severed him altogether from England. He dedicated his most careful work, the essay on Liberty, to her memory, declaring that in this, as in many other of his writings, she was the inspirer and in part the author: "the friend and wife whose exalted sense of truth and right was my strongest incitement and whose approbation was my chief reward." After a brief illness he also died, at Avignon, on May 8, 1873. His end came suddenly and created a deep sense of loss in the intellectual life of Europe and America. "A strong, pure light has gone out, the radiance of a clear vision and a beneficent purpose." So wrote his greatest living disciple, expressing the sentiments of a prominent coterie of thinkers and social reformers.

II. In 1865 Mill was elected to Parliament for Westminster, where he served until the general election of 1868. Few contemporary statesmen possessed any wider experience than he in the responsible application of the principles of government; a fact which should be borne in mind by those who may be disposed to depreciate Mill's political activities unduly on the mistaken assumption that he was an armchair philosopher, remote from practical affairs. Yet he could scarcely hope to excel in an assembly of such transcendent talents as those of Gladstone, Bright, Disraeli, and Robert Lowe. His closely woven arguments were couched in a hesitant manner and involved in long parentheses, and while his presence elevated the House, his peculiar gifts were not exactly adapted to the exigencies of its extemporaneous debates. As a philosopher he is correctly described by Mr. Frederic Harrison as being "the singularly systematic product of a singularly systematic school." Standing midway between the Benthamite and Spencerian types, Mill became their most important link of connection, insisting on a logical deduction from observation and experiment and challenging all social and political theories which could not justify themselves in the forum of reason. Coleridge, Carlyle, and Ruskin were neither the offspring nor the founders of any school, but rather the apostles of intuition and feeling, and to their work must be applied the Socratic treatment which Mill's trenchant powers amply afforded. In his zenith he

was the acknowledged leader of a brilliant group of thinkers animated more or less by the same aims and by a unique blending of scholastic tenets and social aspirations. Thus he won a unique position, in that he was at once the head of an influential metaphysical sect, an active publicist, and the recognized initiator of many moral and economic changes. His merit as a writer lay in his gift for combination. English and French ideas meet in his pages, and the sturdy good sense of the one and the illuminating lucidity of the other contribute to his output. Theories which before were widely apart are here found in juxtaposition. The ancient and modern methods of inference were never so completely amalgamated or made to illustrate one another. Such a task requires the delicate shades of expository art, and this Mill inherited from the philosophical acumen of his father and from his care in the use of words. He seems to have been a compound of Bentham and Auguste Comte. In him the argumentation and sagacity of the former were quickened by the graceful explanations and idealisms of the latter.

Through his writings and those of his disciples, notably Alexander Bain and J. E. Cairnes, he dominated the thought of the middle period in the nineteenth century. His discussion of any theme was not a collection of desultory remarks upon it, but an orderly presentation in which the beginnings are articulated with their conclusions and every part has a close relation to the whole. The subjects on which he dwelt allow of little or no deviation or outside interference. Metaphysics, logic, and political economy are very exacting in their demands upon the time and strength of their devotees. Yet Mill wrote his books during the many years when he was engaged in the East India office as the guardian of its interests in the native states of India, and when all the circumstances of their production are considered, their meritorious character is augmented. There is now no necessity to set forth at length the central position of the utilitarian system. It suffices to say that Mill, as its disciple, defined matter as the permanent possibility of sensation, mind as the permanent possibility of feeling, experience as the sole source of knowledge, and he absolutely rejected *a priori* and intuitive elements of every



kind. The mind derives its entire fund of materials through the senses and contributes nothing out of itself to the structure of knowledge. He went so far as to deny the principle of contradiction. We are not even sure that we are not sure. When Hume conceded the necessary truth of the axioms of Euclid, Mill rebelled against the concession and avowed that "there might be another world in which two and two make five." He would not admit the existence of a conscious self as a centrality in itself, and, contrary to his wont, his terminology on this issue was fertile in differences because of the looseness of his phrasing, a looseness since banished by the more critical and discriminating philosophies of the later scientific era. The support of Sir Leslie Stephen and Herbert Spencer did not avail, and this attack on the reality of the mind as the nexus of personality has now largely spent its force. It undermined the intelligent basis for experience, notwithstanding that on experience the utilitarians rested their whole case, deducing from it alone the laws and necessities of the moral and intellectual life. A further defect of Mill's theories was their leaning toward, if not direct association with, the determinism which gave a mortal blow to ethical responsibility and annulled personal freedom. Nor could Mill introduce a qualitative distinction between one form of gratification and another and remain consistent with his creed. For Bentham push pin was as good as poetry, provided it afforded equal pleasure. Mill could not go as far as this, and the moment he began to differentiate between pleasures he called to his assistance the moral sense which he otherwise strongly disavowed. Christian thinkers conceive of man as a rational being, incapable of finding any permanent satisfaction in pleasure, capable only of self-realization in a common good, and they feel justified in setting aside the puerile comparisons named and in appealing directly to man's sense of moral obligation. The end of life is not happiness, but duty, and if this concept had authority as it has intrinsic reality, the maddened pursuit of pleasure would be checked which is to-day destroying millions who never heard of Bentham, Hume, and the Mills, but who unconsciously exemplify their erroneous reasoning. Any creditable exposition of the structural defects in this vaunted

policy is a grateful resistance against an evil whose ravages must be decreased or our racial value will continue to suffer.

Jeremy Bentham gave his attention to jurisprudence; James Mill to psychology; John Stuart to a new political economy. Hume's appeal to the fine senses has ceased to charm the reflective world; the elder Mill's belittling estimate of human nature crippled his enterprise; John Stuart's political economy, while laboring between two incompatible schemes of thought, the *a priori* method of his youth and the *a posteriori* method, or "inverse deduction," of Comte, has originated and directed many currents of salutary opinion. His earlier works, on *Logic* (1843) and *Political Economy* (1848), are still consulted. Utilitarianism, begun in 1854 and finally published in 1861, while pregnant with ideas and provocative of criticism, has lost its sway. The *Subjection of Women*, which appeared in 1869, is the best illustration "of all the richest qualities of the author's mind," and it is fortunate that a subject of such incomparable moment should have been first effectively presented for discussion in so worthy a form. No other production of Mill's pen has had a greater practical influence upon legislation or the public opinion that legislation should mold and embody. It went beyond vehement denunciation of man's arrogance and injustice toward woman and aimed to recast the forms of community life.

Though brought up in complete indifference to religion, Mill had a decidedly religious nature. It was not until after his death, however, that the world became acquainted with the views he actually held. His father had been led to reject not only the belief in any revelation, but also the foundations of natural religion. Butler's *Analogy* restrained him for a while, but eventually he considered the Bishop's argument as conclusive for nobody except the opponent for whom it was intended. Finding no halting place in deism, he finally took refuge in what was known later as agnosticism. The activity of evil in the world promoted his negative attitude. The younger Mill never threw off religious belief, because he never had it. He looked upon all faiths, ancient and modern, as matters which did not concern him. But the parental advice that he should not speak freely of this state of mind caused

him to turn within himself; and when his *Three Essays on Religion* appeared they made quite a commotion among his followers. Leslie Stephen put the book down and paced his study in angry surprise. Mrs. Stephen offered the consoling remark, "I always told you John Mill was orthodox." The third essay, on Theism, kindled the fears of his friends. Morley felt that the Mill he knew was slipping through his hands, and Courtney declared that the twilight land of Mill's semifaith was not exactly known to his followers. The first leading idea is that God is the cause of the world, and though not always omnipotent, yet always benevolent. The second important idea is immortality, in which he has a faint belief. He urges that the soul may be immortal because the body is not the cause, but only the concomitant of mental life. The third idea centers upon Christ as a divinely appointed teacher. "Select," he says, "all the sayings of Christ which have high value, and reject the rest, and you are left with a character inexplicable on natural and historical grounds." We turn to his *Logic* and find that the science of social development cannot dispense with the laws of continuity. Historical sociology cannot admit that in the world's development a character could arise which had no relation to the past and no roots in existing social conditions. Yet, the *Logic*, notwithstanding Mill's essay on Theism, declares that Christ was charged with "a special, express, and unique commission from God to lead mankind to truth and virtue." Indeed, the whole paragraph is so refreshing we venture to quote it:

Whatever else may be taken away from us by rational criticism, Christ is still left: a unique figure, not more unlike all his precursors than all his followers, even those who had the direct benefit of his personal teaching. It is of no use to say that Christ, as exhibited in the Gospels, is not historical, and that we know not how much of what is admirable has been superadded by the tradition of his followers. The tradition of followers suffices to insert any number of marvels, . . . but who among his disciples, or among their proselytes, was capable of inventing the sayings ascribed to Jesus, or of imagining the life and character revealed in the Gospels? But about the life and sayings of Jesus there is a stamp of personal originality, combined with profundity of insight, which . . . must place the Prophet of Nazareth, even in the estimation of those who have no belief in his inspiration, in the very first rank of all the men of sublime genius of whom our species can

boast. When this preeminent genius is combined with the qualities of probably the greatest moral reformer, and martyr to that mission, who ever existed upon earth, religion cannot be said to have made a bad choice in pitching on this man as the ideal representative and guide of humanity; nor, even now, would it be easy even for an unbeliever to find a better translation of the rule of virtue from the abstract into the concrete than to endeavor so to live that Christ would approve our life. When to this we add that, to the conception of the rational skeptic, it remains a possibility that Christ actually was what he supposed himself to be—not God, for he never made the smallest pretensions to that character, and would probably have thought such a pretension blasphemous, as it seemed to the men who condemned him, but a man charged with a special, express, and unique commission from God to lead mankind to truth and virtue—we may well conclude that the influences of religion on the character, which will remain after rational criticism has done its utmost against the evidences of religion, are well worth preserving, and that what they lack in direct strength, as compared with those of a firmer belief, is more than compensated by the greater truth and rectitude of the morality they sanction.

In a letter to Carlyle he says:

I have recently read the New Testament. . . . It has made no new impression, only strengthened the best of the old. I have for years had the very same idea of Christ, and the same unbounded reverence for him as now; it was because of this reverence that I sought a more perfect acquaintance with the records of his life, that indeed gave new life to the reverence, which in any case was becoming, or was closely allied with all that was becoming, a living principle in my character.

Confessions and sentiments of this kind well up from the depths of his nature; and had not his youthful soul been overlaid with his father's crass materialism we might reasonably believe he would have been not only the saint of rationalism, but a saint of social Christianity. To have begun life thoroughly diverted from Christian truth, and to rise steadily to such a noble appreciation of Christ, stands greatly to the credit of Mill.

In conclusion, while he excelled in the higher qualities of the mind, it can hardly be claimed for him that he was an original or logically consistent thinker of the first rank. His name will stand, however, as the most important in English philosophy between those of Bentham and Spencer.

*S. Parker Cannon.*

## ON READING BEAUTIFUL BOOKS

THE talk here had is about books beautifully printed and bound. Any book of beautiful thoughts is a joy, however light. No binding is sometimes an accession. For instance, I have a Life of General George H. Thomas in sheets. How I came by it is another story. But I have come by it, and he shall be a laddie who shall dispossess me of these same sheets. About General Thomas was an aloofness, a remoteness, a lonely eminence, which touches like a defeat in the battle "The Rock of Chickamauga," the stolid, slow man who in the battle of Nashville played whirlwind and swept a whole army into chaff. Howbeit, that whirlwind caught not the popular plaudit as seems to us it ought, and to the general himself so seemed, so that to the end of his chapter he was an uninterpreted man and disappointed in part or in whole, so that this incomplete volume of mine has in it a measure of recognition of the battle man whose story is therein set down in terms of pulsing laudation.

What should a body care how ragged and scurvy the brochure in which he found printed the story of *The Other Wise Man*, or *Rab and his Friends*, or *Thackeray's* bitter, yet tender, but always tremendous *The Four Georges*, or *Oliver Goldsmith's* delicious and cleansing comedy *She Stoops to Conquer*, or that dashing piece of bloodthirstiness and heroism *The Prisoner of Zenda*? One would not think of print and covers. The thing was enough. Howbeit, these selfsame books, were they garmented in lovely apparel and print, would give their robes regality and the robes would impress us as fitting. Some books are seemliest in tatters. For instance, I have a collection of *Elia*, not large enough to boast of, but ample enough to rejoice a lover of *Elia*. Works of him and works of him I have on hand, some bound in paper, some printed this side and some that side of the Atlantic (which was a space of doom to unsea-going *Elia*); some are bound just enough to call them bound; some bound by famed binders and in loveliness which had caused my Lord Grolier to smile a smile of deep content and write upon the fly leaf what



was reiterantly printed on his books, "For Jean Grolier and his Friends." And in all bindings they read well. Democratic and undemocratic, they pass on the coins of a perpetual mint from the nervous fingers of aristocratic, democratic Elia. If I were to light on *The Newcomes* anywhere in tatters of paper wrapped about some discarded crockery, would not my night trim its lamps till day the while I read the book, and would not the month be June though gusty January swaggered along the world as owning it?

In my library is a copy of *Bleak House* in the original parts in blue wrappers, and no living binder, Cockerell or Mathews or Cobden Sanderson, though he came from his retirement as ex-binder and did me the honor to bind my book, not he nor any of those anonymities of binders who bound Jean Grolier's volumes for him should bind these nineteen blue pamphlets for me. As they are, I love them. Blue pamphlets with advertisements, and tied together with a faded riband, so they stay with me beside a first edition of *David Copperfield* and *Pickwick Papers* and John Forster's all but inimitable *Life of Charles Dickens*. As they are they ought to be, and shall be, while this booklover owns these books and sits with unacclaimed delight and looks at them and looks and looks—Selah!

Yet having said these things regarding the delight of books, however contrived, and said them quite truthfully, it remains true that beautifully conditioned books have their thrall. A lovely book is like a precious stone cut into a cameo, beauty to beauty added. Since the calligraphy of the scribal artist who pored over his vellum and decorated it with angel and flower and bird and flame it has been that men have loved and desired the book beautiful; and Philobiblon—Richard de Bury—has had a host, and will have a "hostier" host more, of fellow adulators. We are not guilty of vagary when we linger over a book which is "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." We are not on the wrong track, but decidedly on the right track, when we do so. A book of beauty put into print, page, body, adequate and fit, makes a thing which to possess, read, dream over, caress with the eyes, is luxury. And, happily, it has come to pass that at no wild excess

of price these luxuries may be had. The prices are not prohibitive even to the lean purse of a preacher. In particular is this true if a body be a buyer at book auctions, as this writer has been lo! these twenty years, and is and shall so stay what time God lets him stay in earthly libraries and a lover of what they hold. A constant peruser of catalogues of every great book-auction house in America and of old book dealers' announcements from Europe, he has found that the crumbs from the rich men's tables have enabled him to be a Lazarus whose poverty has grown to riches. Because when a library is tabulated as "The Private Library of the Late ———," then come I, a blithesome Lazarus, and hobble close to the rich man's table and make free with the crumbs, as if I were English sparrow, till at last, by and by, an unbidden guest at many a "Late Rich Man's Table," my crumbs accumulate into a loaf. Meantime, I have eyed each crumb and enjoyed each crumb. ENJOY is the word. For the time, a crumb was enough and a loaf had been needless excess, seeing one cannot eat a loaf at an eating. Why be porkine with edibles? O! the fun of being poor and having a little at a time.

To illustrate: Robert Hoe's library—that pride to all who care for such things and know about them because Robert Hoe, inventor of the Hoe press, who so came by his wealth by the good graces of the type, became the princeliest buyer of books this world has known—how Richard de Bury would have loved him (and how good that is to say of an American, and how proud am I, an American, to say it!)—has sold for about two millions of dollars, or more than four times the price of the costliest library hitherto dispersed—to instance the Ashburnham Library, which brought \$450,000. That Robert Hoe Library, whose vellum copy of the Gutenberg Bible fetched fifty thousand dollars, the top price ever paid for a book! From that library where prices were asserted to be exorbitant, and where I, Lazarus William A. Quayle, thought it bootless to bid much, as being a book-buying impertinence, yet secured a vellum-bound copy of the Riverside Press copy—two volumes—of *The Marble Faun*, with the Robert Hoe Book Plate thrown in for abundant measure, and all at a price so low that I, though a bibelot Lazarus, am too purseproud to men-

tion. The poorest may buy a few beautiful books and be never the poorer, but much the richer. What an inexpensive luxury this same *The Marble Faun* is, and obligated should America feel to Houghton Mifflin Company, owners of the Riverside Press, for the exquisite pieces of printery they send forth from time to time. What an artistic satisfaction is their *The Fair God* or their *Howells's Venetian Days* (of which I am happy, though humble, possessor of an all-vellum copy), vellum leaf and vellum binding and brightened by a series of water-color illustrations witching as Venice on the sea; or their two volumes *Cape Cod*, with Thoreau footing it around the windy sand-drifting cape, elucidated by water-color pictures of things seen and said on the journey in the book and all executed so daintily as to fill a body with content to hold it open in the hands and dream and listen for the breaking surf that surges on those sandy wind-whipped shores. And this copy of mine is not the less alluring because it was a gift and, as a token of love, brings with it sunlight and spring weather.

As I write I hold in my hands the Riverside Press *The Life of Cardinal Wolsey*, written by George Cavendish, and "me seems," to use the introductory word of Cavendish, that the Kelmscott Press copy of the same work is not so desirable. It is more ornate, but less satisfying. This remark may be taken with as many grains of salt as any reader may wish, seeing my Americanism is so vociferous as to make me a little lopsided in my appreciations of everything *cis-Atlantic* and bearing the imprint "U. S. A." The quaint reading of Cavendish's notable biography, which, after long neglect and strange vagabondage, has come to be recognized as one of the noblest biographies ever written—this, when put in this comely volume, becomes more than doubly engaging and is as a rare gem set in wrought gold, cunningly done by the smith—a work beautiful.

In my library are books from most, if not all, the famous modern presses, and I con them over with a light heart. Ballantyne Press, Vale Press, Riverside Press, Chiswick Press, Elston Press, Caradoc Press, Mosher Press, Cleland Press, Tomoye Press, Kelmscott Press, Doves Press, The Abbey Press, De Vinne Press, Grolier Press, Daniel Press, Lee Priory Press, Vincent

Press, Baskerville Press, Ashendene Press, Foulis Press, Ben Franklin's Press, Strawberry Hill Press, Merrymount Press, Knickerbocker Press, Temple Press, The Wayside Press, Cranbrook Press, Turnbull & Sears, Club of Odd Volumes, Eragny Press, and others; and then when I wish to grow haughty, I recall that I am possessor of William Morris's Copy of Wynken de Worde's *Flouer of the Commaundements of God*. And what joy without alloy have I had in fumbling o'er these pages—not reading, but just fumbling and sometimes reading and fumbling, yet, in any wise, fumbling. No haste is permissible when a fair page is before the eyes and a fair story before the heart.

I have three settings of the book of Job, each being noble and all being rugged like an oak in a storm. One is that weird production William Blake's illustrations, quite the sublimest rendering in interpretation which this great poem-drama has ever had or is capable of. How the wonder of the poem deepens on the soul as seen through the poet's eyes when that poet has turned painter! Sublimity has found interpreter when William Blake contrives to picture God. The second is from the Abbey Press. Pure white of page and vellum cover, and simple but worthy black type, and pictured in black. How the stately periods of this stupendous drama resound when seen on this perfect page. The third is from the press of Turnbull & Sears and is illustrated by Granvell Fell and done in colors, and fails not in being companionable in worthy dignity to the poem they attempt to explicate. The binding is chaste and modest and all the book stimulates satisfaction. I have read Job from a tattered Bible in the corn field; and there, where the sky was blue and the wind strong and the leaves crumpled in the wind's fingers, the holy and high Word was sweet and wonderlit; but these books wherein artistry of pencil, type, bindery, are tinctured together give one peace.

My Ashendene Press Dante, in three volumes, handmade paper and hand-illuminated initials, printed in Italian, volumes to which the brave and saturnine Dante himself had accorded the grace of a smile had he seen them, is putting poetry to music. I care to fondle the books as if the words could make my hands odorous as if wind from a clover field blew over them. And The

Vicar of Wakefield, from the Caradoc Press—how good “to have and to hold from this day forward”! When ever have I not loved to handle *The Vicar of Wakefield*? To be near that sweet book and not have heart heat is beyond me. Though Mark Twain loved it not, but loathed it, what is that to me? I stand in my own right of love and laudation. But this book sets my pulse going lively. I want not to put the book down, though I read it not. I dawdle over it and am refreshed. Another *Vicar of Wakefield* I have in French, a tongue in which I am not an expert, but in which I can on a pinch order raisins and a mutton chop, which, really, is enough of a foreign tongue. Those who have so worthy a tongue as Americans have can be neglectful of the languages of others, resting content with the mighty speech which has come to them through brooding centuries when a language was in the making, a language fit for freemen with *Magna Charta* and *Declarations of Rights and Declarations of Independence*. But this French *Vicar of Wakefield*, while the print is French, the pictures are in English, color prints, and are artistic masteries of interpretation and color and do shine the gentle vicar’s virtues out in a gentle light like the light of stars. And Spenser’s “*Faerie Queene*,” printed for the Chiswick Press at Ruskin House and illustrated by Walter Crane, whose *Recollections* I am at this moment reading. But if ever a poem needed nothing to make it picturesque and satisfying, that poem is “*The Faerie Queene*,” though now that it is set out in the sunlight in this noble fashion and with an artist spirit for interpreter bent on making loveliness more lovely, I lean over it and drink it as I have drunk the dew from the heather’s lips on the cliffs of Manxland as they stand, stalwart, looking on the sea. Another edition of this book I have, done in illustrations by Louis Fairfax Muckley and bound in vellucent vellum, with hand paintings on the vellum, binding by Chivers of Bath. You cannot make “*The Faerie Queene*” too beautiful. It outbeauties all about it. And this Kelmscott, this particular one—though there are a number in this library—*The Wood Beyond the World*, by William Morris, does me good like a walk along a quiet river. Of course Kelmscott does me good, the very thought of it—for Morris stood for so much I honor in



my heart and so much, too, which I deeply disbelieve, but he loved the beautiful and yearned to make it prevalent and popular, and did both in a measure, and the end is not yet. But the book spun from his brain with that inherent love of mediævalism and his romanticism harking backward, ever backward, as if romance were of yesterday and his quaint language learnt of Mallory of the Morte d'Arthur and here roaming like a wandering light, and the type he cut and the book he planned for beauty, and the plan worked out in this book now lying before me!

And here is Spenser's "Epithalamion," done on parchment and hand-illuminated and lettered in blue and gold; and another book done on vellum and illuminated in carmine, blue, and gold is Wordsworth's Ode to Immortality; or this, *The Flower and the Leaf*, by Geoffrey Chaucer, done in parchment with illuminations manifold. These things are as they ought to be. Their loveliness increases. What poets have chastely said must by other poets be chastely pictured, set, and bound. A beautiful book is a poem. And now here is *The Pilgrim's Progress* (both parts), published by "George Newnes, Lt'd," illustrated by Edmund J. Sullivan and done on Japanese vellum, only twenty-five copies printed, of which this is number "seven" and signed by Edmund J. Sullivan. Of the many editions of the immortal "Progress" of the immortal "Pilgrim" in this library, no one charms me as this volume. My Chiswick Press Bunyan is beautifully done, and on handmade paper, but contains only "Part I" of the Progress, which should never happen, for, to say nothing further, Part II has the speech of Mr. Standfast in the River, which I should set down as, all told, the sweetest piece of prose in the English language. Many of my copies of *Pilgrim's Progress* are copiously and admirably illustrated, and withal nobly, yet does this chaste setting please me above all. I shall seek no further for editions of this transcendent allegory. My eyes and hands and acquisitiveness shall now rest content. Besides—and a big besides—this volume is bound by Cedric Chivers, of Bath, and in a quiet gray-brown levant—the exact color I have seen on a moth's wing—and is inlaid in a quaint and insinuating fashion alluring to the eyes and has toolings very chaste and beautiful. Both color and

artistry rest the spirit like a brown landscape of corn fields seen in autumnal afternoons of gray sky where not one window opens through the settled cloud into the ultimate blue. On the front of the binding is a picture of Pilgrim with his heavy burden leaning heavy on his shoulders and a heart of mother-of-pearl just above his weary head, bent in reading the book, which shall suddenly give light whereby the load shall roll away before the cross; and the heart is pointed upward. This picture is painted on vellucent parchment in gentle blues and gentle browns and gentle reds, while below is a mother-of-pearl heart pointing downward. Many bindings have I seen from many binders, though never a Grolier nor a Maioli which possessed the spirituality and loveliness of this quiet and dear book. Without and within it has right to be named a delight.

Nor can I omit in such a catalogue my own little book *The Song of Songs*, which now lies under my eyes and at the touch of my fingers. This treasure is printed on pure vellum by Eaton & Mains on a page of my own shaping and in type of my own choosing: Cheltenham with long hafts for "fs" and "hs" and "ls"; page size and length adapted to size and shape of types. No chaster piece of printing has come from any American or foreign press than this little *Song of Songs*, and I speak advisedly as being informed on what I say. The pages have the paragraph letter omitted after the manner of the earliest printed books and an illuminator has inserted curious and lovely letters throughout the volume and enriched it with floriations and ornamentations in every color from gold to shimmer of silk sheen luster and has let the trailing vines of color blossom out into sudden and heartening flower. From title page to colophon each page has its scribal and unduplicated handiwork, and very beautiful is it to look upon. This illumination, done in Chicago, is much superior to the mass of scribal work in this library done by foreign scribes; the floriation much more accurate and vinelike and in the proper manner of the preprinting scribal artists; and to me it is a real joy to have America prove preeminent in this gentle art. The book is bound by the Monastery Hill Bindery. The binding, too, is of my own designing, so that the book within and without in

sentiment and form is mine and gives the thrill of creation on its every page. The binding is royal purple (the murex shell spilled his life blood to the last drop on this levant) and front and back have superimposed silver, done by the silversmith at my direction, in scroll work of silver, which flashes out into silver flowers like a windflower's white, and the clasps are flowers at bloom in perpetual silver. If I grow a trifle conceited over the amenities of this book beautiful, I am confident any bibliophile will pass my imperfection by. It is not egotism; it is affection.

In this library is a royal volume, using that term in its economical sense. It is the Prayer Book of Edward VII. To be sure that king had nothing to do with this notable volume. Kings seldom have any leadership in doing things that are fine and generous. Somebody else does the fine things and tacks a king's name on to the tag. The only point involved is that at the time of the printing of this engaging volume the almanac asserted that Edward VII was on the throne. He could not help it; neither could the people. The like was true of that line of historical prayer books from the days of Edward VI to now. This is the *chef d'œuvre* of the Chiswick Press; and they may well rest their laurels on so stately a book. Those laurels will refuse to wither. The paper is Japanese vellum, type and initial letters designed by Ellis, and the cost at publication was one hundred dollars, and was worth it and more. Thanks to the book auction, with what joy I became economical possessor of this expensive book of prayer, and thought myself happy to have it, as it was printed with stately figures of archbishops and kings and Milton—and Wesley, though just how such unworthy worthies crowded their worthy way into a prayer book of the Church of England, I, uninitiated, could scarcely surmise. Yet there they were; and I waded through the holy and noble book as I have done through rushing surf, elate as June. The volume of my first acquisition was bound in purple and was noble folio in dimensions, so the impression made was very noble. How I swaggered with this book on my library table in the view of the multitude! Pride might have had a fall from me at any time, but Providence was kind as designing to be indulgent to a humble minister who so

very seldom has any conceivable ground for any kind of pride, however modest. What shall measure my fortune when, not long since, through the happy medium of my friendly friend, the Book Auction, there should happen to happy me another volume of the same book, only with binding of intricate inlay work and rich and various gold toolings which gave a sense of lavishness like the riot of golden flowers along an autumn ravine—elaborate and noble inlay. AND (let that “and” stand tall and visible; so it belongs) every initial letter and every figure throughout the entirety of the book (and in the Psalter the letters and figures were past the hundreds) illuminated with intricacy and skilled painstaking till each figure became a work of real art to remind me of a copy of the famous Plantin Press, where the pictures are hand-colored and wonderful. This artist clearly had gladness in the work. And the binding throughout is in keeping with the lavish beauty of the volume’s self. Purple, as has been said, inlaid with lilies and fuchsia bells and crimson roses, a very riot of flowers and color, and the dentelle work varied and lovely, while the doublure is crimson levant with an inlaid cross of black, but overgrown with a vine—“I am the Vine”—with leaves of inlay green as spring and golden clusters of grapes hanging from the black arms of the cross on which the Christ, for us, was glad to die.

And that high tide of Samson Agonistes becomes beyond itself impressive when Samson lies dead, slain in his triumph over Israel’s enemy, and the Voice says—

Samson hath quit himself

Like Samson . . .

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wall

Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,

Dispraise or blame, nothing but well and fair

And what may quiet us in a death so noble,

—this, said on the page of a Baskerville’s Milton, makes melody more melodious and heightens this sublimity.

W. A. A. O. O. O.

### BERGSON, WARD, AND EUCKEN IN THEIR RELATION TO BOWNE

THE American visits of Eucken and Bergson and the late appearance of James Ward's Gifford lectures, *The Realm of Ends*, give a new impulse to a study of the prevailing philosophical systems of the hour. There is an apparent drift on the part of opposing schools toward a clearer recognition of the essential questions of debate. The ending of the war of words and recrimination is ridding us gradually of an intellectuality which is merely verbal, and promises to reverse the scale of opinion in which some names have been held. After the philosophical confusion and strife of two generations we are coming to a clearer appraisal of the questions at issue.

That the coming new day in philosophy is sure to lead to a better appreciation of the work of Borden Parker Bowne is to us quite evident from a study of the leading philosophical tendencies of the present. The philosophical world of the English-speaking race at least has been strangely overawed and dominated during the past fifty or more years by the methods of the materialistic philosophy. Until a comparatively late date in England, and until quite recently in America, there has been scarcely a philosopher of note who has dared to risk his reputation to oppose the assumptions of the Spencerian type of mechanical causation. The voice of our own yet-to-be-appreciated Dr. Bowne has been in this philosophic waste like the voice of one crying in the wilderness. It brings a sense of joy, therefore, to know that after the eclipse of metaphysical thinking which has characterized the reign of the Spencerian dogmas there are arising in our day voices whose message means that darkness is already past and the day is at hand.

Of these prophets, the one who by the naïveté and uniqueness of his methods has succeeded in creating a real sensation in the philosophical valley of dry bones is Henri Bergson, of the College of France. His outstanding and, I believe, latest



translated work is known as *The Creative Evolution*. Bergson was practically unknown outside of France until called, about three years ago, to lecture in England. Here his revolutionary daring in attacking the empiricism of Herbert Spencer started even the stolid Englishman from his generation-long slumber. Not that he had no prophets of his own who had discovered to him again and again the weakness of the materialistic explanation, but here was one, not native, from whom he had expected other words.

Of the Spencerian system Bergson says: "The usual device of the Spencerian method consists in reconstructing evolution with the fragments of the evolved. If I paste a picture on a card and then cut up the card into bits, I can reproduce the picture by rightly grouping again the small pieces. And the child who, working thus with the pieces of a puzzle picture, and putting together unformed fragments of the picture, finally obtains a pretty colored design, no doubt imagines that he has produced design and color. . . . So by combining together the most simple results of evolution, you may imitate well or ill the most complete effects; but of neither the simple nor the complex will you have retraced the genesis, and the addition of evolved to evolved will bear no resemblance whatever to the movement of evolution."<sup>1</sup> It will be something of a surprise to the students of Bowne that this heralded discovery of Bergson should have produced even comment nearly forty years after the work of Bowne's early manhood, the criticism of Spencer, had been given to the world. His criticism of Spencer is as keen as that of Bergson, and as unanswerable, but it is more logical, and in addition he presents a metaphysical basis for his criticism which Bergson wholly lacks. It seems strange that one thus in advance of the age should have been relatively so neglected. We can discover the reason in the fact that only now is the philosophical world recovering in any large measure from the long nightmare of empirical slavery. On the other hand, we may anticipate that, in the long roll which history writes, to the heroic forerunner will be the greater glory. To escape the Spencerian snare of mechanical explanation, Berg-

<sup>1</sup>*Creative Evolution*, p. 364.

son gives to the idea of time as duration the leading role in his philosophy. Instead of time being, on the one hand, an external reality upon which are strung successive experiences, and on the other hand, instead of making time a relating of experiences by an abiding personality, as does Bowne, Bergson takes the position, not so clear, that the individual contains in himself the past at any moment. Duration is not merely a succession of experiences, but himself, his individuality. His stock illustration of this is the rolling snowball. "My mental state," he says, "as it advances on the road of time, is continually swelling with the duration which it accumulates; it goes on increasing—rolling upon itself, as a snowball on the snow . . . the past . . . follows us at every instant; all that we have felt, thought, and willed from our earliest infancy is there, leaning over the present which is about to join it, pressing against the portals of consciousness that would fain leave it outside. . . . What are we, in fact, what is our character, if not the condensation of the history we have lived from our birth—nay, even before our birth, since we bring with us prenatal dispositions?" "Continuity of change, preservation of the past in the present, real duration—the living being seems, then, to share these attributes with consciousness. Can we go further and say that life, like conscious activity, is invention, is unceasing creation?"<sup>1</sup> Upon this fundamental idea he bases his creative evolution.

The clear-minded will see that Bergson hides his thought under the mental picture of the snowball, and after his volley of words is as far adrift from the secret of life and personality as was Mr. Spencer far away from real explanation of the universe in his famous formula of evolution. What Bergson needs here for his constant factor in the equation is not duration, but an abiding personality, able to relate events to each other and to itself. Reverting to his own definition of character and conscience, we cannot see how he can avoid the conclusion that he who has lived the longest, that is, whose character is made up of the most duration, is the greatest. This is indeed not the truth. It is the self-directing personality who makes the events of time

<sup>1</sup>Creative Evolution, pp. 3, 5, 23.

his discipline that knows most deeply and apprehends most truly the world around him. They that come to a long term of years may yet possess them in dire poverty of mind and character, while others who fall in the bloom of youth upon the fields of high endeavor will have possessed all that life here can give.

We should not dismiss lightly, however, Bergson's doctrine of duration, for it contains some elemental truths. It is true that the experiences of the past are in a measure unescapable. But while we may not erase them from our memory we are not bound to that fatalism which gives them power and dominion over all our future. It is only as the personality yields itself as their prey that the experiences of our yesterdays dictate character. Character springs more from moral assents and moral struggles than from the outward stream of experiences.

If, however, character, like the snowball, is the complete accumulation of the past, and the man's sins are a part of his individuality, as we must believe, this doctrine, generally recognized, would lead to a new appreciation of the blasting nature of sin and the profound character of any salvation which shall be real or adequate. Herein may lie the beginning of a new sense of sin so feeble during the past generation, and especially prevalent since the reign of that type of philosophy which has been so given to mechanical explanation that sin has been little more than physical disease, or at most the resultant of outer influences for which the individual was but little responsible.

Bergson is not blind to the implications for personality of his doctrine of duration. To free the individual from becoming a mere mechanism whose present is the product of past states, and to give place to initiative, Bergson introduces the factor which he calls the vital impetus, the first use of which term is contested by Ward in his *Realm of Ends*.

Bergson says: "The role of life is to insert some indeterminateness into matter. Indeterminate, that is, unforeseeable, are the forms it creates in the course of its evolution."<sup>1</sup> He rejects not only the doctrine of mechanism, which assumes a closed universe in which all that is is the product of mechanical change; he like-

<sup>1</sup> *Creative Evolution*, p. 126.

wise rejects the view of the radical finalist which assumes that all that shall be is the fulfillment of a divine plan, a preconceived

Divine event,  
Toward which the whole creation moves.

The possession of the vital impetus which gives rise to new possibilities, the unforeseeable, bringing progress and development, is to Bergson the very characteristic of life. It is the source and the explanation of evolution. We note the contrast of this theory with that which it displaces. Instead of a closed mechanical universe, we have one in which may occur any possible miracle. He avoids a closed mechanical universe, on the one hand, and on the other a universe which seems to him closed because it is foreordained and contains no real freedom; but he adopts a universe in which it is impossible for God himself to know what is going to happen.

Since Bergsonianism deals much in mental picture, declares the philosophical worth of the common intuitions, and there is promise of that great popularity which did so much for Herbert Spencer, there seems a prospect for a popular return to the belief in miracles. As a matter of fact, our difficulties along this line have been measurably due to the demands of an overbearing materialism—what Bergson calls the demand for geometrical thinking.

Rejecting both radical mechanism and radical finalism, Bergson attributes those harmonies in nature that have furnished materials for the teleological argument of theology to an identity of impulsion, rather than to an aspiration after any future goal existent in the mind of the Creator. Thus do we come at last to Bergson's definition of God: "God has nothing of the already made; he is unceasing life, action, freedom. Creation, so conceived, is not a mystery; we experience it in ourselves when we act freely." This idea of a developing, growing, not yet fully realized God is pretty sure to give a shock to our established ideas regarding the divine Being, and perhaps it ought. That which Bergson lacks here Bowne had so clearly, a personal World-Ground, himself the unchanging Cause of change. Bergson leaves entirely out of reckoning that purpose which makes humanity

great, and which makes man indeed the greatest thing of the universe and the lord of all, because behind his little and short-sighted purpose lies a deeper Purpose, which is also a Person. Left as he leaves it, the vital impulse goes off and we find ourselves suspended in the air, with no wings for flight, and a sickening descent beneath us. What Augustine said so long ago of the heart of man is true in like manner of his mental faculties; our minds are restless till they rest in God.

In his thought of intelligence and intuition as contrasting forms of knowledge, Bergson has doubtless done an important work. His theory would seem to be vast in its possibility of explaining the abnormalities of genius, the uniqueness of Jesus, the authority of the divine revelation, and the possibility of its appearance in those who, untrained in the schools, are yet open to the deepest voices of our being. His proclamation of the value of the common intuitions, the possibility of the possession of the deepest philosophy by the unlettered, has drawn to him the greatest popular attention. Especially has he created interest among the Roman Catholic scholars of France. As yet he has not followed out the larger implications of his theory; but we shall watch with eagerness the development of a system which promises something of the popular vogue that gave extended life to the thinking of Herbert Spencer.

Ward in his *Realm of Ends* approaches from the theistic standpoint some of the same problems which Bergson approaches from the pluralistic side. It is interesting to note the agreements and contrasts. He joins with Bergson in rejecting mechanical explanation as being not valid for life and mind. He says, "While it may be possible, setting out from mind, to account for mechanism, it is impossible, setting out from mechanism, to account for mind."<sup>1</sup> He looks upon the events of history as unique acts and deeds that have their origin in individual centers of experience, and yet that history as a whole is not without its unity.

The real discussion of the book hinges upon the debate whether a plurality of interacting subjects will account for itself

<sup>1</sup> *Realm of Ends*, p. 18.



and also for the unity which the interaction implies. Like Bergson, he endeavors on the one hand to avoid the mechanical universe of Spencer and the sensational school, and, on the other, the predestined world of necessity set up by the Hegelians with their Absolute idealism. This problem of the one and the many he declares to be the philosophical problem of the twentieth century. Like Bergson again, he realizes the emptiness of the Spencerian theory of evolution as an explanation of First Cause and the demand for an evolution in which is possible the introduction of new factors not given beforehand. He agrees that only such an evolution, characterized by freedom, can be a true evolution at all. Respecting the outcome of the pluralistic hypothesis, in view of an actual progress toward something better, he shows that it can never lead farther than to a God who is supreme, first among equals, but never to a God who is Absolute. He says: "On the pluralist view the Divine will would only be a reality as it was the ideal toward which the whole creation moves, attained at length. The Kingdom would take the place of the ideal King; there would be a perfect commonwealth, but strictly no monarch, other than the 'objective mind' sovereign in every breast."

Ward shows the untenability of the theory which begins with the One as Absolute in whom resides the perfect plan, of whom the world is only the outworking, after the manner of Hegel's World-Spirit working out to self-consciousness in the realization of its world plans. This brings the inevitable and irreconcilable conflict between freedom and necessity. He recognizes with Bergson the failure of Absolute idealism, but he should have gone a step farther, to Bowne's solution of the conflict. The real solution rests upon the ideal nature of time for a timeless Personality. In calling attention to the insufficiency of a pluralistic God, Ward lays his finger on Bergson's great weakness. He really crosses the chasm between the mechanical explanations of pluralism and the false unity of Absolutism, which Bergson sees but does not span. He does this by positing a divine Personality as the World-Ground. Having shown the inadequateness of the two contrasting systems of pluralism and Absolute idealism, Ward declares the crux of Theism to be the problem of evil. He affirms that this

problem can be met only by positing a purposive Intelligence, the existence of a future life, and the reality of the spiritual world. Of the necessity for belief in God he says: "With one creative Spirit over all, we may well believe in a unity of the many created spirits, such that the highest good of all will prove to be the highest good of each. And in the light of this divine purpose we may well find the vocation and the meaning of our own individual life. The existence of this Creative Spirit is matter of faith, not of knowledge, to be sure; but may we not hold it to be a rational faith, since without it we are without assured hope in a world that is then without clear meaning?"<sup>1</sup>

A review of the present philosophical situation, however superficial it would be, would not be complete without at least a reference to the predominating place of Eucken. He is not only the outstanding figure in the philosophical world of to-day, but is in close accord with the thought and spirit of Bowne. However much one may fail to find his personal ideas emphasized in Eucken's work, the Christian finds himself in strange accord with Eucken's spirit. It is not without significance to the world of thought that a man has sprung from the home of rationalism to be the bright particular defender of the reality and the significance of the life of the spirit. The fine spirit of Rudolf Eucken, and his essential unity with the best Christian thought of the times, is clearly shown in his book, *The Truth of Religion*. His contention for the reality, the greatness, and the supremacy of the spirit in all true living stirs the heart like a bugle call. His plea for the necessity of regeneration for the individual soul is especially pleasing to the followers of Wesley. He stands in Germany to-day, like a prophet in the by-ways, calling men from a life engrossed in material things and from a system of thought bound to mechanical explanations to a higher life lived in the conscious presence of God. His insistence that the test of religious reality is to be found, not in subjective experiences alone, but also in the active realization of religion in life, adds a note of conviction to his contention. The significant thing, aside from the contents of his teaching, is the universal interest he has created. He followed

<sup>1</sup> *Realm of Ends*, pp. 422, 423.

the American visit with a lecture tour of all the leading universities of the Continent. We may regret his failure thus far to take the orthodox position on the incarnation and kindred themes, but we need not therefore close our eyes to the greatness or the significance of that movement which is taking place in the world of thought, of which Eucken is to-day the greatest exponent. A philosophy which proclaims in a materialistic age the reality of the spiritual is like a great light in a dark world. It is no wonder that Hermann in his excellent little book on Eucken and Bergson affirms that there is light on the far hills.

The day has not fully come, for the minds of the populace are largely dominated still by the thralldom of sense thinking, and men of science continue to attempt the explanation of life by meaningless word and symbol, but the new and better day is at the dawn. It has been our privilege to watch the breaking day, and to some who may read these lines has come that rare blessing of having lived and walked for a little time with one who in America was among the earliest prophets of the new day, perhaps the first, and "who being dead, yet speaketh."

*Ralph T. Flewelling*

## THE PROBLEM OF THE "FIRST CHURCH"

IN the nature of things the First Church of any denomination in a city is the downtown church. Its location was settled not by deliberate choice, but the beginnings of its activities date back to the time when the metropolis was a village, and the little white frame church was erected in a determination to afford the pioneers opportunities of worship. No vision appeared of the after years when a great modern church edifice would challenge commercialism and greed upon their own domain and utter the message of the kingdom of Jesus in the shadow of the great office building and next door to the modern department store. Nor did any prophet arise to proclaim the coming of the modern city, with activities so different from those of the great metropolitan centers of the very recent past which seemed at the time to be the highest utterance of municipal organization. The electric wonders in ordinary street life to-day are the new arrivals of the last few decades. Night is turned into day, and business signs are better shows than traveling entertainments a generation ago. Rapid transit by traction cars and interurban communication has added to the cities population which twenty years ago would have considered itself rural, pure and simple, and it includes in its numbers hosts of people who do business in the metropolis and sleep amid the fragrance of the meadow and the field. The very noises of the downtown are rasping to the nerve and sound the warning to the overworked toiler of the street and store to live where the strain will be less and the life comforts more. Hence men who have been the very life of First Church organizations have moved far out, as the city has grown, and the increase of property values has tempted the trustees to dispose of the old sanctuary with a view to moving the church edifice to a location more convenient to the "center of population."

In the very large cities the old First Church has faced a puzzle and a tragedy, and in a few instances, where a fine and lucrative business property has been erected in connection with the sanctuary, the cause has been represented in the hurly-burly

of the "downtown"; a desirable result made possible by the unusual rents commanded for offices and stores in the permanent business center. The beginnings of the problem of the First Church are in the births of suburban enterprises. These come in the visions of the prophets who are willing to sacrifice immediate ease in church maintenance to the interests of future generations, and under their leadership these new churches are begun in the form of mission Sunday schools; whether fostered by the First Church or otherwise undertaken, in any event, they subtract from the membership of the First Church a large majority of the members of it whose homes are in the district in which the new church is established. In the further growth of some of our most aggressive cities these second churches face the same problem, and sometimes, when the residential district gives place to factories and wholesaling business, there is little reason, indeed none at all, for their continuance, for there is no population adjacent to which to minister. But when the former residences become boarding houses, and in addition new flats and apartment houses are erected in which is housed a motley population of unchurched people, the problem of the First Church is duplicated in the history of the suburban churches closer in. These unchurched people are sometimes unchurched because they are theater employees and talent and other participants in work which the church dismisses with a frown, and too often the move further out is made, with no second thought as to the salvation of the people concerned when the church deserts the new and strange conditions—conditions unheard of, unthought of, and impossible a quarter of a century ago. All these problems are related, but that which chiefly attracts my attention just now is the puzzle which confronts the First Church of an ordinarily growing city of fifty thousand people or more, in which from five to ten other churches have been established. It is not to be captious or critical that the writer deals with this question differently from those who have usually written upon the subject. He is as well aware as any one, having had experience in several such parishes, that the changing population, the downtown activities of sin, the competition of the Sunday theater, and the vast distances to be traveled to attend services



constitute a serious problem. But there is one difficulty which First Churches face that has had little discussion. I may be bolder than wise to mention it, and yet it should be faced with a frankness that will command honest dealing among all concerned.

The most serious problem which the average First Church faces is the attitude of suburban pastors themselves. These men are not wholly to blame. They are influenced, if they are men of vision, by the stern determination of the average official board to judge its pastor by his "drawing powers." And the average estimate of a pastor's drawing powers is generally based upon his demonstration of an ability to attach to his congregation and membership *all* who reside in the neighborhood of his church. Sometimes the man is without vision, and then his policy is settled by his grim determination to persuade all who do reside in his district or so-called "parish" to separate from the First Church and join the church of their suburb. In either case he is moved by the smallest consideration and his course constitutes an embarrassment to the First Church official board and its worried and overburdened pastor, while it subtracts from the efficiency of the denomination represented in the center. This is the point which the suburban church pastor and his people overlook. It is the immediate problem which they face which settles their policy and fixes their conclusions, and without deep thinking they assume that everybody who lives in their part of the city should attach himself to their church, if he happens to belong to the denomination they represent. Of course, if the wisest policy is to forsake the downtown, or business, center and confine the church ministrations to residential districts, no complaint can be lodged against this average idea of the suburban church boards and their pastors. But if we are to proclaim the gospel to the masses, if the transients who throng our hotels are to be taken into consideration, if alongside of the sinful theater we are to maintain the sin-destroying gospel, this policy is short-sighted, suicidal, and its active propaganda is little less than imbecile, not to say contemptible.

I can name suburban pastors who have visited from door to door among First Church members in their vicinity to persuade them to unite with the church nearest to them. I can name pas-

tors who have urged the saving in street-car fares as a reason for people they seek to influence leaving the old First Church. I can name others who have made life a burden to families near their churches by their frequent visits to secure their consent to change their membership, when these very families have been drawn to Christ by the downtown ministry of the First Church, and they might never have found the Christ or renewed their forgotten covenant relations had not the almost constantly "open door" of the mother church of the denomination attracted their attention. And this sort of a policy not only aims to decimate the church membership of the First Church, but it tends to separatism. Pursued steadily as a policy, it divides the officialdom of the denomination in the city and gives rise to captious criticism of the downtown pastor, while inevitably those who have been long-time friends become suspicious of each other, and instead of a united front against the enemy, the churches which ought to listen intently for the command from the common Captain, "Forward!" are competitive organizations, whose successes in apparent gains often subtract from the sum total of the strength of the denomination in the city.

The fact is overlooked that the First Church would have to close its doors were its support withdrawn by many who live in the suburbs. The only consideration given to the question by the average pastor of a residential church is this: "These people live near my church. Therefore they should belong to my church, and if they are members of old First Church they should transfer at once and have done with it." And this spirit colors the church life of the denomination in the city where such pastors live. It makes every pastor a promoter of a single enterprise, where he should belong to a great military division.

However, there is another view of the situation which is altogether overlooked. It is this: There are people who by virtue of their very make-up are First Church people. To illustrate: A stranger attended my church in the "downtown," and as I greeted him among a hundred or more transients I was told that he had moved to the city. I said, "Give me your address and I'll call on you." "No use," he replied with a smile, "I am going to join a

residential church this time. I've been in 'First' Churches a long while, and the suburban pastor has made me see that I ought to help him." "Very well," I said, smiling in return, "visit us once in a while, and be sure you pay your fare when you come." "Be sure I'll always do that when I do come," he responded cheerily. Well, some six weeks later he was present at our services. I spoke to him and said, "So you've gone visiting to-day, have you?" Then he drew me aside and said confidentially: "Doctor, you had better call on Mrs. A this week, for we've concluded to have you send for our letters." "What!" I exclaimed in some surprise. "Well, you see it's this way, pastor. We are First Church people. We can't be anything else. Sunday is altogether lonely to us out there in Lonesomehurst. Maybe it's wicked, but we just can't rest on the 'day of rest' unless we see the center of the city and hear the noises of the downtown streets."

There is real philosophy here. Those people could not enjoy the community church. But the church in the swirl and swing of the traction transfer centers afforded them a congenial field in which to work. And God has made a great many of these people. He did it because there is a mission for the First Church. He did it because he wanted to evangelize and save the "downtown." He did it so that the travelers on the Jericho roads of earth might have a host of Good Samaritans to bind up their wounds and carry them to the Gospel Inn. He did it so that a multitude of young people who go to the "downtown" might see beacon lights and "happen" in where the voice of a real gospeler would check many a sinful plan and halt many a wrong excursion. This man and his wife are types of a vast host of Christian workers whose impulses and desires are such that nowhere in Christian service are they at home so much as where the tides meet and sin's madding waters roll.

When it is conceded that the First Church, God's ministrant to the "downtown," has a mission, and that the denomination it represents is interested in its success, enough problems remain to puzzle the minds of geniuses and statesmen. The competition with the centers of amusements is one of these. Picture shows, vaudeville, and other attractions now enter openly on Sabbath

evenings to divide attendance. There is not a single central church whose congregation would not be doubled but for the attractions of the playhouse. More than this, some of these attractions, barring the fact that they are desecrating the Sabbath of the Lord and enlisting a regiment of Sunday toilers, present bills of entertainment to which the average, and even the thinking, citizen who does not actively enlist in church work offers no objection. And indeed it must be admitted that many of these programs in themselves are on the high level of the lecture and entertainment platform. Christians who are awake to the meaning of evil and the insidiousness of sin frown upon these enterprises, but the average man and woman do not, and often people who rank well in the social world attend these attractions instead of church, and too frequently take their families. Then, again, the attractions at the church are seemingly inferior to those of the playhouse in quality. In music, while the people who perform are graceless, often, and fallen, better voices sing even classic songs and better orchestras and instrumental soloists discourse sweeter music than any of the churches, even the wealthiest, call to their aid in the aesthetics of worship. Not infrequently, of late years, a monologist or an orator discourses apparently more brilliantly than any pulpit ministrant is capable of doing, judging by the average. And the press, usually as a part of an advertising contract, gives large publicity to the affairs of the theaters, while the church services are not given ten per cent the newspaper notice which the advertising contracts insure the house of mirth and sin, unless in a sensational utterance a preacher affects refined taste or utters hackneyed heresies. More than all this, the sociability of these places of amusement conducted for profit is often an art in which skill and genius have full sway, while the sociability of the church gathering downtown is too plainly a matter of exhortation from the pulpit on the part of an impatient minister to "shake hands with the person next to you."

The maintenance of *esprit de corps* among the people whom God seems to have made for the First Church work is another and a serious problem. They live everywhere, do these people. Hence there is lacking the help of the "neighborhood spirit."

They meet once a week in the worship on Sundays, and in the various functions through the week different parts of the congregation get together in sectional endeavors. But the evening spent "downtown" means a late arrival home, sometimes on a crowded car and at the expense of "strap hanging," and the effects are apparent and "deeply felt" the next day. The work among the children of the people whom God made with impulses that fit them for the First Church, "the Church of the downtown," is difficult, too. In many of these Sunday Bible schools the larger part of the children must go on the street car, and then an early rising is necessary. The teachers and the officers who direct the Bible school are usually the busiest of men and women, and they too find that Sunday is the day on which they must part company with sleep the earliest. And yet many of these First Church Bible schools are the best in the average city, their officers and teachers are the most regular and faithful, and the per cent of attendance by the children, some of whom come a distance of five miles and more, is largest compared with the suburban schools, when based upon the enrollment. And this shows that the problem is being solved. If this indicates anything it indicates that the pastor who talks about residential-district Christians being faithful to the church nearest to them is only a selfish prophet who is looking to the size of his church revenues rather than to the interests of the kingdom of God.

And then there is the ever-changing population. In the downtown district, where boarding houses and tenements and flats are numerous, and where the First Church has a parish, if it has any in geographical terms, moving day is oftener than the proverbial "First of May." Sometimes it is every month, and, too, among people who are not seeking to evade the landlord. And then, too, it is often the case that three months measure the stay of many a pious family in the city. Just as they seem to become one of the "downtowners" a better position opens and it is "up and away" with them. In one downtown parish I was called upon to part in twelve months with two hundred and twenty-three who were on my rolls at the beginning of the year, and yet so roving are the American people that we had a net gain through

the year of thirty-nine. But that meant labor and toil. It meant, too, that some of those whom we dismissed went with sad hearts, because they desired to remain, but they had been made to feel by the pastors of residential churches that it was a sin to belong "downtown" and live out among the people who enjoyed the privilege of fresh air and Jersey milk. In the fatigue of such a year in a First Church the pastor who has done the work is compelled to smile grimly, and as he thinks of the pastors who have been more active in proselyting than in revival work, he prays, "Father, forgive them: they know not what they do."

The fact is, however, that no denomination which deserts the centers of the city ever holds its own. The "downtown" church is a publicity agent of its denomination, and its environment and vigor constitute the basis upon which the newcomer registers his opinion of the entire church force of that name. Every suburban church and its pastor should be interested in maintaining a great First Church. It should be their pride, and he who looks upon it as a competitor is blind indeed. He does not even know his own job. It contributes to the success of the residential church, not indirectly nor remotely, but directly and immediately. Located upon the highway of travel, doing its work in the glare of the secular light, challenging sin where it claims a right of way, the "downtown" church is the advance agent which greets every newcomer with a welcome, and to the people who love the quiet of the suburbs it points the way to the churches it represents, while it would enlist as its own collaborators those who feel the tug which draws them to the Christian service of the masses who move mid "the madding crowd." And if that church at the center is lacking, the suburban church stands to lose many who otherwise would come into its fold, but who have made their first acquaintance religiously with the city through a great "downtown" church of some other denomination.

A financial endowment will not settle the question. A great First Church plant with an income assured sufficient to meet the entire budget of expense and to employ a great pulpit orator will be lifeless. The successful and efficient church needs "folks." A lecture platform might be maintained on an endowment, and



the finest sacred concerts might be staged with that assistance; but if the gospel of Jesus Christ is to reach and save men it must be through the agency of a company of people rather than a pile of masonry and an array of eminent pulpit, choral, and other talent. The endowment will help, but it will be futile without people who shall make up the real church and voice its loving appeal to those who through any influence have been disconnected from its varied activities.

The time will come, and it ought to come right soon, when the pastor of the "downtown" church of any denomination will be the dean of his church family in his city. He will be generous himself and the pastors of the suburban churches of his particular group will be open, fair, and willing subjects of the Golden Rule. The success of the First Church will be the object of all the pastors together, and its contributions to the strength of all the second or residential churches will be marked and real. There will be a comity of agreement, and no pastor of outlying churches will feel free to call upon First Church people to persuade them to leave their church and join his, even though they have moved out of the district adjacent to the downtown church and taken a home in the geography of his parish. And yet, so thorough will be the understanding, that all pastors will move freely among the members of any of the churches sweetly and happily, a thing which, as a First Church pastor, I have never yet assumed to do, being able to say that I have never yet called at the home of any person not a member of my church or congregation. And yet, my homes have been too often entered by pastors as agents of the residential churches. When the new day dawns we shall have a more effective city church activity and the cause of Christ will move forward with apostolic success, a reality to be coveted far more earnestly than the fiction of "apostolic succession."

Frank E. Day.

## HIDDEN POEMS

THE relations of prose and poetry, declares Professor George Saintsbury, constitute perhaps the most important problem of modern literary criticism. Mr. W. C. Brownell, on the other hand, scornfully inquires: "Who now, except in willful indulgence, enjoys what used to be admired as 'prose poetry'?" This, however, does not dispose of the matter; for the now odious term "prose poetry" implies much that is not applicable to the best passages of poetic feeling and rhythmical flow, in Ruskin or Carlyle or Hazlitt. Certain it is that meter does not make a poem, and that the absence of regular meter does not prove the absence of essential poetry. To the acrid debate over Walt Whitman the present writer will make no addition; yet it indubitably shows that the whole question is still an open one. Matthew Arnold's famous denial of the title of poet to Dryden and Pope, on the ground that their so-called poetry was conceived and composed in the wits, whereas genuine poetry is conceived and composed in the soul, has hardly been discredited—although, as Hazlitt averred, it is obvious that Pope was a great writer of some sort. In point of fact, some of the greatest passages of English poetry have been concealed by being written as prose—that is to say, without being divided into lines and stanzas. No poet is more delightful to read, on the subject of nature, than Ruskin at his best. If Professor Moulton's experiments in his *Modern Reader's Bible*, particularly in such books as *Job*, are worth anything, then Ruskin and others should gain similarly by metrical arrangement. This arrangement can often be made without changing in the slightest degree the actual prose text; and in all the examples to be given this integrity of the text will be rigidly preserved.

The main thesis of the present writer is that, in passages of poetic feeling, especially of lyric outburst, a close approach to regular meter is inevitable. It may, in fact, be said to be a law of the expression of emotion. Whenever, therefore, we discover a paragraph of intense feeling, devoid of prosaic words and of all

prosaic elements, there is excellent ground for suspecting metrical signs of this. Often we shall be disappointed at the shyness with which the passage seems to shun the conventional fields of verse; but close analysis will generally reveal its alliance with formal poetry. What we call "blank verse"—iambic pentameter unrimed—is an exceedingly natural measure into which to fall; and iambic tetrameter is nearly or quite as common. Anapaestic measures are not uncommon in what is thought to be mere prose; and other metrical effects too numerous to mention may sometimes be detected. The cadence of a paragraph is particularly likely to reveal definite meter. In his joy over the fact that his task, the *History of Criticism*, is smoothly done, Professor Saintsbury, in the concluding sentence of his final volume, lapses into this dancing measure: "It [criticism] shows how to grasp and how to enjoy:

It helps the ear to listen  
When the horns of Elfiand blow."

Sir Gilbert Parker, in a recent volume of short stories, falls, in the dialogue, into this familiar anapaestic strain:

If my son be dead where those jackals swarm,  
It is well he died for his friend.

And again:

A man will ride for a face that he loves,  
Even to the dreadful gates.

These are examples of not infrequent occurrence. The absence of rime leaves perhaps something of poetic pleasure still to be desired; yet in the blank verse of Shakespeare and Milton we scarcely feel any lack. Even the highest flights of lyric are to be found in iambic pentameter unrimed. We shall seek far for better examples of the true lyrical cry than Hamlet's "Remember thee! Ay, thou poor ghost," or Othello's

O now, for ever  
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!"

Collins's rimeless "Ode to Evening" does not, to the ordinary reader, betray any omission; and Longfellow's "Evangeline" is as popular an example as one could wish of the success of an unrimed poem.

Clearly, then, rime, though perhaps desirable, is not necessary to high poetic pleasure. In Ruskin, De Quincey, Carlyle, or Hazlitt one often finds poetic delight in a truly remarkable degree. It is with these authors that the present discussion will be concerned, for the reason that they wrote no poetry commonly considered as such, save in the case of Ruskin, whose early and scanty verses are almost negligible. Indeed, it is probable that but few well-informed readers are aware of their existence. If, then, it can be shown that several fairly typical passages from these prose artists reveal unmistakable metrical effects, something may have been done toward clearing up the general problem of the relation of poetry to prose. To hark back to Mr. Brownell's disparaging remark on prose poetry, the best evidence that can be obtained of the inevitableness of metrical form in passages of poetic feeling is the appearance in court of a passage which Mr. Brownell himself, in his *Victorian Prose Masters* (page 227), cites from Ruskin as an example of that master's best manner—a description of the flight of a dove. Without the minutest alteration of order, it may be written thus:

With what parting of plume and what soft pressure  
 And rhythmic beating of divided air  
 She reaches that  
 Miraculous swiftness of undubious motion,  
 5 Compared with which  
 The tempest is slow and the arrow uncertain;  
 And what clue there is, visible or  
 Conceivable to thought of man, by which  
 To her living conscience  
 10 And errorless pointing of magnetic soul  
 Her distant home is felt  
 Far beyond the horizon,  
 And the straight path, through  
 Concealing clouds and over trackless lands,  
 15 Made plain to her desire and her duty  
 By the finger of God.

Now, what are the poetic characteristics of this passage? It is, I hope, obvious that the first, fourth, and sixth lines are essentially alike in scansion, and that the measure is chiefly anapestic; also that in the first alliteration is prominent. The second line is blank verse (iambic pentameter); likewise the eighth, tenth, four-

teenth, and fifteenth—a generous proportion in so brief a passage. Alliteration is noticeable in several lines, though not overdone, as in inferior writers. The most important point, however, is that the language is not only poetic, but poetic throughout; there is no descent into workaday phrase. Whether this supports Wordsworth's famous contention—which, unfortunately for himself as a disputant, he did not always illustrate in his verses—that poetry should preserve words in their natural prose order I shall not attempt to say. What may safely be said, however, is that sometimes, as in Ruskin's passage, it is not necessary to disturb prose order to produce excellent poetry. It must be admitted that the pauses at the ends of certain lines are bolder and weaker ones than a good poet would ordinarily permit; but little other violence is done to Ruskin's intention. And his big rhythm is perhaps better revealed to the average reader by the division into lines—a matter of high importance, since the great writers of the nineteenth century studied exhaustively the problems of prose rhythm—if it is necessary to use the word "prose"—and went far beyond any previous writers in the subtlety and beauty of their rhythmical devices. Without attempt at close metrical regularity, often, perhaps, without conscious purpose, they wove surpassingly beautiful patterns of English prose, of prose whose beauty partly consists in its resistance to mathematical analysis. The fact that more than one good critic has affirmed that excellent prose is more difficult to produce than excellent poetry suggests the infinite complexity in the workmanship of the former. Mr. Frederic Harrison, for example, in an essay "On English Prose," says:

Although fairly good prose is much more common than fairly good verse, yet I hold that truly fine prose is more rare than truly fine poetry. I trust that it will be counted neither a whim nor a paradox if I give it as a reason that mastery in prose is an art more difficult than mastery in verse. The very freedom of prose, its very want of conventions, of settled prosody, of musical inspiration, give wider scope for failure and afford no beaten paths.

Few better illustrations of Mr. Harrison's statement could be found than this description of mosses, from Ruskin's "Modern Painters":

To them,

Slow-fingered, constant-hearted, is intrusted

- The weaving of the dark eternal tapestries  
Of the hills;  
5 To them,  
Slow-penciled, iris-dyed, the tender framing  
Of their endless imagery. Sharing  
The stillness of the unimpassioned rock,  
They share also its endurance;  
10 And while the winds of departing spring  
Scatter the white hawthorn blossoms  
Like drifted snow,  
And summer dims on the parched meadow  
The drooping of its cowslip gold—  
15 Far above, among the mountains,  
The silver lichen spots rest, starlike  
On the stone;  
And the gathering orange stain  
Upon the edge of yonder western peak  
20 Reflects the sunsets of a thousand years.

This has the utmost variety of rhythm, falling only here and there into regular meter. It closes, however, with two perfect lines of blank verse; and the second, sixth, and eighth are also in this meter. Moreover, the antithesis between the second and the sixth is plain; and the compounds in both attest the poetic character of the diction. Indeed, the choice of words and phrases throughout yields nothing even to such poetic artists as Keats and Tennyson. In lines 16-18 the alliteration is especially beautiful. The total effect is notably increased by the majestic climax of the closing line. Here is no preciousity, no inflated "prose poetry," but genuine poetry of the finest quality. It betrays neither insincerity nor gush of sentiment. Though complex in rhythm, it is exceedingly melodious.

There is perceptibly less complexity, however, in most modern prose masters than in Ruskin. De Quincey's mysteries are much easier to trace. Although at his best the Opium-Eater is an adept at lofty and impassioned prose, there is not infrequently a noticeable grandiloquence and unduly rhetorical quality in his effective periods; and sometimes, I fear it must be confessed, not a little fustian. It is difficult at this late day to share Leslie Stephen's enthusiasm for De Quincey as a prose poet. Yet it is possible, nay, easy, to select certain passages which exhibit remark-



able poetic feeling adequately expressed. Such, though possessing a tinge of rhetoric, is the justly renowned apostrophe to opium:

- O! just, subtle, and mighty opium!  
 That to the hearts of poor and rich alike,  
 For the wounds that will never heal, and for  
 "The pangs that tempt the spirit to rebel,"  
 5 Bringest an assuaging balm;  
 Eloquent opium! that with thy potent rhetoric  
 Stealest away the purposes of wrath;  
 And to the guilty man for one night givest  
 Back the hopes of his youth, and hands washed pure  
 10 From blood; and to the proud man  
 A brief oblivion for  
 "Wrongs unredress'd and insults unavenged!"  
 That summonest to the chancery of dreams,  
 For the triumphs of suffering innocence,  
 15 False witnesses; and confoundest perjury;  
 And dost reverse the sentences  
 Of unrighteous judges:  
 Thou buildest upon the bosom of darkness,  
 Out of the fantastic imagery of the brain,  
 20 Cities and temples beyond  
 The art of Phidias and Praxiteles—  
 Beyond the splendor  
 Of Babylon and Hekatompylos:  
 And "from the anarchy of dreaming sleep,"  
 25 Callest into sunny light the faces  
 Of long-buried beauties,  
 And the blessed household countenances,  
 Cleansed from the "dishonors of the grave."

Here the prevalence of blank verse lines is obvious. Two are quoted by De Quincey, but there are ten others: the second, seventh, eighth, ninth, thirteenth, fifteenth, twenty-first, twenty-third, twenty-fifth, and twenty-eighth. The sixth is a melodious Alexandrine. Indeed, the whole passage is notably melodious. Particularly noteworthy are the lines which contain the sounding proper names, Phidias, Praxiteles, and the incomparable flow of "Babylon and Hekatompylos," which recalls the magic of Milton. As in Ruskin, alliteration adds to the effect of the passage.

In the following, from the "Vision of Sudden Death," De Quincey's tendency to artifice, to rhetorical effect, gets a little

the better of him; yet the variety and adaptation to purpose, in the several lines, compel admiration:

From the silence and deep peace  
Of this saintly summer night—  
From the pathetic ending of this sweet  
Moonlight, dawnlight, dreamlight—from the manly  
5 Tenderness of this flattering, whispering, murmuring  
Love—suddenly as from the woods and fields—  
Suddenly as from the chambers of the air  
Opening in revelation—suddenly  
As from the ground yawning at her feet  
10 Leaped upon her, with the flashing of cataracts,  
Death the crowned phantom,  
With all the equipage of his terrors,  
And the tiger roar of his voice.

A remarkable proportion of these lines fall into regular meter: of the thirteen, six successive ones, beginning with the third, are in iambic pentameter—the fifth a trifle irregular, but perfect in movement. Lines one and two clearly correspond. The tenth, "Leaped upon her, with the flashing of cataracts," is in its suiting of sound to sense worthy of Tennyson or Shelley.

One more example from De Quincey will suffice to show that his rhythm lacks the subtlety of Ruskin's. Here, with the exception of the first two lines, everything is in iambic pentameter:

I saw a girl, adorned  
With a garland of white roses  
About her head for some great festival,  
Running along the solitary strand  
In extremity of haste. Her running was  
The running of panic; and often she looked back  
As to some dreadful enemy in the rear.

Prose which approaches so closely the regularity of verse is generally a trifle inferior to that which shows more freedom. This is one of De Quincey's "Dream-Fugues," which may perhaps be expected to lack the firmness and coherence of a paragraph not built in dreamland.

A much more lawless prose writer, and therefore not so well suited to establish the thesis of this discussion, is Carlyle. It is notorious that this literary highwayman distorted prose order and defied the rhetorician's rules. Yet he is frequently justified

by his works; and in such chapters as "Natural Supernaturalism," in "Sartor Resartus," reaches a height of poetic effect seldom attained even by Ruskin. His best short poem, however, is imbedded in his "Past and Present." In this remarkable tribute to the blessedness of labor there is actually a refrain, very seldom used in English prose, which clearly proves the lyrical nature of the passage:

Who art thou that complainest  
 Of thy life of toil? Complain not.  
 Look up, my wearied brother; see thy fellow  
 Workmen there, in God's Eternity;  
 5       Surviving there,  
       They alone surviving:  
 Sacred band of the Immortals,  
       Celestial bodyguard  
       Of the Empire of Mankind. Even  
 10 In the weak human memory they survive  
       So long, as saints, as heroes, as gods;  
       They alone surviving;  
       Peopling, they alone,  
       The unmeasured solitudes of Time! To thee  
 15 Heaven, though severe, is not unkind;  
       Heaven is kind  
       As a noble mother;  
       As that Spartan mother,  
       Saying while she gave her son his shield,  
 20 "With it, my son, or upon it!  
       Thou, too, shalt return home in honor;  
       To thy far-distant Home, in honor,  
       Doubt it not—if in the battle  
       Thou keep thy shield!"

The repetitions serve little or no purpose in prose; but the moment the passage is regarded from a poetical standpoint, they become of high value as melodious refrains. In other words, the mood in which Carlyle wrote this passage was distinctly a poetic, not a prosaic, mood. It is a kind of lofty chant, in which the metrical movement is constantly varied, as in an ode or a complex song. The seventh line, "Sacred band of the Immortals," is in trochaic tetrameter. The eleventh has an emphatic, almost hammerlike, movement, admirably suited to the sense. In the fourteenth the phrase "The unmeasured solitudes of Time" has a grave Miltonic music which attests that, though Carlyle affected

scorn for conventional form in writing, he often illustrated devices the most subtle—chiefly for emphasis, but not infrequently, as here, for beauty.

One of the most romantic of undiscovered poets is Hazlitt, who, if less resourceful than Carlyle, is also less anarchic. "Old, unhappy, far-off things"—and we may generally substitute "happy" for "unhappy"—have seldom been better glorified than in his familiar essays. In one of his best, "Why Distant Objects Please," occurs a passage of surprising metrical regularity which is unique among those discovered in modern prose by the present writer. Hazlitt is referring to the sound of a church organ and a village choir as heard from an adjoining meadow:

The dew from a thousand pastures  
Was gathered in its softness;  
The silence of a thousand years spoke in it.  
It came upon the heart like the calm beauty  
5 Of death;

Fancy caught the sound, and faith  
Mounted on it to the skies.  
It filled the valley like a mist,  
And still poured out its endless chant,  
10 And still it swells upon the ear,  
And wraps me in a golden trance,  
Drowning the noisy tumult of the world!

All the lines except the short one (5) fall into some familiar metrical form; and there is a beautiful cadence in the closing line. The quatrain which immediately precedes is in regular iambic tetrameter; but the curious feature in it is the fact that lines 9 and 11 rhyme almost perfectly: make "chant" a plural, and it corresponds precisely to "trance." Of course, it is nearly certain that Hazlitt intended nothing of the sort; but its occurrence is none the less remarkable. The whole passage has a slumberous Spenserian atmosphere and is not unworthy of comparison with Spenser, whom Hazlitt greatly admired. A still better example of Hazlitt's poetic gift is an excerpt from the essay "On the Fear of Death." The sonorous vowel-effects, so much loved by Tennyson, are particularly felicitous, and the solemn music of the whole poem is exceedingly impressive.

Ye armed men, knights templars, that sleep  
In the stone aisles of that old Temple church,  
Where all is silent above,  
And where a deeper silence reigns below  
(Not broken by the pealing organ),  
Are ye not contented where ye lie? Or would you  
Come out of your long homes to go  
To the Holy War? Or do ye complain  
That pain no longer visits you, that sickness  
Has done its worst, that you have paid the last  
Debt to nature, that you hear no more  
Of the thickening phalanx of the foe,  
Or your lady's waning love; and that while  
This ball of earth rolls its eternal round,  
No sound shall ever pierce through to disturb  
Your lasting repose,  
Fixed as the marble over your tombs,  
Breathless as the grave that holds you?

This is English prose in its highest estate, and, written in a poetic mood and measure, it becomes also admirable poetry. It is probably no mere coincidence that, in the passage as above arranged, five lines end with a long O, either alone or in combination with consonants. This prolonged effect of cadence was almost certainly intentional; it contributes to the mournful beauty appropriate to the theme. It is unnecessary to point out the alliteration, which also has something to add to the general effect. Perhaps the most beautiful phrase, filled with long vowels and liquids, is the following: "Come out of your long homes to go to the Holy War." But the passage does not depend upon single beauties; it produces a unity of effect which does not soon forsake the memory.

Such passages as this and the others which have been analyzed would seem to indicate that there is no hard-and-fast line between poetry and prose. Indeed, they also seem to suggest that no line whatever may be drawn with any confidence. The blissful age in which the lion of poetry shall lie down with the lamb of prose—or vice versa—appears already to have arrived.

*Harry T. Baker*

## THE NEW MINISTER—STUDY IN SOCIAL VALUES

THE coming of a citizen to a city is usually an important event. A new factor in the communal life is represented, a new force has entered the industrial, social, political, and moral life of the community. Nationality, clothing, occupation, political affiliation, are incidental. In the crowded streets, poet and coal-heaver, philosopher and trackman, editor and laster, teacher and weaver, touch elbows; but in economics they touch pocketbooks; in politics, civics; in morality, personality equated as character swinging influences for weal or woe. The crowded streets represent master minds, expert mechanics, engineers, superintendents of transportation, representatives of business sagacity, physicians whose touch alleviates pain, senators whose integrity saves and conserves the interests of the people. Men there are whose executive genius lays broad and deep a foundation for national stability. Others there are whose work is destructive and whose influence would destroy what moral stability constructs. Their economic activity is detrimental to social welfare. They represent the unfit. Their coming to the city is a calamity.

It is interesting to study the coming of another type of citizen—the coming of a minister; some call him a “preacher.” The church says, “We have a new minister.” The city says, “A new citizen.” Of what social, political, or economic utility is the preacher citizen? He is not particularly interested in the height of skyscrapers, smokestacks, church steeples, the number of revolutions which wheels and dynamos make per minute, or in the quality and quantity of goods stored in the warehouses and shops. He may not be a good judge of material values, except as they affect his pocketbook. He may not understand engineering or construction. Of what practical utility in the realm of economic value is the minister? We are emphasizing to-day a new source of wealth, a new source of social stability, a new factor in economic utility. Character is capital. Character is economic stability and morality is of social utility.

The making of “men,” of manhood, is imperative. The



highest social and economic product is "man." If the state exists to grow men, the minister is particularly interested in the quality of that product. He is not called upon to be especially interested in what man is doing with his hands, or how he does a certain piece of work, as he is in what the man is and what he ought to be and can be as a citizen. The minister emphasizes economic and social values that are imperative to the state. He is a maker of men. He represents eternal values. He is a statesman that serves the state, not necessarily in the senate or legislature, but from a more commanding eminence. He has discovered that all progress begins in the raw material enhanced in value by the educated skill of man. He understands that as man is lifted up into relationship with eternal values, with the moral order of the world that represents righteousness, he is qualified to lift his environment. With the development of character come the larger vision and the higher needs. The birch-bark canoe grows into the Cunard liner, into the Saxonia and Imperator; the tepee grows into the home beautiful and useful; the crooked-stick plow and flail grow into the self-binder and modern thresher. Instead of the stone oven and camp fire, there is given the culinary department of the ideal home. The primal force which leads to the development of wealth is found in the fundamental wants of man. When we contrast the place which educational culture takes alongside of aboriginal man, we see the reason for the development and expansion of the wealth-producing economics of commerce.

The untutored child of nature is a stranger to the æsthetic and intellectual, but for the other, the world of art and literature is set in motion to enfranchise the mind with all the resources of knowledge. It is forever true that morality is a factor in social and economic development.

The minister as a servant of righteousness is an essential unit in the progress of the city and state. It is his to proclaim the fundamental law of life, of economic and social stability. Man is not for the state, but the state is for the welfare of man. Man is not for the machine, the machine is for the good of man. Man is not for the church—ecclesiastical sheep shearing—the church is for the spiritual development of man. The minister of

the kingdom of social justice says: "The man-side of the state, the law, the machine, the church, is of more importance than the legal, the official, the judicial, the commercial, and the ecclesiastical. Man is of more value than buttons, dividends, doctrines, dogmas, and dignitaries. If one is to be sacrificed, let it be buttons, dividends, dogmas, but not man, the creator of states, wealth, and religious necessities. Nothing is more pitiable than for a state to have more officiousness than righteousness; than for a city to have more and better buildings than manliness; than for a corporation to have more money than manhood; than for a church to have more dogmas and doctrines and ecclesiastics than Christianity."

Wheels need to fly, spindles spin, paddles splash, legislators legislate, judges preside, churchmen minister; but inspiration for speed, progress, law, religion, and dogma needs to come from the sky, from the welfare of humanity, from Nazareth and Galilee, and not from Dives and Plutus. Two kinds of raw material need to be refined, iron ore and iron blood—one for temporal things, the other for eternal. Two values are represented, one measured by the "gold standard," the other by a standard called the "Golden Rule." The social and economic utility of a minister is commensurate with his vision of social justice, with his personality equated with prophetic insight into the social significance of the kingdom of God as well as its spiritual. The things which elevate mankind, which refine and civilize, do not come from material elements; they are engendered through companionship and association based on mutual confidence and helpfulness. When the strong bear the burdens of the weak it is then that the strength of the strong is made stronger and the weakness of the weak is strengthened; each is benefited for the interests of all. The necessity of each is related to the well-being of the whole. The doom of a state, corporation, or institution is sealed by an eternal verdict when they subordinate their larger and higher and nobler social self to the lower and individual and selfish interests. Such can no longer think great thoughts, or write noble poems, or compose lofty anthems of praise. Each thinks only of its individual self and finds nothing outside of a depreciated self to live for. Such

self-centered units become as barren as the desert and as fruitless as the ruins of Thebes and Carthage. Dead kingdoms line the banks of the Euphrates and noble Nile, extinguished by self-centered generosity.

Frederick Lawrence Knowles has written,

Helen's lips are drifting dust,  
Illon is consumed with rust,  
All the galleons of Greece  
Drink the ocean's dreamless peace.  
Lost was Solomon's purple show  
Restless ages long ago;  
Stately empires wax and wane—  
Babylon, Barbary, and Spain.  
Only one thing undefaced  
Lasts, though all the world lies waste  
And the heavens are overturned,  
"Man," how long ago we learned!

The social utility of a minister of to-day is suggestive of different values than that of yesterday. Yesterday the minister came as a finished product all done up—sometimes fastidiously, other times precisely, suggestive of starch without and within—doctrinal and denominational starch; a representative of orthodoxy that could stand and withstand all assaults, polemical and otherwise. This dignitary represented the "genus homo" conservative standpatter of orthodox stability. Such were mighty men. Their ashes rest in peace, their polemics rest in dust. The new minister is not of yesterday; he is not made, but in the making; he is a man of the present tense and intensely a man of men. He is not green, but supple, not rawboned, but has some of the rawhide; capable of being tanned, but not fleeced. He is a student of men and new methods; he is a learned leader; he comes to live among men as a brother of men, as a lifter, and not leaner. He is not more concerned about creeds than deeds, about a hereafter than a here; the historic Christ than the living personal, present Christ; as to the quantity of water as the quality of the saint; the orthodoxy of his congregation as its spirit of justice. He sees that according to certain standards of ethics Dives may be a good churchman and a bad citizen: that it is piracy to scuttle ships on the ocean, but political sagacity to scuttle the town; that some overzealous

churchmen aim to represent John the Baptist one day in the week and Herod the other six. He runs across men who would scorn to use the mask and jimmy of the average highwayman, but who glory in adulterations that fatten the graveyard and their dividends. He knows stockholders that occupy pews in the sanctuary and butter their bread with child labor, who pay liberally for foreign missions while producing tenement conditions that make home missions more imperative, who are much disturbed over Bulgarian atrocities as well as the passing of an employers' liability law and an eight-hour labor bill. This *genus homo* that we call the new minister is not satisfied to call on Jericho's road and bind up the wounds of the robbed and disabled; he goes up to Jericho and demands that the brigands that infest the highway be put out of business. He is not satisfied with establishing missions that seek to save the perishing, but he calls into operation forces of conservation that eliminate conditions that create social dangers, swamps and pitfalls where the unsuspecting are lured and enticed to evil and destruction. Social conservation is more imperative than social regeneration. He says, "Drain the swamp, close up and eliminate social conditions that breed evil, smite the creators of the scarlet woman, the red-light district, put Dives out of commission, strangle the Tammany tiger, give Lazarus justice, a square deal, and not the crumbs of charity. This minister of the new social order represents that progressive and constructive citizenship of the Kingdom that stands for social justice, civic righteousness, better homes, stable economic conditions, the protection of motherhood and childhood, a living wage, shorter hours of toil, efficiency as effective labor, and character as moral stability. He has a vision of a city that comes down out of heaven radiant with the spirit of life-giving Personality that wipes away unnecessary tears, that lifts unnecessary burdens, and that maintains that heaven is not necessarily away off in some distant future, nor in a happy land far, far away, but is a possibility of the life and city that now is and can be.

In his work the new minister runs across the track of veneered respectability done up as orthodox churchmanship. He finds respectable rascality that spins spiders' webs of salacious

temptations for unsuspecting youth. He does not play to the gallery as an impetuous Robert Elsmere, nor err in economic vision as John Hodder; he deals with the Eldon Parrs not as orthodox churchmen, but as of the same class of religious degenerates that Christ found. The new minister may be called upon to die by the hand of official crucifiers, sustained by the influence of some presiding superintendent, but this is incidental. The pathway of progress is often a crown of thorns and not a Christmas present. Bowers and flowers may grace officious shortcomings, tampering with cabinets and episcopal prerogatives, with the old cry, "Thou art not Dives's friend if you return this man," but this is considered historic and official. Modern Pharisaism has not lost the art nor cunning of historic Judaism. Men die, but principles become enthroned. The prayer of progress is, "God give us men," not white ties and time-servers. The kingdom of God demands men, men that are more than mere ministers, more than orthodox setters forth of Scriptural injunctions; it demands men, clean men, manly men—men who will not train with the "trimmers"; men who will not run with the sentimental "mixers"; men who will not coddle with the "pink-tea" elite.

The ideals of this new man of manly proportions stand with the statesmanship of the ages, his principles with the prophets of God, his visions of life with the leaders of Christianity. His heart is warmed at Bethlehem, enthused at Nazareth, dynamized at Calvary, and set on fire at Pentecost. Beginning at Jerusalem, this man of God stands as the representative of a class that gives to the community an equivalent in value more substantial than that which any community or church can possibly return. He gives a great heart, a noble purpose, a useful life, and a manliness that is apostolic, stamped with a superscription, "Made by the grace of God." This is the new minister's contribution to the economic and social life of state and church as a representative of the kingdom of God.

*Fred Leitch.*



## JOHN WESLEY AT OXFORD

To the lover of Oxford, whether he is a Methodist or not, Wesley's relations with Oxford as reflected in his Journal are full of interest. Many evidences are given there of the deep and lasting impressions made by his fifteen years' sojourn at the University as undergraduate and fellow, and although it was the spiritual welfare of the people with which he was chiefly concerned when in later years he visited Oxford as an itinerant preacher, yet he always felt a peculiar tenderness for the place suffused with a memory of past associations.

His undergraduate life, as is well known, was spent at Christ-church, the most aristocratic of Oxford colleges, and famous then as now for its classical learning. Here he distinguished himself as a student of the classics, and his reputation for scholarship as well as his personal worth gained for him a fellowship at Lincoln College, an honor duly appreciated by the family at Epworth. "Wherever I am, my Jack is fellow of Lincoln!" exclaimed the Reverend Samuel Wesley when the news of his son's appointment reached him. Even as an undergraduate his methodical habits and his purposefulness called forth the banter and ridicule of his associates, and when he became a candidate for the fellowship at Lincoln the spirit of raillery increased. His father wrote him on the eve of his election: "As for the gentleman candidates you write of, does anyone think the devil is dead . . . or that he has no agents left? It is a very callow virtue that cannot bear being laughed at." After his election as fellow, his ministrations and those of his associates to the prisoners in the city jail and the inmates of the workhouse, his exact apportionment of time to various studies, his regular and frequent attendance at church, singled him out from the average easy-living, pleasure-loving collegian of this time. The men of wit at Christ-church called the members of Wesley's circle "Sacramentarians," and the Merton men christened them the "Holy Club."

Although John Wesley's letters to his family show that he was not indifferent to the ridicule of his fellow students, his life



was far from being embittered by it. His love for Oxford increased, and the tranquillity and security of the scholar's life, spent amid such attractive surroundings, became exceedingly dear to him, so much so that when his father, failing in health toward the close of his life, wished to relinquish to his son John the cares of his parish, Wesley was exceedingly unwilling to leave Oxford, and in a letter containing twenty-two reasons justifies his decision to remain. Several of them—congenial company, retirement, freedom from care, opportunities to improve mentally—are those which might be given for remaining within the cloisters by an Oxford don of to-day. The response to the call to go to Georgia as a missionary took him out of England for two years and a half and broke off permanently his life at Oxford, but from the date of his return from America, 1738, till the close of his life, 1791, he visited Oxford as frequently as his multifarious duties would permit, and his love for the place continued ardent to the last.

We know from his *Journal*, which gives a picture of his daily life for sixty years, that his figure must have been a familiar one in Oxford during all that time. He returns to his old room and muses on the things that are past and reflects on how many that came after him are preferred before him. He spends two days looking over letters received during the past eighteen years and follows the entry in his *Journal* with the remark, "How few traces of inward religion here." He browses in the college library of Lincoln. He goes to the Bodleian, where by chance he lights upon "Mr. Calvin's account of the case of Michael Servetus." He visits the schools, to attend Convocation for the election of a member of Parliament. He wanders about the walks and gardens, exclaiming from time to time over their beauties and enjoying their tranquillity and repose.

It is much more than a sentimental interest, however, that Wesley has for Oxford when he becomes a preacher; he is deeply concerned about the spiritual welfare of the people, especially those whom he regarded as his peculiar charge while he lived among them. In 1739, shortly after his return from Georgia, he writes: "I had a little leisure to take a view of the shattered condition of things here. The poor prisoners, both in the Castle

and in the city prison, had now none that cared for their souls. . . . None was left to visit the workhouses, where also we used to meet with the most moving objects of compassion. Our little school, where about twenty poor children at a time had been taught for many years, was on the point of being broke up. . . . At eleven, a little company of us met to entreat God for the remnant that was left." There are many entries in the Journal similar to the following: "Sunday, preached twice at the Castle." "I began reading prayers at Bocardo, which had long been discontinued." "Went to the Castle, read prayers, preached, and prayed with a condemned man." "In the afternoon I preached in front of the Castle, and then at Carfax." "I interviewed a prisoner under sentence of death at Oxford."

It must have been a matter of keen gratification to Wesley, although the entries in his Journal are as free from evidence of vanity in this respect as in all others, that he outlived reproach and gained for himself a serious and respectful hearing in the stronghold of the Established Church, where a bulwark of prejudice existed against all that Methodism stood for. That as a preacher he suffered much persecution from the members of the university there is no doubt, but this is a matter of implication rather than direct statement in the Journal. In recording the visit to Oxford made in 1751, at the earnest request of the Rector of Lincoln, to vote for a member of Parliament, he says: "I was much surprised, wherever I went, at the civility of the people, gentlemen as well as others. There was no pointing, no calling of names as once, not even laughter." At Oxford, as elsewhere, it is always the courteous treatment on the part of gentlemen, or "the genteel," as he calls them, that excites his comment; he had learned to take it for granted that they would be rude. To have passed from scorn and ridicule to tolerance and respect was no small victory. In October, 1782, he notes: "About noon I preached at Oxford. I have seen no such prospect here for many years. The congregation was large and still as night, although many gentlemen were among them. The next evening the house would not contain the congregation, yet all were quiet, even those that could not come in." In July, 1783, he spoke in the new preaching

house at Oxford, "a lightsome, cheerful place and well filled with rich and poor, scholars as well as townsmen." In November, 1784, "The house at Oxford was thoroughly filled, and students as well as townsmen were deeply serious." Again he writes: "I preached at Oxford. We wanted only a larger room. Many young gentlemen were there and behaved well. I hope some of them did not come in vain." When one remembers that "the young gentlemen," that is, the undergraduates of Oxford, have always regarded it as their inalienable right to express their disapproval of any cause or of any individual in whatever manner their fancy may suggest, without regard to propriety or convention, one is impressed with the fact that Wesley's personality and the cause he represented must have made a powerful appeal to his audience.

In the early days of his ministry he yearned for the salvation of the university men with a deep and tender yearning. In July, 1741, he writes: "Several of our friends from London and some from Kingswood and Bristol came to Oxford. Alas! how long shall they 'come from the east and from the west and sit down in the kingdom of God,' while the children of the Kingdom will not come in, but remain in outer darkness!" Another entry is as follows: "Rode to Oxford; I cannot spend one day here without heaviness in my heart for my brethren's sake. O God, when wilt thou show these, who say they are rich, that they are poor and miserable, blind and naked?" And again, "What is wanting to make this place an earthly paradise but the love of God?" he exclaims, after a survey of the gardens and walks in one of his visits.

The most dramatic occasions upon which Wesley appeared in Oxford were when, as fellow of Lincoln, he came back once in three years to preach in the historic church of Saint Mary the Virgin, before the university. His first sermon after he left Oxford to begin his ministry was preached before the university July 25, 1741. He felt the importance of the occasion very deeply, for when at Oxford in June he advised with a friend concerning the subject of the sermon. The friend seemed to think the matter of no moment. "For," said he, "they are all so prejudiced here they will mind nothing you say." Wesley replied that he knew not as

to that, but he intended to deliver his own soul, "whether they will hear or whether they will forbear." Wesley's notes in reference to the event are brief, but it is not difficult to picture the scene in one's imagination. The university heads in academic costume in their accustomed places, fine, thoughtful faces then as to-day. There is no abstraction, no indifference, in their expression as they look up at the young preacher—slight in figure, wearing his master's gown, his serious face set off by his long hair—who was so recently one of themselves. He is no longer the classical scholar whom they have delighted to honor, but the field preacher who has held an audience of twenty thousand at Moorfields, the misguided enthusiast whose utterance in prayer has been known to break away from the established form in the Prayer Book, the consort of the vile and wicked in prisons and in dens. What, indeed, may they expect from him? And the galleries of Saint Mary's, reserved for undergraduates and rarely filled, are overflowing with gownsmen, so that Wesley records, "So numerous a congregation, from whatever motives they came, I have seldom seen at Oxford." The young preacher, nothing daunted by the critical, if courteous, bearing of his auditors below, nor by the frank curiosity and ill-concealed hostility of the younger hearers on a level with the desk, boldly announces his text: "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." His sole comment concerning the occasion is: "I have cast my bread upon the waters. Let me find it again after many days." And then he adds, as if dismissing the subject completely, "In the afternoon I set out and on Sunday preached at the Foundry."

The sermon, as preserved in his works, shows a courage born of the occasion and of the need of his audience. It is neither doctrinal nor argumentative. He defines the "almost" Christian and shows how high the pagan standard was, how many, indeed, in modern times fail to measure up to that of Agrippa, and he then proceeds to demonstrate what may be expected of the altogether Christian.

Three years later, on Saint Bartholomew's Day, 1744, he again preached at Saint Mary's. This, he supposes, will be the last time that he will be called upon in this capacity: "Be it so.

I am now clear of the blood of these men. I have fully delivered my own soul." Upon this occasion he defined scriptural Christianity and carefully avoided all reference to anything that could be construed as Methodistic. "I entreat you to observe that here are no peculiar notions under consideration, that the question moved is not concerning *doubtful* opinions, but concerning the undoubted, fundamental branches of our common Christianity." That he was fully aware of the low esteem in which he was held by many of his hearers is obvious from his appeal to them that, if they account him as a madman or a fool, they will bear with him as a fool, for it is necessary that some one use great plainness of speech with them. "Therefore I, even I, will speak. And I adjure you by the living God that ye steel not your breasts against receiving a blessing at *my* hands." He addresses searching questions to each class of his hearers in turn. "Ye venerable men, who are more especially called to form the tender minds of youth, is your heart whole with God? Do you inculcate upon them, day by day, that love alone never faileth? Has all you teach an actual tendency to the love of God and of all mankind for his sake?" After appealing to those more immediately consecrated to God, those called to minister in holy things, he turns to the undergraduates. "What shall we say concerning the youth of this place?" And when he accuses them of drunkenness, uncleanness, Sabbath desecration, and stubbornness, it is evident that he knows whereof he speaks.

At the conclusion of his sermon a realization of his boldness, his audacity, comes over him. "Shall Christianity be restored by young, inconsiderable men? I know not whether ye yourselves could suffer it. Would not some of you cry out, 'Young man, in so doing thou reproachest us'?"

It was after this sermon that the Vice-Chancellor sent to Wesley for his notes, and Wesley records in his Journal: "I sent them without delay, not without admiring the wise providence of God. Perhaps few men of note would have given a sermon of mine the reading if I had put it into their hands, but by this means it came to be read, probably more than once, by every man of eminence in the university."



Artistically, æsthetically, Oxford always remained a standard of comparison to Wesley. He was keenly sensitive to both its natural and its architectural beauties, and his Journal furnishes abundant evidence of the impressions made in earlier years by the gardens, meadows, quadrangles, chapels. He remarks frequently in his travels that such a court is smaller than the quadrangle at Lincoln, that such a garden is less beautiful than Saint John's. Upon his return from Holland, after careful comparison, he records with naïve satisfaction that the hall at Christ-church is both loftier and larger than that of the Stadt-house at Amsterdam; the gardens and walks in Holland, too, "although extremely pleasant, were not to be compared with Saint John's, or Trinity gardens, Christ-church meadow, or the Whitewalk." The love of beauty fostered during the most impressionable period of his life always remained a softening, humanizing influence, mitigating the harshness of the zealot, the asceticism of the religionist. This influence is reflected throughout his Journal in his appreciation of the beautiful wherever he found it in his travels, and it is a characteristic which, however one may admire his work as a teacher and an organizer, one would not willingly lose in the man.

Wesley's love for Oxford continued to the last. In his seventy-fifth year, after spending an hour at Christ-church, he confesses that he cannot but retain a peculiar affection for the place. The sweet seclusion and delightful leisure of academic walls still tempted him as in his youth, but it was not given him merely to see visions nor to dream dreams. In 1778 he writes: "How gladly could I spend a few weeks in this delightful solitude. But I must not rest yet. As long as God gives me the strength to labor I am to use it."

*Norma Lippincott Swan.*



## PASSION AND PAIN OF A PASTOR

IN the lone grandeur of the Alpine ranges the avalanche often hangs by a thread of silence on the bosom of the mountain. Shout, and the echo is a colossal cascade. Loosened by the vibration of the air, thundering cataracts of snow and ice rush down the declivities, sweeping to ruin everything before their green fury. Then again the silences and the majestic mountains! A pastor feels at times like a spectator of avalanches of human souls. Sin walks along beneath the mighty mountain, shouting: "Come down! Come down! Come down!" Souls are loosened. Down they rush from the bosom of God.

Among abysmal fallings, the tragedy of which often is that he alone sees how tragic they are, the pastor walks in awful places. Awful presences surround him. Passion and pain like Gethsemane grip him, for his responsibility is stupendous. Titans are grappling unseen for the dominion of men, and he cannot always be sure at just which moment of the deadly equal strife it is just his little might which shall determine the victory. But such a moment there is, and he must not miss it.

The pastor walks among insanities. I read of a burning house whence all had fled to safety but one crazy old man. Amid blazing death and crackling doom that madman clapped his hands for glee and shouted with hideous cachinnations of joy to see the rafters burning above him. Like that is every sinner, jubilant over things the wages of which can be nothing but death. Sin is insane. As the leprous in body, as the lunatic in mind, the sinner is unsound in soul. Who shall snatch him forth into safety if not the man ordained in the church of God, vicar of Jesus Christ? He must not linger nor defer. Circumstances are fickle. Psychological moments are fleeting. At the longest, the day of one's labor is once, and nevermore, and swifter than a weaver's shuttle. Sin is a widening gulf, a swift drifting down the stream. Two brothers were skating on a warm dark day when the snows were thawing fast and the waters were breaking free from their fetters of ice. Already one side of the broad river was open. The boys

had skated apart when the ice cracked between them, John toward the shore, Robert toward the waters. Robert had often heard the cracking of river ice, and gave it no attention.

"Come back!" cried John. "The ice you are on is drifting away!"

"In a moment. I can get back all right," said Robert, but John cried:

"This instant! Leap! You're lost if you wait!"

Robert turned, astonished. A pause—and the chasm widened.

"Come back, Bobbie! Come back, my brother!"

Only the dark whirling waters, an island of ice floating away into the winter twilight, and a great gulf fixed.

A pastor is a watcher of the breaking ice, forever alert, forever warning his brothers and urging them to keep the shoreward side of the chasm. He knows the character-formative probation is brief. Can he always walk light-hearted? He carries the awful thought that because of his care or his neglect the destiny of souls will be happy or sad for eternity to come—eternity so long that it would not be even begun when all the world had worn away, one grain of sand in ten million years; and all the seas had dried, one drop of water in ten million years; and all the gigantic stars were quenched, one spark of fire in ten million years; for all this duration might pass away and be ended, but there is no end to eternity. And the pastor feels that upon his labors hinge eternal destinies. Call him right or call him wrong (we are not talking about that), but that is the way he feels, and is it not passion? Is it not pain?

He will always have a "passion for souls." His responsibility is enough to bring that, but it is not because of his responsibility; it is because he loves them. As a man wants his brothers to meet his bride, this man will want his fellows to meet Jesus Christ. He will talk with Jesus about them; he will talk with them about Jesus. He will be tactful if it is convenient, but he will know enough to know that hearts get warm and tender when they see we love them enough to show them so, without following the common custom of waiting for the opportune time so long that

we never speak at all. When I was a lad I asked a man if he was a Christian. "Why, yes!" he said. "I am not addicted to cannibalistic orgies, I haven't a harem, and I don't dress in African garb. I suppose I am a Christian." I was thirteen, he was thirty. I stood confounded. I was not tactful, but I am glad I spoke. That man has a memory, and there are times when he cannot get away from the lad's question, "Are you a Christian?"

Not long after this, my pastor, a student (the young have great faith and that is why the churches want young pastors), called to my mind this promise: "Again I say unto you, that if two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father who is in heaven." He asked me to agree with him to pray for the conversion of a hard old sinner who was always bitter against the church, though he never came to its services. I caught my pastor's faith. Seriously I announced to my folks at the breakfast table that before long this man was going to be converted. They all laughed; and as I look back upon it now it must have seemed humorous. But soon the old sinner stopped his swearing and his bitter words against Christians. Next he began to go to church. Then he began to talk about what we ought to do, and next about what we are commanded to do. Then one summer day he told me his awful struggle against surrender to God. "It has got to come! It has got to come! As sure as God lives, it has got to come! But I will fight it as long as I can!" And all the time we loved him, interceding without rest. Then finally, in a quiet little League meeting which a mere lad was leading, this man of gigantic frame, who had been a sinner for nearly fifty years, leaped to his feet and declared his absolute surrender to Jesus Christ. From that day to this he has been as true as steel. Passion for the salvation of men is richly rewarded. There is joy over one sinner that repenteth.

The passion of a lover for his maid or a drunkard for his wine is not greater than that of a preacher for the hour of sermon. He can scarcely wait for Sunday, and when it comes, how long are the hours from waking till morning service! By words of his outrushing soul to sway the congregated people is flood-tide

of ocean joy. Their smiles and tears are at his will and he stands transfigured and imperial every Sabbath. The joy of the Lord is his strength—divine joy! “Woe is me if I preach not the gospel” are words easily understood by any preacher with the passion upon him. That a man should not be a great orator, or thinker, or scholar, I can understand; but that any man in this great privilege should fail to be eloquent is beyond my wit.

But for all the deep undercurrents of a pastor’s joy (and I believe they are more than those of any other man), he is still a man of sorrows. Superadded to all his personal loves and griefs are the pains of his people—superadded, I say, for if because he has so many pastoral cares he love his own home folk and friends less dearly, then is he less than a man; and if for any cause he does not greatly love his people, then is he less than a pastor. He must comfort those who face the surgeon’s knife and probable death; those whose children will soon be motherless; those whose homes are in ashes; those whose homes have just been emptied of little folk. When the youngest and brightest of my father’s boys lay dead, the mayor of Montpelier took father’s hand and said, “I can’t say what I want to, but my little girl died at the same age as your boy—and I know.” As if by his own experience the pastor knows the pains of his people, heavy on heart as ocean sand. The deep griefs of youth grip him. Youth is a time of dream and emotion high and holy. When the young are swept away into sin on the flood tide of hot-blooded passion, often their hearts are broken. They did not want to sin. They bitterly grieve to have been untrue to those high ideals which inspire them, which older folk do not often have. And still they try again. Temptation is grief. If one thinks the youth are greedy for sin, he has forgotten his own youth, or never had it. Nobody but a youth ought to be allowed to interpret that passage which says, “For that which I do, I allow not: for what I would, that do I not; but what I hate, that do I.” Youth is a hard time. It is no wonder God gave the youth little business but to find and form themselves. The passions of the body and the ideals of the soul are both at their highest in youth. Something of compromise spoils the ideals of the old. All who endure the stress and knocks of life (all except the

few triumphant great) adapt and limit their visions and dreams. Nobody but the youth is capable of forming the highest ideals, though the older person is better fitted to fulfill them. That is why God kept us young so long before he let us mature and work. "Behold, this dreamer cometh," and the more he is a dreamer the more he is a predestination to himself.

Youth often has to bear the grief of broken or unanswered love. Did you laugh? Have you seen a green gawk lovesick for the girl who didn't want him and would never have him? Wasn't it comical? How you chuckled, thinking him silly! Always understand and remember, you were the fool, not he. I do not believe any man can enter the kingdom of God who finds amusement in the disappointment of life's first great holy yearning love; who thinks it matter of laughter that a heart is broken; who has fun because some green moonling weeps at a vision of angels among whom he cannot enter. Such levity in the sacramental presence, such a state of mind—nay, almost the very existence of such a mind—is one blasphemous sin against the Holy Ghost. Later griefs will be respected while this is laughed at, but the awful sublimity of this will not again be reached.

Fond lovers' parting is sweet painful pleasure,  
Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour;  
But the dire feeling, O farewell for ever!  
Is anguish unmingled and agony pure.

The pastor is a grappler. Just beyond youth is disillusionment, then doubt. To down the doubts of his people will make his sinews writhe. They are not always bad folk who doubt, for it was the loyal disciple, ready to die for Jesus, who could not believe that Jesus had risen. A man thinks it is all a dream. There is nothing but black space beyond the stars. He looks into his wife's eyes thinking: "Sweetheart, blossom-face, darling! It may come any moment and I shall never see you any more. Out of the corruption of the grave you will never wake any more." He believes that he must die like the beast of the field. He cannot believe that God is, or that God cares. Gladly he would if he could, but he cannot believe this mortal flesh is more than the cabbage leaf which rots in the garden, or this soul is more than wind

drift. Sudden insidious whispers have plunged so many folks from good reputation that he no longer believes there is any purity in human nature. The friends of his youth are unkind and careless; his own brothers and sisters are fickle and loveless; he does not any more believe there is such a thing as faithful love.

Upon the white sea sand  
There sat a pilgrim band  
Telling the losses that their lives had known,  
While evening waned away  
From breezy cliff and bay,  
And the strong tides went out with weary moan.  
There were some who mourned their youth  
With a most tender ruth,  
For the brave hopes and memories ever green;  
And one upon the West  
Turned an eye that would not rest  
For the fair hills whereon its joys had been.  
Some talked of vanished gold,  
Some of proud honors told,  
Some spoke of friends who were their friends no more,  
And one of a green grave  
Far away beyond the wave,  
While he sits here so lonely on the shore.  
But when their tales were done  
There spoke among them one,  
A stranger, seeming from all sorrow free:  
"Sad losses ye have met,  
But mine are sadder yet,  
For the believing heart has gone from me."  
"Then alas!" those pilgrims said,  
"For the living and the dead,  
For life's deep shadows and the heavy cross,  
For the wrecks of land and sea;  
But, howe'er it came to thee,  
Thine, brother, is life's last and sorest loss.  
For the believing heart has gone from thee—  
Ah! the believing heart has gone from thee!"

All these tragedies—for tragedy is "the end of what has long been in the heart"—test the powers of love and pain in any pastor. There are other tragedies, too, that will be as if his own. At the coffin of his neighbor's wife he becomes blank and almost staggers, for his heart goes home to the little woman in the manse, thinking, "If it were she!" Many times a year the pastor goes



down with one of his people into the deeps of grief. If a minister is saddened by the pathos of life more than other people, it is because he has more than others the necessity of seeing life as it is. He carries the burden of more secrets than any other man, even the physician. Roman or Protestant, there is a confessional wherever he goes. His heart is heavy with the broken friendships of others, their sins, their heartlessness, their diseases, disappointments, and disillusioned homes. He grows old with the grief of fathers like Eli and mothers sadder than Rispah.

Have you seen such a letter as a poor proud mother writes to tell the shame of her only daughter, her hope, her little girl, her pet, and the darling of the home? May you never see it! God help me, I have. Have you seen a father, white-haired and disillusioned among the ruins of his dream—the last that will come to him? There is many a worthless boy of whom the world would be well rid who is still the darling of some father's broken heart. Great passion of love must that pastor have who bears the pain of his people. When to fathers and mothers, in the very hours when they were pathetically praying for their children, comes that which worst they dreaded, I tell you he must be a strong man who makes them believe that God still cares. "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." But like as a son pitieth his father, so the pastor must pity his people whose gray hairs are sinking toward Sheol, who are men of sorrows and acquainted with grief, the chastisement of whose peace is upon him.

The old will always love him. Their worn hearts ache for love. Their years and their hopes are behind them. Most of their loves are only sweet memories of "auld lang syne." Yearningly their eyes turn to the young folks around them—whose eyes are always otherwheres. The aged stand like magnificent mountains giving down to the sea the brooks and rivers that can never turn backward. Their own generation is breaking slowly away from them like scattered clouds, and their love runs downward to the next and onward unreturning. And those mountains face the sunset. As a dream when one awaketh, their golden youth is long ago, and far away, and dim and never more.

On a moonlight May evening a youth said good night to the girl whom he loved. Long he thrilled with the thought of her, but when at last his ruddy body slept he dreamed that he was an old man, feeble and broken and wrinkled. Many calendars had brought him to that time when one counts the years and finds them very few during which the very best providence of God can keep him from the grave. Saddest of all was the great loneliness, for all the friends of his youth were gone. Never again would he speak with one who knew him in his better days. Going to the mirror, forgetful for a moment, he looked for a young face, but he saw—O! it was pitiful, even in dream! The young dreamer shuddered and woke. Like a river of joy came over him the consciousness of youth.

Even as he lay joyous, stretching his lithe limbs, he thought he heard a muffled sound of low sobbing. It came from the next room. The boy hastened to the bedside of his father, whose face was wet with tears.

"What is it, father? Are you sick?" he asked anxiously.

"No, no, my boy, I am well. I guess I've been dreaming. I thought I met your mother under the apple blossoms, the first time, and I was only nineteen! It's foolish and you wouldn't understand it, but it's all right, my boy, and God is good."

Strong and tender must he be who guides the aged down the evening.

But not only, "Watchman, what of the night?" O watchman, what of the morning? Where are the little tots with pattering feet and tousled pates; sparkle-eyed with mischief, bubbling with laughter, or bursting into sobs? Night and day a-down God's garden must the laborer walk who keeps these white little blossom souls from the Stainer's hand.

I remember, I remember  
The fir-trees dark and high;  
I used to think their slender tops  
Were close against the sky.  
It was a childish ignorance,  
But now 'tis little joy  
To know I'm farther off from heaven  
Than when I was a boy.

But why should one ever be farther off from heaven than when he was a boy in his father's house? O sweet old moonlight evenings long ago on Burnlin hills, when my father's little boys were tucked away in bed under the low eaves of the upper chamber, and the lamplight came up through the register hole and I knew that father and mother were in the room below and all was well, and the big moon looked down through the slanted window, and I knew that God was in the skies above, and all was well! The time indeed may come when no father and mother sit in the room below. Sweetly may they rest where the daisies wave on God's acre; and dark is the old home and lonely; for death can empty the house and take the dear faces away. But nothing can take our God out of the skies. Dark and lone are our hearts without him, but like moonlight down the slanted window, "God hath shined in our hearts."

This childish faith is for all our years, but little ones come new to this wonder-world. Little they know and fast they learn. Gradually they become like that which is oftenest before them, whether it be of faith or whether it be of sin. Our old minds have taken such awful multitudes of images that new impressions have little chance. The plastic minds of the fresh little folks will take and keep. They will not forget the first good. Who ever forgot his baby prayers at his mother's knee? They will not forget the first evil. "I can remember the time and the place and the man that put the first foul thought into my mind!" was the testimony I heard from Bishop Goodsell by Lake Winnepesaukee.

Steadily some influence is breathing on the child. Down the winds of destiny he goes forever—breath of Hell or Holy Spirit—he is lighter than thistle-down against either. Passion and pain to any pastor is the thought of his little ones. Auroral they come from the kingdom of God. If unclouded, their faith will shine till the night fall. But no careless man whose heart cannot love like God and ache like Hell can do this one work of the church which is utterly important. No Phaëton must drive this chariot of Apollo up the heavenly steep. Strong and righteous must be he who guides the little ones up the morning.

Greatest of all passions that touch the preacher's heart is his

love of Jesus Christ, who will lift him at the end of the ages from the dim loneliness of the grave. Here the theme is so big that I wonder, and stop; but here the theme is all in all. This man was lost and Jesus loved him. This man was a sinner and Jesus forgave.

Exult! O dust and ashes!

The Lord shall be thy part;

His only, his forever,

Thou shalt be and thou art!

Because of this high destiny of love divine, and for his people's sake, will not every pastor have a great passion to be pure in the core of his own heart? He is the nearest vision his people will ever have of how God is holy. He stands on the mount of transfiguration and his soul wears the white robes of a minister of Jesus Christ. O, better that his bones rot unburied on the desert, and his memory die from the face of the earth, than that he stain those garments! He is the steward of things unseen which are eternal. God hath given him the divine dignity of serving the glorious church which, however the servant fail and be forgotten, will go down the ages triumphant, "looking forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners," when his poor bones have been dust and ashes for a thousand years.

*Arthur Wentworth Hewitt.*

## THE IMMIGRANT IN STORY AND SONG

THE immigrant has received wide attention from the social investigator and ethnological expert; he has been thoroughly criticized by them, analyzed, observed, and, in return, has been for some time furnishing meat for the scientific alcoves of our libraries. This treatment of him has not always been sympathetic; it has been a candid portraiture, rather than an appreciation. But recently there has been coming to these newer Americans the tribute of attention from another source—from the men and women of letters, I mean, who are finding in the immigrant a rich inspiration for story and song. A unique epoch in our national literature is at hand; Columbus is setting foot on a new land; these picturesque children of the nations, these “dregs from the scum o’ the earth,” are being discovered; they are emerging from “the melting pot” and are bringing with them a fresh literature which is vibrant with action, burning with the passion for complete justice, tender with sympathy, violent with indignation and resentment. Yea, it is this very literature itself which is helping them to emerge by bringing them in person to the cozy libraries of our established Americans.

An acquaintance with the distinctly literary works presenting these newcomers will reveal the fact that almost every race has its own champion in the world of letters. Take, for example, the Jews, whose laureate was “our dear, ‘dead Myra Kelley”: “The opening through which I saw my vista,” she said, “was the school-room. I taught these babies and I loved them.” Placed by the accident of circumstance in an east side school where the Russian Jews predominated, the woman came to understand this particular people in an intimate way, and consequently, it is the Isadore Bechatoskys and the Eva Gonorowskys who walk the pages of her precious books, *Little Citizens* and *Wards of Liberty*. And what a rare impression of these children of the Ghetto this woman of joys and sorrows has given us. So perfectly has she welded her tales with tears and laughter that we exclaim, “This is life itself!” Her greatest charm lies in her ability to seize upon the humorous

and at the same time bring out the pathos of a situation without rendering it gloomy. "The larger problems of maturity," she said, "pass far from room eight, but their shadow crossed its sunshine."

Let us halt for a moment before the story which she calls "A Soul Above Buttons." "Aaron, at the age of eight years, had succeeded his deceased father as 'boss' of an east side sweat shop in a Henry Street cellar, where he had induced his mother to work for him, . . . had impressed a half-witted sister into service, had acquired an uncanny dexterity with his own needle, and had lately enlarged his establishment to include two broken-spirited exiles who paid for their board . . . by their ceaseless labor." But one day the child boss awoke to the fact that if he was "to get a card off the union," and consequently a higher class of work than sewing on buttons, he must go into the public school. The anxiety of the little fellow not to waste any precious time in learning such unprofitable nonsense as Swedish exercises and reading fluffy selections such as "Baby has blue eyes," is nothing short of tragic, for it indicates the complete absorption of his normal child life by the pressing demands of a devitalizing and dwarfing business. When "cards off of unions" were all he was looking for, how could he refrain from exclaiming impatiently when the time came for morning gymnastics: "Say, Missus, ain't you goin' to learn us to read? I ain't got no time to fool with me legs an' arms. . . . When are ye goin' to quit your foolin' and learn us some?" No wonder this criticism impressed itself through Constance Bailey's armor of pedagogic self-righteousness and left her rather at a loss. But when two weeks passed and the boss found himself not a whit nearer the longed-for blue card, he not only demanded pay for all the articles he had made in the manual training class, but also stirred up the entire room to a "strike," binding them by what Morris Mogilewsky called a "fierce swear." And the result of the whole matter was that the boys ultimately swung over to the side of their cherished teacher and left the insurgent little boss unsupported, whereupon he went before "his friend, the manager of the shop," with specimens of his own hand-writing, only to be informed that they were not really words, but just "foolin'"; and



to be told that the story of "King Arthur," which he had learned in school, is a "fake," and the doctrine of "honesty is the best policy" is a lie. So can we blame the little fellow for deserting "the high halls of learning from this time forward? For had he not bent thirstily over the Pierian Spring, hoping to quaff inspiration to cards and to unions, and had he not found that it flowed with misinformation, Swedish exercises, unpaid labor, and that it bubbled disgustingly with soap and water?"

And so we reach the conclusion that one of Myra Kelley's chief characteristics and greatest merits is that she took her Ghetto children and their problems seriously. And so must we. But for all this, she felt that the "deepest could never be written out by one of an alien race." "For the lives being lived in these quiet streets are so diverse, so different in end and aim, that no mere observer can hope to see more than an insignificant vista of the whole . . . swarming mass of hope, disillusion, growth and decay."

But we are fortunate in having just such a record as Myra Kelley longed for: Mary Antin, a Russian Jewess, has overcome the difficulty Americans have encountered when trying to depict people of an alien race and has given us in her *Promised Land* the record of a life beyond the sea "vividly remembered," as well as the account of a new life "remarkably observed." "We are the strands of the cable that binds the Old World to the New," she explains. "As the ships that brought us link the shores of Europe and America, so our lives span the bitter sea of racial differences and misunderstandings." It seems remarkable, we think, that so much of a long past has been retained by this extraordinary woman, but the Child of Russia answers: "I took note of everything. . . I was at a most impressionable age when I was transplanted to the new soil . . . Everything impressed itself on my memory, and with double associations; for I was constantly referring my new world to the old for comparison, and the old to the new for elucidation. I became a philosopher by force of circumstances."

I have already referred to the great barrier of racial differences that stands between us and the newcomers. Edward A. Steiner, too, whose sympathetic study and first-hand experience

have made him an unimpeachable authority on immigration, is very conscious of it. "The great leveling forces of democracy," he says, "have all halted before the racial wall. However slight the ethnic barrier, even Christianity has struck colors before it and turned back in spite of an honest desire for universal conquest. Nowhere is this defeat more apparent than in the United States, where a tint is equivalent to a taint, and where a peculiar slant of the eyes is taken as an evidence that the race so marked cannot see straight."

But the optimism of Steiner in respect to this question is delightfully displayed in a book of sketches which represent places where the wall has been broken "by the love of God," as he says, "by the passion for fair play, which is almost a national characteristic; and by those vital but uncatalogued forces which are called environment." He has called his book *The Broken Wall*. It may not be quite so familiar to the general reader as *On the Trail of the Immigrant*, but it cannot fail to drive home certain messages in burning words. Remember as you finger its pages that their author, a tactful apostle of arbitration between Irishman and Jew, was himself once an immigrant. The high note of Christianity running through the tales tells of the works of compensation and adjustment. The miner, for example, who loses his eyesight through the carelessness of an inspector gains a devoted friend in the widow of the proprietor of the Good Will Mine; she has remained in the little town instead of moving to the city, simply in order to pension and assist just such men as the blind Carpathian, and send him back to Italy. Again, in a story which Steiner calls *Committing Matrimony*, there is an adjustment of rare humor between Rebekah Abramowitz and Mike Flannagan. Great though the contention of relatives at the wedding, all is made well at the christening of the first heir, when the tactful minister names the child neither Patrick, as the father insists, nor Moses, as the mother demands, but a delightful combination of the two, "Patmos," thereupon taking occasion to explain the significance of the name.

The Syrians, too, have their champion in Lucille Baldwin Van Slyke, who has recently collected in a volume called *Eve's Other Children* a number of stories which appeared originally

in various magazines. The tales themselves are not so pleasing as their alluring titles promise, "Dreams in Old Lace," "The Rug of Her Fathers," "The Camel of Bethlehem," etc.; yet they give glimpses of an obscure and misunderstood race. "To-day in our wonderful mosaic of all nations," the author says in her introduction, "these Oriental peoples gleam like a tiny bit of their own color. The charm of the East lies in their sloe-black eyes, and in the deep, sweet tones of their guttural voices. Yet most of them who come to us are driven hither by poverty and oppression, and their portion among us is unceasing toil."

Norman Duncan's stories of New York's Syrian Quarter, *The Soul of the Street*, dwell upon the same characteristics as we find in the *Nazilehs* of Lucille B. Van Slyke's book: their dreamy indecision and introspection, their willingness "day after day to step aside rather than stoop once to lift the stone off the path." Such characters as Norman Duncan's *Khayat* live in dreams of the past, and simply *dream* the evil present through. We seem to find traces of ancient mystics in such men as this editor *Khayat*, who was willing to take less wages from his employer if only he might be permitted to write a story occasionally which should be a "match for the torch of liberty" which his own people were trying to flaunt in the face of the Sultan. And here, again, in these stories of Norman-Duncan's, we find traces of that racial barrier we referred to above. There is a constant jarring of delicate temperaments, such as that of the violin player *Fiani* with that of the sordid *Tommy Dugans* who constitute their environment: a melody which suggests to *Fiani* *The Song of Love* sounds to *Dugan* "the killin' of pigs," or "the bustin' of a sody wather machine."

And now we come to the poetry of immigration. No less eminent an authority than Dr. Simon Patten, of the University of Pennsylvania, said recently in the *Survey* that poetry is justifiable only when it expresses our great social messages of the day. If this is true, then certainly we have a large number of poems worthy of outliving this age of destructive criticism, for almost every magazine we look into contains verses on child labor, immigration, or some other subject equally worthy of our attention.

Many persons who have given the matter considerable thought believe that the poets of the day who are writing songs of labor are depicting worn-out men of labor instead of the exultant Titans of whom they wrote twenty years ago. It may be that our poets do find them more careworn than of yore and have changed their attitude from one of admiration to one of sympathy for the men who have "lost the power of song"; or it may be that the difference between such poems as Realf's "Hymn of Pittsburgh," published forty years ago, and James Oppenheim's "Pittsburg" is due to the particular mood of the poet at the time he observed the worker, or to the time of day when he saw him. I quote a few lines from each of these two poems to illustrate just what I mean by this contrast in the conception of the American Man of Toil:

My father was a mighty Vulcan,  
I am smith of land and sea.  
The cunning spirit of Tubal Cain  
Came with my marrow to me.  
I think great thoughts, strong-winged with steel—  
I coin vast iron-acts,  
And orb the impalpable dreams of seers  
Into comely lyric facts.

But Oppenheim in his vision sees that

The earth grows small with the strong steel waves, and they come  
together who plotted apart—  
But he who has wrought this thing in his oven knows only toil  
and the tired heart.

As for the poems which deal more directly with immigration, Robert Haven Schauffler's "Scum o' the Earth" is perhaps the most noteworthy so far. Its overpowering rhythm and fanciful pictures are sufficient explanation of its charm, but when we add to these its high spiritual tone alternating with whimsical sarcasm, frank reproof, and tender sympathy, we have something irresistible:

Genoese boy of the level brow,  
Lad of the lustrous, dreamy eyes,  
Astare at Manhattan's pinnacle now  
In the first sweet shock of hushed surprise;  
. . . . .

Ah, it's hard to foretell what high emprise  
Is the goal that gleams  
When Italy's dreams  
Spread wing and sweep into the skies.  
Cæsar dreamed him a world ruled well;  
Dante dreamed heaven out of hell;  
Angelo brought us there to dwell;  
And you, are you of a different birth?  
You're only a Dago, and scum o' the earth.

The close of this remarkable poem invokes pardon from "these marvelous folk we have blasphemed," since they are our "peers and more than our peers":

Newcomers all from the Eastern seas,  
Help us incarnate dreams like these.  
Forget and forgive that we did you wrong;  
Help us to father a nation strong  
In the comradeship of an equal birth,  
In the wealth of the richest bloods of earth.

Another work, very close in spirit to "Scum o' the Earth," appeared in a Survey of recent date. It is called "Immigrant Motherhood" and was suggested by the statue of the same name by Antoinette Hollister. The inspiration and setting are both drawn from industrial Pittsburgh:

Down yonder she sits in the half-open door,  
'Tis plain she has never had time to before;  
Her first little child sleeping there on her breast,  
Poor soul, how she feasts on this banquet of rest!  
But all is so strange to her, people don't care,  
They all pass her by with a questioning stare.

How youthful and brave is the round-molded face  
Still fresh with the blood of her farm-dwelling race;  
Too soon she must leave the wee son of her youth  
To toll in the shops with the bold and uncouth,  
To roll fat cigars and to tie willow plumes,  
Or stand the day long by the thundering looms,  
Where no one is strange, and the bosses don't care,  
But just pass her by with contempt in their stare.

Another poem which we cannot forget in this connection is "The Cage" of Giovanitti. Although it does not deal with immigration directly, yet it comes from the pen of one who has not





Mary herself; his conception of America as God's Crucible, the great melting pot where all the races of Europe are remelting and reforming, has become classic, and familiar to all who are in the least interested in the "birth of the real American . . . who is to be the fusion of all races . . . the Superman."

When we have finished the Melting Pot and have closed the last book we can find on the immigrant in story and song, we discover one thought retaining vividness in our mind, amid all the various highly colored impressions which have filed before us: these great, hopeful-eyed people are coming to us, a million a year, expecting to find in us a land of their hearts' desire, their Canterbury, their Canaan. Their faith in us is complete. Shall we not have a corresponding degree of trust in them? Let us not allow them to be dismayed at what they find here, but rather let them see in us a bridge connecting their dreams of promise with their experience of reality; and whenever the opportunity presents itself, let us polish the "lamp of American liberty which is shining at this very hour in the darkness of deepest Russia and all the corners of oppressed Europe."

*Madeleine Susan Miller.*

## THE ESSENTIAL MESSAGE OF CARLYLE

CARLYLE's one message is what we have to find. It is necessary to make a search for it because there are—as all Carlyle's admirers (not his disciples; a real disciple of Carlyle is a rarity indeed) must admit—a good many things which make it a little difficult to seize upon the one essential thing. There are inconsistencies—explainable, but existent beyond doubt—temporary overclouding, outbursts of unregulated language, and other pitfalls for those who read Carlyle without clearly apprehending his one central and dominating idea. Such readers must stumble along rather aimlessly, and come out at the end of the journey without exactly knowing where they are. The present study will not be useless if it enables anyone to avoid such a fruitless reading of Carlyle, and unifies for him the many and sometimes contradictory impressions which Carlyle is apt to make.

1. Carlyle was a man of one idea, that idea being the absolute sovereignty of right; of right, not in the limited sense of a mere established code of morality, not in the sense that there were certain standard things which people ought to do, but in the sense that there was an eternal righteousness which was at every moment seeking to work itself out through individual, social, and national life, and that the one thing for which man, both individually and collectively, was here was simply to be an instrument in its hands. It was not simply a matter of conforming to what was considered right, whether by the law of the land, or by the conventions of respectable society, or by religion and the church. It was something much deeper and greater than that. It was the absolute dominance of conscience in man for which Carlyle pleaded; nay, he pleaded that a man should be *made of conscience*, if one may use the phrase. It was on character as distinct from mere work that Carlyle concentrated; and culture of character meant to him the realization, on man's part, that here and now eternal right had some inspiration for each individual man—an inspiration which might or might not lead to the doing of something already prescribed in the world's standard codes, but one

which, however that might be, man must at once yield to on pain of faithlessness and sin. And, unless that conception of Eternal right as the immediate and authoritative maker of life was being more and more accepted and acted upon, individuals and nations, however progressive they might appear, were going fast down the hill. Progress was nothing to Carlyle if it were not progress toward an acceptance of that conception as the one impulse regnant over all. Nothing that entered into the substance of the world's history could be good unless, on the one hand, it came out of the direct inspiration of right and, on the other hand, moved the world a little further toward a more perfect obedience to whatever other inspirations right might still have to give. The mere improvement of external conduct counted for little—that might only mean that man was becoming a whited sepulcher. Mere increase of philanthropy counted for little—that might only mean that in becoming somewhat more unselfish yourself you were ministering to your brother man's selfishness, pushing him down the slope of materialism with your philanthropic shove, and that you were, consequently, taking away from eternal right with one hand what you seemed to offer it with the other. What Carlyle wanted was that men should unitedly transcend all little moral improvements, all little rearrangements of the social order, all legislative readjustments whereby in getting on the steed of "progress" on one side they so often tumbled over on the other, of course all the expediencies and evasions by which manifest obligations were put aside or left half discharged, and should unitedly listen for the voice of that everlasting righteousness which sounded from the universe's heart for all who would hear. It was not that Carlyle thought lightly either of lapses from the ordinary standards of morality or of the oppressions and inequalities of the social system. One can find many noble passages in his works in which he denounces transgression, and many others equally noble in which he calls on the oppressor to let the oppressed go free. But to begin with this, and to end with this, was not to get anywhere near the heart of the matter. What Carlyle pictured as the ideal thing was not mankind painfully planning and carpentering itself into a particular moral shape, and

not one half of mankind revising and reforming its attitude to the other half, but every individual unit of mankind revising and reforming its inward attitude (its *inward* attitude, mark) to that right which was ever living and working behind the evil. With the doing of this one thing all else would be done, and without it nothing really availed. The dominance of right, and submission to that dominance on the part of every individual man, was Carlyle's one persistent idea. Now, all this has a strong flavor of preaching about it quite inevitable in any proper dealing with Carlyle, preëminently the preacher, the prophet, the apostle of righteousness. Great figure in English literature as he undoubtedly is, Carlyle was not primarily a literary man. He wrote not because he liked writing (as a matter of fact, he hated it, and the labor of composition always drove him nearly mad), but because he had to get his message uttered, and the pen was the only instrument at his command. He had something to say, and was therefore compelled to write. Carlyle is the teacher, the preacher, the prophet, before all else, or rather, he is nothing else. It is quite true that the world will not take him so. With surprise one read Martineau's statement about Carlyle: "As a revolutionary or pentecostal power on the sentiments of Englishmen his influence is, perhaps, nearly spent, and, like the romantic school of Germany, will descend from the high level of faith to the tranquil honors of literature." Yet Martineau was right. Only he set forth not what, according to sound criticism, ought to happen, but what, having regard to the folly and blindness of the world at large, was sure to happen. And of course it has happened. Carlyle's "revolutionary or pentecostal power on the sentiments of Englishmen," if, indeed, it ever existed at all, is spent, and it is simply as a literary man that he is honored now. This honor he would have scorned. With what vitriolic anger he would have talked about the fashion in which editions of his works pour one after another from the press, about the fashion in which rival publishers watch for the moment of the expiry of copyright in this book or that, about the fashion in which histories of nineteenth century literature include portraits of the author and extracts from his works, about the fashion in which critics and readers build up sepulchers

of fair print and pretty bindings (fancy Carlyle and pretty bindings!) to this prophet whom their fathers despised. At any rate, it is a figure in literature that Carlyle holds his place; and to take him as first and foremost a figure in literature is to mistake him altogether. He was a prophet, and a prophet of one idea. To get this idea proclaimed in some way or other was Carlyle's mission in life. And this accounts for his early difficulty in choosing his vocation and in finding his line. Even a prophet must live—if he is to prophesy—and the question was, How? The ordinary professional careers offered no prospect of getting out the message which clamored for expression and, since Carlyle was far removed from orthodox Christianity, the church was barred. It is not that from his earliest days Carlyle realized how the union of man with the Absolute and Eternal Will was the one formula of life, and that he had nothing to do but repeat a conviction which he had himself attained with ease. Just because Carlyle did not attain the conviction with ease, but through many hot trials of soul, his subsequent proclamation of it kept always such a fiery glow. With a great price he had himself obtained this freedom; he was not free-born. Sartor Resartus (and if you read Sartor Resartus, *The French Revolution*, *Past and Present*, and the *Latter Day Pamphlets*, you have read enough to know Carlyle's secret; all the rest, fascinating as much of it is, is but reiteration and reëmphasis), under the curious metaphors of its "clothes-philosophy," tells how, slowly and with pain, Carlyle's own soul, like the soul of the book's hero, got emancipated from its bonds. But from the first Carlyle had been pushing toward the goal, and even through all his gropings had never gone far astray; and simultaneously with his own progress toward a grasp of the one supreme idea, a developing consciousness had gone on that it was going to be his business to preach it to the world. How, he did not know. Suggestion after suggestion was made; at least one occupation—that of schoolmaster—was tried; the profession of advocate was glanced at (if only for the sheer fun of the thing, one would almost have liked just for once to see Carlyle pleading a cause in which he did not personally believe); attempts were made to obtain appointments of more than one kind, and it was not

till one thing after another had failed that Carlyle accepted the position and settled down as a literary free-lance. The sum of the whole matter, of course, is that for a man like Carlyle there was no line. He must make his own. He started with nothing except the consciousness of a "call," but by what method the call was to be fulfilled and obeyed was hidden from his eyes. One might draw a not uninteresting parallel in this respect between Carlyle and Milton. Both men felt an ordaining and consecrating hand laid upon them from their early years; neither knew more than that he was being led as through clouds and darkness to the goal, and in each case there was tentative effort, provisional endeavor, before the appointed way was found. Milton, indeed, made a sacrifice not required of Carlyle, since he gave up the poetic career for years, at any rate, in order to throw himself into that struggle for national freedom which he came to see was the sphere wherein he was meant to serve the Eternal Will. But, notwithstanding some differences, both men started with a sense that they were to be in some special manner the ministers of eternal Righteousness, and both had to go out not knowing whither they went. Like Milton, and with a longer wait than Milton's, Carlyle had to tarry until his weapons were put into his hands. In Carlyle's case, as, for that matter, in Milton's too, the weapon was the pen; a weapon which Carlyle took into his hand with reluctance and disliked right up to the end. He was not a literary man who gave to literature a moral direction. He began with the idea of right, and served it along the line of literature because all other lines were closed.

2. So far as the form of Carlyle's literary work is concerned, he was, of course, an historian first and foremost. Essayist and critic he was too, but the majority of his essays are of the historical kind; and even in his literary essays, his essays in literary criticism, it is, one is not far wrong in saying, the history and character of the author dealt with, rather than the strictly literary qualities of his work, with which Carlyle was chiefly concerned. It is as an historian that he stands out. But, and this is pre-eminently a thing to be remembered, Carlyle was interested in history just because it showed how men had served or had failed



to serve that eternal right which claimed them. It was not the great movements of history, in their relations to one another, in the world-tendencies out of which they sprang, that captivated Carlyle's mind; it was the individual characters of history, each one of them more or less illustrating the service of righteousness or disobedience to that service, that he cared for most. Indeed, he was really biographer rather than historian in the strict sense, and it was men, not movements, on which he dwelt, this being said with full recollection of the fact that the French Revolution, one of the great movements of the world, found in Carlyle a most brilliant recorder; for even in recounting the history of the French Revolution Carlyle's aim was to take one outstanding character after another—be it the French king, whose folly led him to the block, or those heroes who, rising up from the people's ranks, pleaded and fought for the cause of the oppressed, or those wild fanatics who, serving a good cause by evil ways, at length brought the whole thing to an end in tumult of fire and blood—and show how each one stood in relation to right. Carlyle's history is always a succession of vignettes, of individual portraits done with consummate skill; the features, the mind, the very soul of each subject looking straight out at you from the canvas as Carlyle sets him down. And your mind does not march with Carlyle's as you read his histories, however much enjoyment or even instruction you may get out of them, unless you bear in mind the one object for which Carlyle recorded the doings of men. He has been called a philosophical historian. This he most emphatically is not. He is of course far more than a mere cold annalist, although the number of facts he contrives to crowd into a page is something marvelous. He is far more than a mere recorder of battles (which is what many historians have permitted themselves to become), although he can do the flag-waving and big-gun business as well as anybody when he wants to, and can make his readers feel the excitement of the charging battalions as few can do it. His military history in Frederick is, by consent of the experts, as faithful to fact as it is inspiring in color and movement; and the Germans go to Carlyle's book very often when they want to know how their own battles were fought. But, more than annalist and more than

battle-historian as he is, he is not a philosophic historian. He does not study the underground movements of the world-spirit and explain how this and that historical event were that spirit showing itself upon the surface. He does not link one age to its forerunners, make a connected series out of the seemingly disconnected occurrences of the centuries, indicate the underlying unity of things, put his finger on the procession of causes and effects on the great scale. These are the things that a philosophic historian, properly so called, must do; and Carlyle leaves these things untouched. What he does, over and above the mere recording of fact, is to relate each fact, each man, to the eternal right of things. You can, so to say, see the great arch of the idea of right stretching itself over you as you read Carlyle—can feel the solemnity it induces—can hear what kind of echoes the procession of events brings down from it as event after event passes through. Carlyle has many other qualities as historian, needless to say. He is picturesque and vivid. He has abounding humor—did not Emerson call *Frederick* the most witty book ever published? He is poetic, pathetic, sublime, and many other things. And apart from everything else, Carlyle would be worth reading for these qualities alone; for these qualities many do read Carlyle to-day. And yet for these he would most certainly hate to be read. Probably he would rather have all his books burned, to the last copy, than be admired for what he would call these quite secondary things. However, keep an open eye for these qualities, by all means. Only let it be remembered that, in the last resort, Carlyle wrote history in the way and for the purpose stated. He took this man and that man, this act and that act, and, when he had made you see the man and the act, flung the limelight of the idea of right upon them and said, "How does the man or the act look now?" Not that he was always preaching—though, as a matter of fact, he *was* always preaching, if not overtly, yet by implication and spirit. Coleridge, who had for a while been a Unitarian minister, once asked Charles Lamb, "Did you ever hear me preach?" And Lamb answered, with his inimitable stutter, "My dear fellow, I never heard you do anything else." One might in the sense which Lamb intended say the same thing about Carlyle. However, he was not always

preaching in the usual sense of the term, but he never got away, and he never wants his readers to get away, from the idea that every human character and every human act is in some way or other a submission or a disobedience to eternal right. And you must tune your mind to the same pitch as Carlyle's, must at least understand what Carlyle wants to be at, if you are to get the full measure of either use or enjoyment out of his historical work. He was the historian because in every incident of history he saw his great idea of life as an instrument of the everlasting Will either exemplified or denied.

A study of Carlyle's own life would supply the sidelights necessary for a true comprehension of Carlyle's writings—indeed, without a knowledge of Carlyle's biography no one can properly appreciate his books. This matter with which we are just now dealing affords a case in point. In Froude's *Life* one sees how in his attitude to all the current questions of his own time Carlyle reproduced the attitude he took toward the historical events of which he wrote. The history of his own age, that is, like the history of ages gone by, interested him only as in each incident of it the actors defined their relation to right. Carlyle could never be a party man, either on the Liberal or the Conservative side; to such a man as he the innate absurdity of the party system was a thing patent as the noonday sun; indeed, it was more than absurd—it was wicked, inasmuch as it left little or no scope for the adjustment of every man's action in political matters to the idea of right, and substituted an entirely nonmoral standard for the only standard that was worthy and true. Nothing can be more ridiculous than the attempt frequently made to identify Carlyle with Radicalism, and to hail him as the forerunner of many of our modern political theories. Mr. Augustine Birrell is very anxious to insist that Carlyle "was once a Liberal," though he has to confess that the one-time Liberal fell away. It is not easy to see where even the "once" comes in. From the beginning Carlyle laughed at the counting of heads, and at the confusion between material progress and real progress of life as a whole by which all the politics of all the parties were and still are beset. He was equally ready to denounce both sides. He saw how government by mere

majority prevented any problem from being considered on its merits—how many so-called “advances” in the direction of uplifting the masses were simply concessions to materialism, neither springing from a sense of right nor developing it—how expediency everywhere ruled the day. He was no Liberal. But then—and for pretty much the same reasons—neither was he a Conservative. As between Disraeli and Gladstone, he perhaps disliked Disraeli the less, but that is the utmost that can be said. Always what he desired was the sweeping away of all the current standards of national life and the bringing in of the idea of right. He was not impractical, not a dreamer; he knew quite well what he wanted. He was a Radical, if you like, in the sense that he wanted to go to the root of things and grow a new tree. And it was from that point of view that he looked upon all the political questions of his day. If a reader turns the pages of Froude’s biography and sees how Carlyle delivered his soul on extension of the franchise, on the clamor for the “rights” of this class and that class, on emancipation of slaves, on the Franco-Prussian war, and on a good many other things (in the *Latter-Day Pamphlets*, also, various eloquences on some of these themes may be found), he will see—though that is not saying that he will agree with Carlyle on all these points; one should, indeed, not be very much surprised if he disagreed on every single one—that Carlyle looked upon contemporary history, as upon bygone history, from the standpoint of its expression of man’s relation to eternal right. And he will come back thereafter to Carlyle’s books better prepared to see through to their heart and to understand.

3. It has to be noted, however (for it is one of the salient facts of the matter), that in Carlyle this passion for righteousness was entirely divorced from anything like what is commonly held to be religious faith. It was with religion, surely, that this prophet of majestic and eternal right should have been most at home, yet Carlyle had small respect for Christianity as it was exemplified in the England of his time, and in face of the organized religion he saw round about him did not hesitate to gibe and sneer. He had no definite religious belief in the ordinary sense, though, perhaps, he never made anything like a careful examina-

tion of the Christian apologetic. That struggle through which he reached his final goal (the struggle portrayed for us in Sartor Resartus) was not exactly a struggle with doubt. It was a struggle to bring his own soul into subjection to eternal right, to accept right's discipline, to take right as his life's one inspiring idea. It was a moral struggle rather than an intellectual one. His severance from Christianity resulted, so far as one can judge the matter, from the comparative failure of Christianity to induce in its votaries that moral passion for which Carlyle himself supremely cared; and the Christian Church has reason to mourn bitterly that she could not offer a more sufficient recommendation of her faith to this man who, had he been of her membership, might have served her and her ideals so well. One reads with mingled feelings—of laughter and of tears—of that visit to Westminster Abbey which Froude persuaded Carlyle in his old age to make. Dean Stanley was to preach, Froude told Carlyle.

The experiment proved dangerous. We were in the Dean's seat. A minor canon was intoning close to Carlyle's ear. The chorister boys were but three yards off, and the charm of distance was exchanged for contact which was less enchanting. The lines of worshipers in front of him, sitting while pretending to kneel, making their responses, bowing in the creed by habit, and mechanically repeating the phrases of it when their faces showed that it was habit only, without genuine conviction—this and the rest brought back the feeling that it was but play-acting after all. I could see the cloud gathering in his features, and I was alarmed for what I had done before the service was half over. Worst of all, through some mistake, the Dean did not preach, and in the place of him was a popular orator, who gave us three quarters of an hour of sugary eloquence. For a while Carlyle bore it like a hero. But by and by I heard the point of his stick rattle audibly on the floor. He crushed his hat angrily at each specially emphatic period, and groans followed, so loud that some of the congregation sitting near, who appeared to know him, began to look round. Mrs. D——, the Dean's cousin, who was in the seat with us, exchanged frightened glances with me. I was the most uneasy of all, for I could see into his mind; and at the too florid peroration I feared that he would rise and insist on going out, or even, like Oliver, exclaim, "Leave your fooling, sir, and come down!" Happily, the end arrived before a crisis, and we escaped a catastrophe which would have set London ringing.

Amusing it is in one way, but really infinitely sad. "Leave your fooling, sir, and come down!"—that was in truth all that Carlyle had to say to the Christian faith and its exponents as he



knew them. For the Christian ideal of virtue he had, of course, the profoundest respect. It was, in its essence, one with his own. But for the whole system of Christian doctrine, and for the whole organization which existed to propagate it, he had no respect at all. Infinitely sad, surely, that this marvelous man should have been so near to Christianity and yet so far away!

It may be admitted that in one way Carlyle escaped danger by his entire aloofness from all the creeds. There was no danger that he would put creed in place of character. This has, of course, been the danger of all creeds, of Christian creeds no less than of others, and a danger into which the holders of creeds have often fallen. Creed, needless to say, is of no avail unless it speaks of and introduces us to a spiritual force behind itself—a force whereby character may be molded and made; and this, also needless to say, is what the Christian creed is meant to do. But once the creed is there, men so frequently come to take it as the important thing, and not the spiritual force behind it. Since Carlyle had no creed he was under no temptation thus to stand under the signpost and imagine himself to be traveling toward the journey's end. He had only one thing to proclaim—that right must rule; and in this simple proclamation there was no room for such confusions as are apt to result from systematic presentations in credal form of religious forces and facts. That much of gain we may admit. Nevertheless, his absolute severance from all systematic belief, from all definite creed, put Carlyle at an incalculable disadvantage in his efforts to influence the world. His conception of right was so abstract. Not that his message was almost entirely negative, as one has to declare, for instance, that Savonarola's message almost entirely was. Carlyle did much more than say "Thou shalt not." His message was positive enough: "Make your whole life an instrument on which everlasting righteousness may play what melodies it shall choose." It is quite positive. Yes, but how? What and where is everlasting righteousness, and how is one to get into contact with it, and what is the proper adjustment of one's nature to it? The answer to these questions of course implies a creed and a whole program of religious culture. It is one answer to these questions that the Christian creed and the



Christian program claim to give, but Carlyle never touched these questions, and could not, for creed he had none. The mass of men must have something concrete, something definite, a clear line marked out; and a preaching which does not give them these things goes over their heads and dies away too often like a voice that was thrilling to hear but whose message was untranslatable into common practice. Carlyle preached character, but had no method of producing character. He told men what they were to make, but offered them no tools. His teaching was too abstract to take hold. He comparatively seldom used even the name of God; and one is not quite sure what he meant to convey by it when he did use it. Undoubtedly, quite apart from one's regret on other grounds that Carlyle was so aloof from every form of definite religious belief, one has to regret it because it made his teaching so abstract in form, and, as a consequence, limited his influence, and made men stare and gape and smile in bewilderment instead of winning them to ardent moral aspiration and setting them on a clear moral quest. But it must not be forgotten that the responsibility for Carlyle's severance from Christianity lies, at any rate in part, at the door of the Christian Church herself. Not that Carlyle was blameless in this matter; but by its own lack of sincerity and moral passion organized Christianity did a great deal to keep this man outside its doors. He was, in his passion for right, one of the Old Testament prophets risen again. Pity that the prophet of the Old Testament was kept back from realizing how the redemption of man into right was so amply provided for in the New. So near to Christianity, and yet so far away!

4. There are one or two other things in connection with Carlyle and his essential message that call for a word. The popular conception of Carlyle takes him as a man of very uncertain temper—a man who had a kind of patent Billingsgate of his own which he could on occasion pour out like a lava stream—and it has to be admitted that the popular conception is not far wrong. In his works and in his letters one comes upon the most headstrong judgments, upon the most unkind verdicts passed on some of the best and greatest of his contemporaries, upon the most curious con-

donations of tyranny, and the most remarkable abuse of the masses of mankind. People who know little of Carlyle know that he spoke of a world mostly inhabited by fools. What is to be said of all this? How is it that the great prophet of right allowed himself sometimes to go so far and—for this is what it comes to—to fall so low? No disciple of Carlyle, however ardent his discipleship, can excuse these things or make out that they are of no account. They are spots in the sun, and must be so called. But they are, if not excusable, at any rate, easily to be explained. The one thing which explains them is that Carlyle, with all his consuming moral ardor, was possessed by impatience: the impatience of despair. Impatience—yes, that is a quality belonging to all the great moral preachers and prophets of the race, but not impatience of Carlyle's kind. Impatience that the realization of everlasting ideals marches on with such tardy steps, impatience that the wheels of God's chariot are so slow—that is an essential element in all moral passion; but that kind of impatience is consistent with a large patience toward men, with a gentle treatment of their weaknesses, with charity toward their faults. But Carlyle's impatience was no essential element in moral passion, and no addition to its strength; rather was it a subtraction from its power. Carlyle was a pessimist. He preached right, but he had no real hope that right would ever win. For him God and right were well on their way to defeat, and all he could see was that the world was rushing headlong down a steep slope with black hell at the bottom of it. And he saw everything and everybody through the jaundiced spectacles of his pessimism and his despair. One can find the evidence on well-nigh every page of his writings, especially his later ones, for naturally the mood grew upon him; and in those *Latter-Day Pamphlets*, in which he dealt so largely with current affairs, and in many a letter enshrined in the pages of *Froude*. Indeed, it is unspeakably sad to note how for this man, who might have exercised upon the world a ministry of inspiration and hope, who might have called it with clear voice up to the heights, and perhaps magnetized it till it took at least one or two upward steps: how for this man no ministry seemed possible except a ministry of doom. He could weep over the world which had not known the things that

belonged to its peace; he could not think that the blind eyes would ever be made to see. He was a voice crying in the wilderness, and this wilderness would never break forth into singing or blossom as the rose. Through and through him Carlyle was possessed not by the noble impatience which is only hope straining its eyes toward its own fulfillment, but by the impatience of despair. Now, it is not difficult to see how this worked out. Of course everyone who was not with Carlyle was against him; everyone who did not join him in his crusade was but wasting his time; and, useful as any person's work might be in itself, it was useless for him to expect an approving word from Carlyle. He might, indeed, expect a word that was anything but approving. For everybody, according to Carlyle, belonged to an irretrievably lost and hopeless world. And so, as to two great women novelists, one of France and one of England, Carlyle could only speak of scribbling Sands and Eliots, not fit to mention beside his incomparable Jeanie. There is "poor sawdustish Mill," "editor of a crawlery of creeping things." There is the "animalcule" De Quincey, who is to be kept in a box and only to be taken out to talk; there is the "puir thin fool" Darwin, "hugger-mugger Hunt," and (to some of us hardest of all to forgive) "poor little Browning"—that man of men, that virile character! The ridiculousness, unfortunately, did not strike Carlyle, keen as his sense of the ridiculous was. The truth is that, through his pessimism, Carlyle the prophet frequently became Carlyle the satirist, and sometimes even Carlyle the scold. On his very style the effect of his mood showed itself; and sentence after sentence jerks itself forth as if born out of a feeling that all is vanity and vexation of spirit. And given a moral passion which feels itself to be in vain, a moral passion colored by pessimism and despair, you have ample explanation of Carlyle's ill-regulated outbursts and of his acid tempers toward so many men of his time. If he had only had the large, calm faith which discerns the world's "great altars that slope through darkness up to God"! But that was denied him; and he had to do his work as best he could without it, to our loss and his own. So, too, when one asks, as one is driven to ask, what led Carlyle to choose for one of his heroes such an unscrupulous tyrant as Frederick the Great, and to glorify him

through a whole series of volumes, it is in Carlyle's pessimism, or, at least, in a twist of mind which that pessimism caused, that the explanation is to be found. To Carlyle the good was always in the position of being worsted, and the curious twist of mind to which I allude is here: Carlyle reversed the thing as well, and seemed to take it for granted that whatever was in the position of being worsted or of fighting against odds was good. That sounds very unreasonable, perhaps, and yet this was precisely the line along which Carlyle's mind worked. He saw Frederick facing a continent in arms, standing there with half Europe clutching at his throat, like a hunted animal at bay, and because this was just how he pictured the relation between goodness and the world he jumped at Frederick's position as illustrating that relation—with the result that unscrupulous Frederick was straightway almost canonized, and stood forth with a halo round his head. How hard put to it Carlyle occasionally was to justify his admiration for Frederick the pages of the *History* show. When Frederick captures whole battalions of the enemy, and, turning them into soldiers of his own, compels them to fight against their own countrymen, Carlyle begins to discern dimly that there is something amiss with this particular instance of righteousness in the lions' den; and one can almost see him scratching his head over the problem till he at last reaches the rather lame conclusion, "Well, reader, Frederick did it, anyway, and must take your verdict, whatever that may chance to be." He did not see that all through his treatment of Frederick's life he was making the fundamentally false inference that because goodness always got the worst of it, whatever got the worst of it must be good. Similarly, Carlyle was perpetually insisting, and quite rightly, that men must recognize facts, and that their failure to do so was one of their chief iniquities. But then this, coupled with his passionate pessimism, caused him to set an altogether exaggerated value upon mere doggedness, and when he saw a man with his back to the wall it was enough to rouse his sympathies to fever pitch. His passion for goodness, and his utter despair that goodness could ever come to its own, is enough to account for all these curious perversions. They are simply the reverse side of virtue, or shall we say the result of let-

ting one virtue run wild? For, though Mr. Thomas Secombe may put it somewhat too strongly in saying that as an intellect Carlyle had hardly got beyond the stage of instinct, yet there is a good deal of truth in the remark. His moral passion was a primal instinct indeed—would that it were so in more of those who undertake to lead the world!—but Carlyle did not think things out. He let the mere instinct rule him with too autocratic a sway. He did not reason enough, and in this case the absence of reasoning meant the absence of faith. Had Carlyle worked out a real philosophy of things for himself, he would have arrived at a more hopeful view of the world, and, with his despair relieved, he would have come with better judgment to many of those historic problems and personalities on which he flung himself with such red-hot zeal. But we have to accept him as he was. Take a passion for goodness, mix it with pessimism, and you have Carlyle, with all the inconsistencies and inconsequences and strange humors that are linked with his name. No one need attempt to excuse these things, and yet it is not well to make too much of them. We cannot afford to belittle Carlyle. There are always plenty to do that. Is the "Dead Prophet" of whom Tennyson writes intended to mean Carlyle? I should not wonder if it were so; at any rate, the thing fits. Round the dead prophet is the multitude gathered, and he, the prophet himself,

Dead, who had served his time,  
Was one of the people's kings,  
Had labor'd in lifting them out of slime  
And showing them souls have wings!

(Carlyle had at least called on souls to use them!) And the multitude, praising him with half praise, damning him with faint praise, gets more and more critical, and says presently:

For since he would sit on a Prophet's seat,  
As a lord of the human soul,  
We needs must scan him from head to feet,  
Were it but for a wart or a mole.

The world has always enough who will do that with its Carlyles, and with Thomas Carlyle the world has done it with a will. Well, let honesty note the wart and the mole, as it must. They are there, as those of us confess who would fain claim for this our



greatest human teacher that he was spotless. But we cannot afford to belittle Carlyle. We need him too much. Better, instead of gloating over the blemishes, take the measure of the whole man and try to stretch ourselves to his height; better, instead of picking out the few false notes, seek to catch and reproduce the true and mighty chords.

5. For on the main thing Carlyle was right, absolutely right. And what the world requires to-day is a definitely Christian Carlyle—a prophet who to Thomas Carlyle's ardent passion for righteousness adds in his message all the impulse and inspiration and dynamic supplied in the Christian religion when the Christian religion is rightly understood. Probably the world would not listen to him any more than to Carlyle himself. One need not have Carlyle's pessimism as to the ultimate destiny of mankind; but looking on things as they are, one is forced to admit that for the moment—and how many years, it sometimes seems, the moment lasts!—things are bad enough to excuse a transient despair. We have got so strangely mixed and muddled as to what righteousness really is. We have our sentimentalisms which forbid us to call wrong by its true name—and we call that love. We have our ideals of material national prosperity—and we call that bringing in the kingdom of heaven. We talk about the rights of this man and that man—and think that in pandering to the clamor about rights we are doing God's will, so strangely have we turned things upside down; and meanwhile righteousness, in Carlyle's sense of the great word—in the sense of a living eternal Will uttering its secret dictates most imperatively to the heart of every individual man at every moment, ceaselessly besetting him behind and before, a living, eternal Will compared with whose behests all else is as small dust in the balance, and at whose bidding any man should be prepared at any instant to go or come, to live or die—righteousness calls and no man replies. The world needs a definitely Christian Carlyle.

Henry W. Clark



## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

### NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

#### PRAYER INDISPENSABLE TO WORLD-WINNERS<sup>1</sup>

THE deepest missionary need of our time is not for any material or external thing. The deepest need is spiritual; the need for a vitality in the church equal to its vast work of naturalizing Christianity over all the world. For this task no mere number of workers at home or on the field will be sufficient, nor will prayerless giving ever evangelize the world, no matter how great the amount. How to call forth and apply the boundless resources of Jesus Christ is always an extremely important question. One of the elemental means for releasing these forces is prayer—a supreme factor in missionary leadership. More and greater issues hang on this than on any other one thing. The story of every great Christian achievement is the history of answered prayer. The unfolding providence of our God has been a clarion call to the leaders of the church to devote themselves to intercession above every other activity. Here is truly “an open but unfrequented path to immortality.” How startling that this “central act” in victorious service should be called “the deeply buried talent” and “the forgotten secret of the church.” The purpose of our present discussion is to state and illustrate three fundamental convictions regarding the life of prayer.

#### I. THE LIFE OF PRAYER IS A LIFE OF CONTINUOUS DISCOVERY

In the study of the Scriptures and the history of the expanding church we find four discoveries in which prayer has a powerful influence:

1. *The discovery of God.* This is life's greatest discovery. The practice of prayer is the fine art of becoming acquainted with God. All the men of the Kingdom who have most fully revealed God to other men have reached the deeps here, for prayer vitalizes and clarifies all our thinking about God. It was Isaiah worshipping in the tem-

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ple who saw the Lord high and lifted up. Paul states this truth in clear-cut words in Acts 22. 17, 18, "While I prayed, . . . *I saw him.*"

The book of Acts is the story of the growth of the early church from a small group of Jews in Jerusalem to a world power. The expansion described in the first twelve chapters is largely a history of the expanding Peter. What a record this is of a man who, under the transforming power of the Holy Spirit, given in answer to prayer, came to be a citizen of the world-kingdom! It is with this outlook he can say, "Neither is there any other name under heaven, that is given among men, wherein we must be saved" (Acts 4. 12). To him henceforth all personal values end in Jesus Christ, and all social ideals culminate in the kingdom of God. Nothing less than a deep and consuming conviction that there is no other man and no other message save the Christ Man and the Christ message able to meet the bottom-most need of the world will send us forth with relentless strength. It is this rock-bottom truth which has sent men through fire and flood for the gospel's sake. We need to believe this with a sincerity and earnestness that kindles all life into deepest devotion.

If we had no other illustrations than these three from the Scriptures, it would be enough; but a host of witnesses in this modern day testify to the same wonderful illumination of mind and heart in hours of prayer, so that God thenceforth is a new and living reality. Many an intercessor can say, "While I was praying there was in the room a fragrance as though all the flowers in the garden of God had opened there, a tenderness like the pity of infinite parenthood flooded my life, a Presence appeared shriveling up all that was mean and low, helping me to see life's issues in proper proportion, and pointing the way to life's great tasks." None but a man of prayer could say as did Zinzendorf: "I have only one passion: It is He, He alone."

The hearts of thousands have been thrilled by the story of how Horace Bushnell in old North College at Yale, in the darkness and despair of doubt, by prayer and obedience discovered God. The story of the hot fires of that moral struggle and victory may be read in a sermon which he preached years afterward in the college chapel entitled "The Dissolving of Doubts." If we would be explorers in the realm of spiritual realities, we must be men of prayer.

2. *The discovery of the will of God for a man's life.* It was after much prayer as recorded in Acts that the new disciple was chosen to take the place of Judas. That was the beginning of a new era, and the first Christians depend, as never before, on prayer and the Holy

Spirit, whose leadership is recognized sixty times in that one book. We discover that it was the habit of the early church to introduce new disciples at once to the life of prayer, with the result that, when they were all scattered abroad in the persecutions that followed, each disciple was a beacon light preaching the Word with power. It was during those three days of prayer that Paul discovered that it was the will of God that he preach Christ among the Gentiles. His epistles are strewn with the record of repeated crises in his life where he was made conscious of God's will in answer to prayer.

Gossner tells how, while pastor in Berlin, when three or four humble men came to him and told of their burning desire to take the gospel to the non-Christian world, he at first firmly refused to approve their plans. They requested that he pray with them about the matter, and after much prayer he came to see that it was the will of God for his life that he train them for service. He says his chief business was "ringing the prayer bell." So clearly was this the leading of God that he was enabled to send out and support more than one hundred and forty missionaries. Among the instructions given to his workers is this one: "Believe, hope, love, pray! Hold fast by prayer; wrestle like Jacob." While Gossner is the outstanding figure in this movement, much credit for his success is to be attributed to the deep life of prayer of his associates, who had so much to do with his work.

Louis Harms was opposed and stood alone in his plans to carry the gospel outside of Germany. He describes how he discovered the will of God in prayer. He says: "I had knocked at many doors and found them shut; and yet the plan was manifestly good and for the glory of God. I prayed fervently to the Lord, laid the whole matter in his hands, and as I rose up at midnight from my knees I said in a voice that almost startled me in the quiet room, 'Forward now in God's name.' From that moment there never came a thought of doubt into my mind."

In the case of Gossner the difficulty was subjective, while with Harms it was objective. Prayer is equally effective both in changing a man's personal relation to missions and also in transforming indifference in others into zeal and devotion.

3. *The discovery of the plans of God for the world.* It requires much spirituality and much walking with God to see the world through the eyes of Christ. The tenth chapter of Acts contains the record of a man whose whole thought of the world was transformed during a time of meditation and prayer. Peter on the housetop and

Cornelius in the palace, both praying! God showing the Roman that he must send for the Jew; God showing the Jew that the Gentiles must be included in the scope of the gospel. It was nothing less than a genuine revolution for him to say, "The Spirit bade me go with them, *making no distinction*" (Acts 11. 12), and, "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons; but in *every nation* he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is acceptable to him" (Acts 10. 34, 35). Prayer not only illuminates the Word, but lights up the world. Here Peter had his second Pentecost. This opened up the gospel to the Roman world even as the Jerusalem Pentecost was an unmeasured blessing to the Jews. There are two other notable outpourings of the Holy Spirit in Acts; one in which Peter was the human leader at Samaria (Acts 8). Philip and others had been sent out after special prayer (Acts 6, 5, 6). The other was at Ephesus, where the Greek world was touched in Acts 19. 5, 7. God was here reaching Jew, Samaritan, Greek, Roman—the world! In each case prayer had formed a notable part of the preparation and revealed the largeness of God's purpose for the world.

Not only to men of large ability has God revealed his thought of the world in hours of prayer, but often to most unpromising men he reveals his will and gives a plan of leadership and power. John Stewart was an uncultured and drunken Negro. To human eyes he was a most unlikely person to begin a great movement in the kingdom of God. Stewart was powerfully converted after one of his debauches. He united with the church and began at once to live an unusual life of prayer. It was his habit to retire to the fields or forest to pray. It was during one of these seasons that he was deeply impressed that he must preach, and that he must carry the gospel to the despised and neglected Indians. He tried to evade the call, but each prayer season made the summons louder. He yielded at last, and in spite of limitations, the protests of his friends, and the great difficulties, did a notable work among the Wyandottes. With remarkable zeal he appealed to the chiefs, urging that it was the will of God that men go to all nations and preach to all people. An appeal for help was sent out which led to the organization of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which now has work on all the continents and many islands of the world. So God often uses humble men to reveal his purposes for the world!

4. *The discovery of new outlets and avenues for prayer.* The life of prayer is apparently capable of indefinite variety and limitless

growth. These new avenues and outlets for prayer follow at least three general lines.

There is first the deeply rooted and growing habit of unhurried communion with God. Has this not been true through all the ages, that if you trace to its source every Christian movement, you come at last upon some one who has learned the secrets of prevailing prayer? The most powerful leader in all the Christian centuries is the lone watcher on the hills. It may be some eager spirit like Paul, whose soul rushes out in a torrent of speech, thanksgiving, petition, appeal, or the quiet, deep, loverlike communion of John; the passion of a man with a brilliant university career, like John Wesley, or the immortal talent of some nameless saint.

In the second place there is a steady growth in definiteness and expansion in subjects. As Dean Gouldburn says, "He who embraces in his prayer the widest circle of his fellow creatures is most in sympathy with the mind of God." Paul is a good illustration of this principle. After his own eyes are opened in answer to prayer he begins to pray for others, those near at hand, the workers, then converts in an increasing number of places, for kings and those in authority, for those who oppose the progress of the gospel—all this engulfed in a wealth of praise. So it is with those who follow Paul as he followed Christ; they are imperialists in the highest sense.

Finally there develops a genius for appropriation—the ability to *take* from the spiritual realm the forces and vitalities that are needed for the world. This is one of the highest tests of the depth and reality of the life of prayer. J. Hudson Taylor lived such a life of intimacy with Christ that he not only developed wonderful skill in discovering God's will, but also an even more wonderful genius for appropriating and applying the powers of the heavenly kingdom. "There is undiscovered territory in every man's life; blessed is he who is the Columbus of his own soul."

## II. THE LIFE OF PRAYER IS A LIFE OF EVER-DEEPENING DEVOTION TO JESUS CHRIST

Prayer at its heart is keeping company with our Lord. It shrivels and dies without steady growth in the things of the Kingdom. It is no cheap thing. The power that comes with prayer cannot be had for the mere asking. It expands with a more perfect understanding of and yieldedness to the calls of Christ; it deepens with bearing on one's heart the burdens of the lost; it widens with the joy of lifting;



it strengthens with the vision of the Kingdom. It is an eye horizoned only by the total program of Christ. Ignorance of prayer is a great misfortune, but prayerlessness is death. To master its secrets there must be uncompromising surrender, the unhesitating uncovering of our hearts to the scrutiny of Christ. This surrender is both an act and an attitude. The act is abandon to God, the attitude is obedience and abiding. The act is the gateway, it is a first thing; the attitude is a perpetual and final thing. The first is an act of will, the second an act of will plus an attitude of love. There is nothing like prayer over the open Book to bring one to an act of abandonment, for the uplifted eye and open Book create an atmosphere in which it is easy to fling one's life upon the heart of God. After that we will need constantly fresh overflowings of passion and purpose, deeper obedience, and more unbroken peace. Prayer feeds all these.

Is it not this which stirs us so deeply as we draw near and look into the lives of the men who have most deeply moved their generation? Their expanding life of prayer reveals their deepening devotion to the kingdom of God.

It is a consuming devotion in pastors like George H. C. McGregor, who sent out seven missionaries from his own church and had started in to win another seven when he was cut down by death. It was he who said, "I would rather train one man to pray than ten men to preach." Such pastors cannot fail to make their congregations grapple with the realities of the Kingdom.

Self-sacrificing devotion to Christ creates pioneers like Verbeck of Japan, of whom the Japanese themselves said, "This benefactor, teacher, and friend of Japan prayed for the welfare of the empire to the last." It marks philanthropists like George Mueller, who secured through prayer seven millions of dollars for the care of his orphans, of whom it may be said that his was an exceptional case only because there was an exceptional amount and strength of prayer. When Judson finished his Burmese Bible, taking the last sheet in his hand, he dedicated it to God on his knees in prayer. There have been reformers, too, like Wilberforce praying and fighting until, at three o'clock in the morning, Parliament passes a bill amending the charter of the East India Company so as to admit missionaries into India. After that victory it is no wonder he says, "I am persuaded that we have laid the foundation-stone of the grandest edifice that ever was raised in Asia."

Hidden workers, too, there are who are mighty "helpers together



by prayer." G. Campbell Morgan dedicates his book on *The Practice of Prayer* to one of these: "To Marianne Adlard, one of the hidden workers who endure as seeing Him who is invisible and who in secret labor by intercession with those who preach the Word." When James Gilmour, the martyr missionary to Mongolia, crossed the frontier into Mongolia, and his eyes caught sight of the first hut, he kneeled down and gave thanks to God for a redeemed Mongolia. All Sunday school workers should know Harriet Lathrop, whose story is told in *Old Time Student Volunteers*. Her life of deepening devotion to Jesus Christ led her to organize a Sunday school in the face of great opposition, and she so lived and taught in the power of the spirit of Jesus Christ that she not only went out herself as a missionary, but three sisters followed her, one brother became a home missionary, another went into the ministry, and her daughter became the wife of a home missionary.

This intense devotion characterizes business men like Nathaniel Cobb, of Boston, who had a prayer room in his store; or brilliant mystics like Henry Martyn, who wrote, "I lay in tears interceding for the unfortunate natives of this country"; native Christians like Neesima advancing on his knees, or Pandita Ramabai with sixteen hundred women and girls depending on her, and who, to one who inquired what she would ask the people of America for, replied: "Prayer! Give me prayer and I'll have all"; college presidents like the head of an Eastern institution who in his last illness was told he was about to die. "Is that so?" he replied. "Then lift me from the bed and place me on my knees, and let my last act be a prayer to God for the salvation of the world."

At Dr. J. H. Jowett's farewell service in Carr's Lane Chapel, stress was laid on the prayer life of the people, and he stated that this was the first thing his predecessor had mentioned when asked what was the secret of the strength of that church. Jason Lee's diary is saturated with prayer. Out in the Oregon country he wrote: "My Father in heaven, I give myself to thee. O may I ever be wholly thine, always guided by thine unerring counsel!" Sheldon Jackson, with eye on the horizon, had the spirit of the explorer. One of the most moving anecdotes in his biography is the story of an epoch-making prayer meeting on the Missouri River at Sioux City, where, with two other men, he looked out over the three great States centering there—Iowa, Nebraska, and South Dakota—and claimed them for the empire of Christ.

Who can read of the prayer life of such soldiers as Chinese Gordon, or Armstrong, or Stonewall Jackson, without hearing the call to intercession? So, too, when they found the body of Horace Tracy Pitkin after the fury of the Boxer attack had passed by, his hands were not bound, but clasped in prayer. When we have looked at all these and a multitude more who might be marshaled before us, we come back at last to look at Christ and let those words once more search us through and through: "And in the morning, a great while before day, he rose up and went out and departed into a desert place, and there prayed." "And it came to pass in these days that he went out into the mountain to pray; and he continued all night in prayer to God." Is it not this which our age needs that its life may be saturated with the spirit of intercession, a rediscovery of its power, a new dedication to its practice until our whole high, intense life is subdued, quieted, fused into holy fire with the spirit of prayer? To this we are summoned this hour.

### III. THE LIFE OF PRAYER IS A LIFE OF EVER-DEEPENING AND EVER-WIDENING MINISTRY

All that can be done here is to put down some of the ways in which men of prayer may more and more effectively serve their generation.

1. *Prayer gives spiritual access to men.* We need reminding again and again of the familiar truth that the work of winning men is a divine enterprise. If divine, then it must be carried on by divine resources. Divine resources are made accessible by faith, obedience, and prayer. Access to spiritual natures is by spiritual means. Paul and Barnabas, sent out after much prayer, left a trail of light over Asia Minor because they entered the open door of hearts that God had prepared.

Among the private papers of Thomas Browne, a widely known London physician, were many references to prayer. One of these reveals the secret of the remarkable way in which he won the hearts of multitudes. He says: "I have resolved to pray more and to pray always, to pray in all places where quietness inviteth, in the house, on the highway, and on the street; and to know no street or passage in this city that may not witness that I have not forgotten God."

Mary Ashton gained access to uncounted hearts. She offered herself to the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of her denomination for service on the foreign field. It was a deep and unforgettable

grief to her that physical disability made it impossible for her to go. Soon after this disappointment, she fell through a hatchway in her father's store and was so severely injured that she never walked again. Her place of suffering was a prayer room indeed. She began to make bookmarks and fancy boxes of notepaper for sale. In answer to prayer she found purchasers. The money went to support a native worker or two. These were prayed for day by day. The business grew; more workers were engaged. The prayer life widened to take in more workers and more unreached men and women in foreign lands and more customers for her handiwork at home. In a single year she earned nearly \$2,500, and when she died, after seven years of pain, which were also seven years of widening access to hearts, her pastor reported that she had earned \$12,500, every dollar of which went out on its ministry of blessing to many lands. Truly Mary Ashton knew how to get access to hearts!

A business man of many interests in a great city of the Middle West has had phenomenal success in reaching men of all classes with the evangelistic appeal, and also in his appeals for money for the Kingdom. The secret of his spiritual power over men was uncovered one day when in personal conversation he told what a great morning he had had recently, spending all its hours on a train making out a list of wealthy men and praying for them by name that they might have the vision of the Kingdom and pour out their great wealth for the blessing of mankind.

2. *Prayer makes effective speech.* There is no end of speaking and working, but there is need of the Holy Spirit to make all this effective. What further illustration do we need than Peter's sermon at Pentecost to teach us how prayer increases the power of speech? In matter it was no better than many another sermon, but it had an overwhelming effect. The very atmosphere was electric with spiritual vitalities. Back of all was the ten days of united prayer, and deeper still was the prayer of Jesus, who had said, "I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter." It were enough for those upon whom beat the fierce light of the public platform to learn this one lesson and live in the strength and wonder of it forever. Hearts are made tender, words are razor-edged, because of prayer.

Many hundreds of Chinese have come to know Christ in the last few months through the ministry of Ding Li Mei, of Shantung. Fires have been kindled everywhere he has spoken. At Paoting Fu, that home of martyrs during the Boxer uprising, in a recent meeting four

hundred and seventy men decided to follow Christ. At the Union Christian College at Weihsien he began by organizing little groups of students for prayer. In the next few days one hundred and sixteen of the strongest men in the college volunteered for Christian service. When asked as to his method, Ding replied, "I have no method but prayer."

3. *Prayer assures victory in hours of crisis.* A man who lives a life of prayer on the dead level of life can rise in the hour of crisis as no other man. Students of our Lord's life can never forget how prayer prepared him for the critical hours of his life. He prayed before his baptism, before the choosing of the twelve, before the Sermon on the Mount, before the feeding of the five thousand, before the transfiguration. It was Gethsemane with its passion of prayer which made possible the calm facing of Pilate, the unflinching bearing of the cross, and the uncompromising death on Calvary. Paul met the crises of his life in the same way. His epistles are "inlaid with prayer." This same principle holds good in modern times.

In the early days of the Student Movement in Japan there was strong opposition on the part of some Japanese leaders to putting the evangelical test in the constitution of the Japanese movement. Mr. John R. Mott, the general secretary of the World's Student Christian Federation, was there. He held out strongly for the test during the three days of debate. They were days of incessant prayer that God might interpose in behalf of the spiritual principle involved. At the close of the debate the Japanese Christians voted almost unanimously for the evangelical basis. One of the veteran missionaries who was present says, "That was the turning point in the history of missions in Japan."

Many times our hearts have been thrilled as we have read of that spiritual crisis in Turkey when in 1851 Mohammed the Sultan issued a decree ordering all missionaries out of the empire; Dr. Hamlin said to Goodell, his fellow missionary, "Goodell, our lifework is a failure at the very start, for both British and American consuls say the edict of expulsion must prevail and we must go at once." Goodell replied, "Hamlin, the Sultan of heaven can change this; let us appeal to him in prayer." They opened the edict, spread it before God, and began to pray; midnight came, and they prayed on. The day broke while the two men still remained in prayer that the calamity might be averted. The edict was never enforced. The destiny of multitudes was powerfully influenced by that night of prayer. The two who met

in his name found a Third added to their little company. The Sultan of heaven was there!

4. *Prayer thrusts forth workers.* There is hardly any word of our Lord which ought so to lay hold of the conscience of the church as Matthew 9. 38, "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he send forth laborers into his harvest." Years ago those stirring words of Andrew Murray moved me deeply: "How little Christians feel and mourn the need of laborers in the field of the world so white to the harvest, and how little they believe that our labor supply depends on prayer. Not that the need of workers is not known and discussed, not that efforts are not sometimes put forth to supply the need. But how little the burden of the sheep wandering without a shepherd is really borne in the faith that the Lord of the harvest will in answer to prayer send forth laborers, and in a solemn conviction that without prayer fields ready for the reaping will be left to perish. So wonderful is the surrender of his work into the hands of his church, so dependent has the Lord made himself on them, through whom alone his work can be done, so real is the power which the Lord gives his people to exercise in heaven and earth, that the number of laborers and the measure of the harvest actually depend on prayer."

Dr. W. L. Ferguson, of India, relates the following: "Some years ago in Iowa there were scores of Baptist churches which were pastorless. The leaders of the denomination had diligently sought for a supply sufficient to occupy these vacant places, but without success. In a convention at Webster City this critical condition was brought before the annual assembly of the denomination, and considerable discussion was engaged in. Finally some one arose and suggested that all business be put aside and that the convention betake itself to prayer, asking the Lord of the harvest for the needed laborers. This was done, and not long afterward in the denominational college at Des Moines, where hitherto not one candidate for the ministry was studying, forty-one men were enrolled who definitely had the ministry at home or mission service abroad in view. Three came forth from one church in the space of a single year, and twenty of the forty-one have contributed up to the present day an aggregate of three hundred and seventy-eight years in active service! It counts to pray."

Jacob Chamberlain's mother is an inspiring example of what one person can do to enlist workers by prayer and personal effort. Four out of five of her own children were led into the missionary



purpose by her prayers. On the day her famous son Jacob was to sail for India she sought an interview with him and told him what she had never told him before, that her first act on rising from her bed after his birth was to carry him to her secret place of prayer and lay him on God's altar and consecrate him to God as a foreign missionary. All through his college, seminary, and medical course she had prayed. Each year she had renewed the gift as he grew, but had never told him, because she felt that God alone must make his call clear. At her funeral the president of Oberlin College said she had led to Christ and put into the ministry forty young men, most of whom became home or foreign missionaries. Would that the whole church might be inspired to enter into covenant with Jesus Christ to pray that a sufficient number of missionaries might be called and equipped for the carrying out of Christ's world program!

5. *Prayer releases spiritual energies.* With perfect simplicity and naturalness the book of Acts records the calling forth of power for the work of Christ. We have already noted how the four special outpourings of the Holy Spirit recorded in the book were preceded by prayer. Peter and John in the temple (Acts 3) found the place of opportunity near the place of prayer, and the required power was supplied. Later, when Peter and John needed power to face persecution, their prayer (Acts 4. 24-30) was followed immediately by the pouring forth of divine energies (4. 31). The prayer-meeting with the laymen (Acts 6. 5-8) led to much more than human results. When Dorcas was needed for the carrying out of Christ's purpose, she was restored in answer to Peter's prayer (Acts 9. 40).

Very soon after Barnabas and Saul were sent out from that wonderful prayer service (Acts 13. 1-4) they faced a strategic opportunity in Antioch, and "almost the whole city" (Acts 13. 44) was moved. So the story runs. No one has ever been able satisfactorily to explain the philosophy of it all, but the fact remains that the life of prayer calls forth divine resources.

The records of these modern days are no less stirring than those in the book of Acts. None of us can forget how large a part prayer has had in the Student Movement and every other movement which has gripped the heart and conscience of North America, and the overwhelming testimony of the missionaries who have been in the midst of the revivals in China, in Manchuria, in Korea, and other lands is that they began, continued, and still go on in prayer. One college in China, in a single year, after months of preparation in



prayer, gave more men to the ministry than all the colleges of North America gave for foreign missions at Northfield the year the Student Volunteer Movement began.

Henry Martyn declared that he would as soon expect to see a man rise from the dead as to see a Brahman converted to Christ. Yet these men, who have controlled the learning and religion of India for a thousand years, are yielding to Christ, and in the very pagoda where Martyn used to pray for India was recently organized the National Missionary Society of India. At that memorable meeting, says Sherwood Eddy, there kneeled together Brahmans and Mohammedans, men from many parts of India, from Burma and Ceylon. This miracle, greater than rising from the dead, is taking place daily before our eyes!

Forty years ago, at four o'clock one morning, Dr. and Mrs. Jewett and three native Christians met on a hilltop in Ongole to give themselves to prayer. The field had been very unresponsive, and they had no permanent buildings at the foot of the hill. From that eminence they could see villages containing many thousands of natives, none of whom were Christians, and they prayed that God would give them the souls of those multitudes and a home at the foot of the hill. Only forty years ago! But a few months ago a thousand members of the Christian Endeavor Society met at Ongole for a convention, and climbed the hill to pray and praise on the very spot where the five workers had poured out their hearts in prayer forty years before. What thrilling evidence they had that prayer releases the energies of God! They could see villages where now live twenty-five thousand Christians, and down at the foot of the hill are a group of missionaries' homes, a college, boarding schools, a hospital, an industrial school, a church seating one thousand, and another seating fifteen hundred. In the whole mission the successors of Dr. and Mrs. Jewett have gathered a native community of two hundred thousand.

6. *Prayer leads to unity of thought and action.* It was this unity for which our Lord prayed in his intercessory prayer. After that great prayer meeting, in Acts 4, there is a very significant statement: "And the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and soul" (4. 32). Nothing less than a mighty outpouring of the Holy Spirit could ever produce such unity as that. Think of the diverse elements here fused into one! We have already called attention to the prayer-life of Peter and Cornelius, and how they were led together. Here blended Jew and Roman with a common passion for

the world. It has been said that "the dominant notes of our time are unity, reality, and universality." Disciples of Jesus were never so near together as now, and no earnest student of missionary history can doubt that prayer has had and will increasingly have a supreme place in making all the forces of Christianity "wise and one." It is difficult to quarrel with a man for whom we constantly pray. There are many evidences of unity at home in the vast interdenominational movements to make America face resolutely the whole task of Christ. But there have been even more striking evidences in the foreign field. Union colleges and theological schools multiply. Interdenominational conferences grow in number and power and practical plans. One of the greatest unifying forces in the Shanghai Conference was the two prayer meetings held during the entire time, one in an upper room in the Young Men's Christian Association building and another at the Union Chapel.

Missionaries early fixed their eyes on Singapore as a strategic center, because of its location and cosmopolitan character. For two years Bishop Thoburn prayed that the way might be opened to enter that unoccupied field. Finally, taking his wife and the Rev. W. F. Oldham with him, without sufficient money for their return tickets, they started for Singapore. When the ship landed, to their amazement they were met by a Presbyterian, who exhibited signs of unbounded joy. This was explained later when he told how for two years he had been praying for missionaries to be sent, and was given a vision one night in which he received assurance that his prayer was to be answered, and saw a ship coming into the harbor with the missionaries on board. He had therefore gone down to the wharf looking for them, and found no difficulty in picking them out in the crowd on the ship's deck. Denominational lines were lost sight of in the larger interests of the Kingdom. Many of us pray for the coming of the ship of God, but too rarely, alas! have faith enough to go down to the wharf to receive the cargo!

7. *The life of prayer gives the intercessor an immortality of influence.* All normal Christians should be possessed by an undying ambition to extend and perpetuate their influence throughout all the world. Every Christian may practically approach Omnipresence in three ways—by increasing gifts of money, by multiplying friendship with missionaries, and by the life of prayer. This last is by far the most potent and far-reaching. It knows no limitation of time and space. We may well stand in awe as we reflect that God has com-

mitted the possibility of such a ministry to the lowliest of disciples as well as to the most brilliant leaders in the church.

In northern New York lived a traveling man who sold paper bags. He had no university training, but was a graduate student in the school of prayer. He had a habit of keeping a list of autographs of business men with whom he had dealings, but who were not Christians. This was his prayer book, and on trains, in hotel rooms, on the street, at home, he interceded for these men. One of the trophies of his work was Mr. S. M. Sayford, who is now the secretary of the Evangelistic Association of New England. It was he who led Mr. C. K. Ober to Christ, and it was Ober who found and powerfully influenced Mr. John R. Mott in Cornell University, struggling over the problem of his lifework. It was then he chose Christian service as a career. Every continent is immeasurably richer for that decision, and when all the issues involved are seen in the light of eternity, it will be known that the faithful prayer-life and evangelistic passion of that almost unknown traveling man set in motion world-wide forces which shall never cease to move men toward Christ.

In a cemetery at Northampton, Mass., is a simple stone, on which may be read these words: "David Brainerd, Missionary to the American Indian." He died when scarcely thirty, yet he was such a man of prayer that he left an imperishable heritage to the world. Besides the uncounted thousands in America who have been inspired to live a life of prayer by his example, his journal went across the sea and touched many lives. William Carey was profoundly influenced by it, and it helped to make of him a missionary who is said to have had a working knowledge of thirty-six languages and labored forty years without a furlough, with superhuman endurance in the midst of countless discouragements. Henry Martyn read this same journal at Cambridge, and it sent him to India and then to the Mohammedan world. It was his custom day by day to go to a deserted pagoda for prayer. That prayer habit has summoned countless men to live less with men and more with God. At Cambridge University there is a Henry Martyn Memorial Hall, witnessing to all Cambridge men that prayer qualifies men for leadership more than any other habit. This same record of Brainerd's life fell into the hands of Robert Murray McChesney, and he became a leader in the movement to evangelize the Jews, which has grown until there are now fifty societies working for Jews. It was striking testimony which the Rev. Dr. John Timothy Stone received at the World Missionary Conference con-

cerning the power of McCheyne's Life of Prayer. We report his own words: "I heard in Edinburgh the illustration of McCheyne, and though I had read his life, this had never before so impressed me. We were standing near the old statue of Knox at the Free Church Assembly Hall entrance. An old Scotchman told me the story of McCheyne in his young manhood, how he stood Sabbath mornings in his church; how he leaned over his pulpit and said, 'I cannot go on'; how he broke down and wept like a child. Then he lifted his eyes, to God and said, 'O God, take my people yourself and tell them what I cannot tell them, and fill them with yourself.' The old Scotchman who told me the story leaned back against the Knox monument and said: 'Do you know, friend, this man Knox did great things for Scotland, but young McCheyne's prayer touched a chord in Scotland and in Scottish hearts that even this great man never touched, with all his power. To think that when he was scarcely over thirty God called him away; but he called down the power of God upon Scotland, and it is with us still.'"

#### THE CONCLUSION OF THE WHOLE MATTER

What, then, in the light of all this evidence, shall be our attitude toward the matchless life of prayer? We shall be driven to our knees only when we feel keenly that nothing limits success so much as lack of prayer; that he who works absolutely must pray; that he who prays most and best helps most in the tasks committed to the church; that we have not because we ask not; that the sob of weariness and pain in the heart of Christ has not died away into the silence of victory and peace because prayer is not yet the passion of our lives.

Awed to the core by the presence of our living Leader, whose whole life was lived in prayer, and who now ever liveth to make intercession, shall we not give ourselves to prayer as never before? Bearing in mind that our warfare is spiritual, reflecting on the amazing promises concerning prayer, in the light of its wonder-working before our very eyes, remembering the vast energies it calls forth, inspired by the example of men of prayer in all the history of the Kingdom, solemnized by a consideration of its unmeasured and unrealized possibilities, recalling the words of Wilder, "He that saveth his time from prayer shall lose it; he that loseth his time in communion with God shall find it in blessing," let us go away to the secret place, that our work may be wrought out in the tenderness and purity, the serenity and strength of Jesus Christ!

**THE ARENA****THE PROBLEM OF CHRISTIANITY**

THE PROBLEM OF CHRISTIANITY is what Professor Royce entitles the series of lectures recently issued by him in two volumes. The first of these volumes might well bear the same title as Professor Harnack's popular discussion, "What is Christianity?" For Professor Royce has joined the growing number of those who are undertaking to determine what the essence of the Christian religion really is. His answer is hardly what we should look for from a Harvard professor of philosophy.

First of all, Royce does not sympathize with the moderns who declare that we must go back to the teachings of Jesus or to Jesus's own idea of religion, and cut out all that has come since then. "Christianity has never appeared simply as the religion taught by the Master. It has always been an interpretation of the Master and his religion." Neither Jesus nor Paul is the founder of Christianity, it is the early Christian community itself. "The human source of the Christian doctrine of life must be found in the early Christian community itself." This is "the real human founder of Christianity."

What, then, is the essence of Christianity as we find it in this early church? It is to be found in three great teachings: those of the church, of native depravity, and of atonement. For these three Royce stands, and to their discussion the first volume is devoted. What does he mean by them?

In every case it is something vital that Royce has in mind. The approach is always from the point of view of ethics and experience. Whatever one may think of the conclusions, the discussion is suggestive and stimulating. First of all comes the doctrine of the church. It comes with a needed emphasis to-day. It will not satisfy the high churchman. There is nothing here about the institution, or about its authority. The word church, indeed, is not commonly used. His favorite phrase is "the blessed community." That is what the church is, not institution or organization, but a fellowship. It is, however, far more than the sum of so many like-minded people. It has a life that is more than the sum of its parts. There is an indwelling spirit, a spirit of love shown in the loyalty of each member toward the community and in the love of the community for each of its members. This common spirit is the spirit of Christ. The church is his body. He is its life, "as much the spirit of that community as he is a person." For the individual, the central quality of the Christian life is not a general affection, but a loyalty to the blessed community. That is not something narrow, for it includes a love for every man as destined for membership in the community. But for Royce this "simple but vast transformation of Christian love" as wrought by Paul in this doctrine of loyalty gives to that doctrine its moral definiteness and its highest power. This



"thoroughgoing, practical, and loving devotion of a self to a united community" is for Royce the height of the moral ideal.

The second doctrine is that of native depravity, or the "lost state of the natural man." "The individual human being is by nature subject to some overwhelming moral burden from which, if unaided, he cannot escape." That moral burden is nothing other than the "divided self" that we find with Paul. Here is Royce's interpretation; there is some question as to whether Paul would recognize it. We come to self-consciousness through social training. That training arouses our self-will at the same time that it makes us conscious of a social will before which we must bow. The result is individualism against collectivism, the self against the social whole. And this moral burden can be removed only by the blessed community. Here is the divinely instituted community, Paul would say. "Love that community; let its spirit, through this love, become your own. Let its Lord be your Lord. Be one in him and with him and with his church, and lo! the natural self is dead. The new life takes possession of you. You are a new creature." Salvation thus comes through loyalty. The new spirit in the man is no result of his effort, but rather the miracle wrought by the spirit of love in the church. And so the blessed community becomes the realm of grace.

That almost sounds like the old doctrine of no salvation outside the visible church. Only it is a spiritual and social truth that we have here, and not the dogma of an institution. And it is a truth that needs emphasis. In our reaction from high-churchism and all manner of institutionalism, and in our emphasis on the doctrine of the Kingdom, we have been endangering this great truth: the Christian religion is essentially social, and it must appear as a living social fellowship before it can mold the general social institutions. It is not enough to say that the church is simply an instrument for the Kingdom. The Kingdom, it is true, is larger than the church, but the fellowship of the true church is its first manifestation and its greatest dynamic. To call us back to these truths is Royce's greatest service in these volumes.

The third essential for Royce is the doctrine of the atonement. "If there were no Christianity and no Christians in the world, the idea of the atonement would have to be invented before the higher levels of our moral existence could be fairly understood." The need of the atonement for Royce is found not in native depravity, but in "willful sin." As the first virtue is loyalty, so the deepest sin is disloyalty. (Organized labor, for which the sin of sins is being a "scab," may yet claim Royce as its philosopher, as Syndicalism in France has claimed Bergson!) The man who has found light may become disloyal to the beloved community. By his own deed of treason he consigns himself to the hell of the irrevocable. All that can save him now is some deed of atonement. It is not enough to say, "Your sin is forgiven." Some real reconciling element must come in which will so overcome that treason, that the very treason may have some value, that the life of the community through this deed of atonement shall be richer than it



could have been had the evil deed not occurred. This, says Royce, can be accomplished only by some steadfastly loyal servant of the community who shall work this great and reconciling deed for which the treason afforded the opportunity. But this, for Royce, is no single historical event, but a constant occurrence.

Royce does not come as a theologian and the doctrines do not need criticism in detail. It would be easy to show how inadequate is Royce's historical interpretation of Christianity, how impossible it is to begin in mid-air, as it were, with the Christian community, and to refuse to go back to Christ. The life of the early church was not a sum of certain three doctrines, whether those chosen by Royce or any others. It was the faith in a living Lord and the consciousness of a new life through him. Despite his disclaimer, Royce has not yet gotten far enough away from Hegel. But more important is the limitation in the whole treatment due to Royce's underlying philosophy. There can be no satisfactory interpretation of Christianity or setting forth of any religious faith in a philosophy that falls of a clear grasp of the meaning of personality for God and man. The Christian religion is more than a sum of doctrine or a community with a common spirit. It is the faith in a historic coming of God to man, in man's personal fellowship with God, and in the kingdom which God is working out in men and through men on the earth.

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#### THE EIGHTH MAN

About ten years ago a New York preacher said: "We are living in an age of mental confusion. The world everywhere is torn up." But that was not all he said. He said a good deal that was good. Some one had made a big noise. This preacher had heard it and seemed to be alarmed. In fact, he says that seven men made this noise. He heard it, but I fear he did not hear what the eighth man said.

Now, the significance of any noise, any alarm, is not to be judged by the volume of noise it makes. And this recalls the story of the hotel keeper who advertised for frogs' legs. A man from a lake district where there were plenty of frogs, so he thought, hurried off to see the hotel keeper and said he could furnish him all the frogs' legs he wanted. "Very well," said the hotel keeper, "bring them in." In a few days the man came in with a few frogs' legs tied up in some brown paper. The hotel keeper said, "O, I can't do anything with such a small quantity as that! I thought you said you could furnish me a bushel if I wanted that many!" "Well," said the man, "the way them there animals hollered the other day I did think I could bring you a bushel, but I guess these fellers made all the noise." Precisely so! One may say this is an age of Doubt. Another is just as sure it is an age of Faith; and both of them hurried off and wrote a book. Still another says it is an age of Reason! The facts are, we have all of these. They are here

now. They have always been around. They troubled Noah. They harassed Moses and David and Paul. They will always be around! When the archangel Gabriel shall stand with one foot upon the shores of Time and the other upon the shores of Eternity, and, with one loud blast of his trumpet, shall proclaim that Time is no more, these men will be in evidence!

This New York preacher says that as he goes up and down in the earth he finds seven different kinds of men. I find more than that, but for this present occasion I will number my man No. *Eight*.

This preacher found No. *One* to be confused. He does not know what to do, and so he does nothing. No. *Two* is in a state of mental suspense. There are always two sides to every question, and No. *Two* wants to be just with both sides, but has not taken the time nor trouble to find out what the two sides are. No. *Three* is an agnostic. He is not sure about anything, and insists upon applying his agnostic principle to everything and everybody regardless of the discomfort it may cause. This man is not sure of anything and would like to see the man that can convince him to any other position. No. *Four* is inflated by his own learning and has the intellectual audacity to say that science is fast driving both the Bible and Christianity off the field of serious consideration. This man thinks that the sky was already full of stars and that there was not room for another one, and that the limitations of space forbid us to believe that there was such a thing as another star appearing over Bethlehem at the time of the alleged birth of Jesus. No. *Five* is an eclectic; that is to say, he is the man who will not pin his faith to any creed, ism, system, religion! All have some good. All have some evil. He proposes to sweep the whole field and take in all, both good and evil. He really is a shallow man. He will not go deeply into any problem; in fact, he can't! No. *Six* is satisfied with what he has. He is a very humble man. He is unwilling to venture upon anything, any ground, he doesn't know anything about. His policy is that of "nonresistance" in religious thought. He is afraid he might lose what he has, though he admits what he has is not very much. No. *Seven* is a timid man. An old chronic kicker can knock him out in the first round and not half try! He likes to hear the pessimist talk. He reads pessimistic novels, books, papers, and magazines. He belongs to that school in Paul's day known as those who "spent their time in nothing else, only to tell, or to hear, some new thing." Good or bad is all the same to him. The higher criticism scares him, and the lower criticism is too low for him. But his very humility creates suspicion in his mind. He does not want to see the Ark of the Lord upset, and he is not so very particular if it is not set up. He really thinks it is too bad that "Robert Elsmere" should have been so easily upset by the "Squire Wendover." And it was really too bad that "Dan Matthews" did not have some traces of a real moral backbone. Both "Robert Elsmere" and "Dan Matthews" ran away from a job that an angel would covet and hasten from his Eternal Place of Sinlessness to occupy any moment he would be notified of such a privilege!

Now, I have met every one of these fellows. They are in every community. They all make a good deal of noise doing—nothing to help the world! But I have met another man. He is No. *Eight*! He is not an angel, but has an angel's instinct to be good and do good. He is a man with red blood in him and with gray matter in his head and a whole lot of good religion in his hands and feet and in his pocketbook and all about him! He is a kind of spiritual dynamo, charged and surcharged with spiritual dynamite from the powerhouse of heaven. And he is a man that Jesus Christ knows quite intimately and with whom the Holy Spirit loves to live. He is not a "quitter," as "Robert Elsmere" and "Dan Matthews" and a few other fellows who have been paraded up and down the world in the guise as *heroes*! But he is not a hero who capitulates and runs from the field of battle when the first hot shot has been fired from the enemy! My *Eighth man* is

One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,

Never doubted clouds would break,

Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,

Held we fall to rise again, are baffled to fight better,

Sleep to wake.

Give my *Eighth man* a hearing! He will get it whether you give it to him or not! He is the man the world wants to hear and will hear, and the world will follow him. I have seen him. I have talked with him and he has made me think that life is worth while. I would rather spend a day with him than a whole year with all the other seven! He is aggressive, persuasive, constructive, and I should not at all be surprised if it was such a man as this David had been with, or had about his courts when he sang, "For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand [in the courts of the seven!]" I would rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God [or with the *Eighth man*] than to dwell in the tents of wickedness" [with the seven]. This may sound far-fetched, but any man who gets up close to the busy world, in contact with men to-day who are the spinal column of big business enterprises and who are not afraid of any task, however big and hard it may seem, will find it so! God gave Job a pretty big job and he did not lie down on it! But it does seem that if any man ever did have an excuse for running away from a big job it was Job! He stayed with it to the bitter end, and at the end of it saw the beginning of better things! Hunt up the *Eighth man*! You can find him! He is worth finding. And if you can't find him, then make him! You have the Pattern upon which to build him, the Great Pattern, Jesus of Nazareth!

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#### SEEING EYES AND HEARING EARS

Jesus said: "Blessed are your eyes, for they see; and your ears, for they hear" (Matt. 13. 16).

When Lord Morley once said of Voltaire that he had no ear for the finer vibrations of the spiritual voice, the judgment was no high-handed

attempt to shut out the wizard philosopher from any kingdoms where he would fain find entrance. It was rather a scholar's sincere report on facts furnished in the life and utterances of his author. The history of one's life is what constitutes life's judgment. When long ago in Galilee a teacher sent from God began to distinguish between his hearers and to observe that, while all seemed able to hear with the "outward ear," there were not a few whose hearts were deaf, it was no surly resentment on his part that made him regard the listless folk as worlds away from those who eagerly waited to learn the evangel and secret of life. The indifference paid the penalty of preoccupation; they were not burdened with a sense of the necessity for refreshing at its sources the life of the spirit. In their self-sufficient absorption, the finer vibrations of the spiritual voice must needs be lost upon them, and to preach a gospel to them would be as pathetic in its futility as the "fall of kisses on unanswering clay." Later on, it may be, they will be ready to listen. A stroke of misfortune, a desolating bereavement, some hour when one must eat the bread of tears; then the Word once disdained might be greatly longed for. "O, that thou hadst hearkened! Then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea." It is a comfort to Christ that he can turn to inquiring men who listen as for their eternal life. Theirs, so he would say, is the felicity who to outward hearing add inward grasp, and to outward seeing add inward vision. Happy are their eyes, for sight here implies insight.

Since our God fulfills himself in many ways, may we not reverently believe that he is waiting to make fresh revelations of himself? The times when there is "no open vision," these, surely, prove not that God is grudging of his grace, but that misuse has impaired the visual powers of the soul. In the recurring miracle of the natural world there is a witness for God. Arguments for theism derived from the order of nature might convince our reason and leave our hearts unmoved; but as, in Bacon's phrase, "the souls of the living are the beauty of the world," the immanent Divinity may be discerned by those who are not too old to wonder, whose eyes are not weighted with the thick film of haughtiness. Your test of a summer holiday is not in the distances traversed, but in the degree to which beauty is seen in the world. A journey to the gardens of Kashmir will be of little use to one who has failed to notice the world about his door. Capacity for pleasure in simple things brings great reward; whereas the superior person, unmanfully fastidious and with tastes consciously far beyond those of the common herd, is in danger of missing the Kingdom of Beauty here as he must miss the Kingdom of Beauty in the heavens. The superior person has become the slave of his subtlety.

He loved peculiar plants and rare;  
For any plants he did not care  
That he had seen before.  
Primroses on the river's brim  
Dicotyledons were to him,  
And they were nothing more.

Happy are your eyes if they see: if your heart leaps up when you behold a haze on the far horizon or a rainbow in the sky. "What," said William Blake, "it will be questioned, when the sun rises, do you not see a round disk of fire, something like a guinea? O, no, no! I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host crying, 'Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord God Almighty.'"

The beatitude of insight comes to be realized particularly by the man who discerns the divine in the human. The warning which the wisdom of life offers us against the delusion of distance, against letting the glamour of the remote blind us to the quiet grace of the immediately present, has high importance for us in the matter of our human relationships and friendships. The wisdom of life has not been heeded by us if the only really charming people we know live somewhere else, in London or on the other side of town or in some neighboring State. The new acquaintances made on holiday, found among the denizens of the summer veranda, may turn out to be precious and real friends, but are we doing wisely to idealize them until we are oblivious of the tried goodness of people whom we meet in the ordinary round of our working life? Do we think that the impressive strangers could never have flat moments in their conversation, nor ever display an unheroic hour? And if the new-found acquaintances appear to make more ado about us, their cordiality is surely no finer grace than the patience of people who know us pretty well, who know our faults and still are kind. We have poor eyesight when we cannot see in our associates, neighbors, fellow students, business colleagues, anything but common clay; and worse than stark blindness is the perverted vision that allows us to see only the foibles of human nature. We may be capable of acute and clever comments on a neighbor's infelicities of behavior; the mulish propensities of another. I have read, in I know not what apocrypha, of an English artist, who was very successful in his pictures of certain four-footed animals, but whenever he tried other themes for his brush, he would come to grief ingloriously, so that a trivial wag once said of him, "He's an angel at an ass, but he's an ass at an angel." Such one-sided skill need not be coveted, for we need eyes that can clearly behold the present excellences in a man's character and can see also the not impossible Christ in any son of man. The professional helpfulness posing as a special providence such as is sometimes offered to the world in the name of the church is viewed askance by multitudes whose need of spiritual renovation is deep. You will never help men while you are standing on a pedestal; so long, that is to say, as you see only their depravity. Find the latent divinity in me, and you shall soothe a jaded heart and touch a life to braver issues.

If the beatitude of insight becomes ours to the full we shall not only recognize the transcendental values in nature and in human life, but we shall be aware of the gleam of glory that lies about the path of humble personal faith. To believe in the eternal justice and the eternal love, to relate the individual moral struggle and victory to a righteousness at the heart of the world, to know that the comradeship of Christ



is our noblest comfort in sorrow and our best strength in life's working day!

No more unto the stubborn heart  
With gentle knocking shall he plead,  
No more the mystic pity start,  
For Christ twice dead is dead indeed.  
So in the street I hear men say,  
Yet Christ is with me all the day.

Hath not the Eternal created us unto himself, and while the Beatific Vision tarries, are there not vouchsafed to devout and willing souls some foregleams as of that divine splendor? Yes, say the saints. And however early we come into this felicity of insight, we shall still be constrained to say, "Too late I loved thee, O thou Beauty of Ancient Days."

A PRE-VACATION PREACHER.

#### THE CASE FOR IRELAND

I WAS much interested in the article which appeared in your last issue on "The Ulster Protestant and Rome." While none would question the historical authorities quoted by the writer of the article to demonstrate the hostile attitude of Roman Catholicism toward Protestantism, his essay is valueless as a contribution to the Irish question, unless we accept what is a pure assumption, namely, that Home Rule would mean Rome Rule. The whole case of the Ulster Protestants rests upon that hypothesis, an hypothesis which I claim is false, and which the English government and the large majority of its subjects regard as totally unsound. Is it quite fair to cite instances of the hostile and cruel attitude of the Roman Catholic body toward Protestants in the centuries of the past? We are now living in the twentieth century and not the sixteenth. Could not the Roman Catholics with equal justice turn the tables and quote history none too complimentary to us Protestants? Are there not incidents of a disagreeable character in our own history which we would much rather forget than remember?

The opposition of Ulster and its threat of a civil war in the event of the Home Rule bill becoming law is absurd as well as futile. It will achieve nothing. If the fears of Ulster are not of an imaginary kind, why does she not enter into a conference with the government and secure the necessary safeguards? The government has already incorporated in its measure all the safeguards it considers are necessary to protect Ulster. I have a copy of the Home Rule bill before me, and I find under the heading "Prohibition of Laws Interfering With Religious Equality" these words (Clause 3): "In the exercise of their power to make laws under this Act the Irish Parliament shall not make a law so as either directly or indirectly to establish or endow any religion, or prohibit or restrict the free exercise thereof, or give a preference, privilege, or advantage, or impose any disability or disadvantage, on



account of religious belief or religious or ecclesiastical status, or make any religious belief or religious ceremony a condition of the validity of any marriage, or affect prejudicially the right of any child to attend a school receiving public money without attending the religious instruction at that school, or alter the constitution of any religious body except where the alteration is approved on behalf of the religious body by the governing body thereof, or divert from any religious denomination the fabric of cathedral churches, or, except for the purpose of roads, railways, lighting, water, or drainage works, or other works of public utility upon payment of compensation, any other property."

A studied perusal of this clause will convince all unbiased persons that the government measure provides all the safeguards anyone could wish. The Prime Minister has stated in several of his speeches that he and his colleagues are willing to supplement these if by doing so Ulster will abandon its opposition. Mr. Redmond, the Nationalist leader, speaking at Waterford a few weeks ago, said: "There are no lengths, short of the abandonment of the principles which you and I hold, to which I would not go to win the confidence of these men, and not to have them lost to Ireland. There are no safeguards to which I would object in a Home Rule bill to-morrow to satisfy the fears which these men entertain about their religious freedom."

It is important for us to bear in mind that this new Irish Parliament will be a strictly subordinate Parliament, dependent for its income and its very existence on the Imperial Parliament, in which there is an overwhelming Protestant majority. It is difficult to conceive how any intelligent Protestant can seriously apprehend any interference with his religious beliefs. The Unionist party have taken up the Ulster cause for several reasons. They have always been the clerical party; not only that, but they hope by playing the "Orange" card to secure a triumph at the polls at the next general election.

The case for Ireland is unanswerable. They have returned members to Parliament for a great many years pledged to work for the Nationalist cause and supported by overwhelming majorities. The British Parliament can no longer turn a deaf ear to the appeal of Ireland's sons. It must give them, as they ask, a right to control their own domestic affairs. Then there will be peace, but not until then. I believe, as Lecky, the historian, said many years ago, "The national feeling is the only effective check to sectarian passions." There is but one solution. The question now hotly discussed must be met, not from the standpoint of the Roman Catholic, nor yet from the standpoint of the Orangeman, but from the standpoint of the Irish nation as a whole. It is a national question, and no religious body ought to interfere with the settled decision of the great majority of the Irish people.

I trust the time is not distant, and I believe it has come, when the Irish nation shall have the freedom and liberty to settle her own domestic problems and adjust its own affairs, subject to the authority of the British Imperial Parliament.

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**THE ITINERANTS' CLUB****THE TIME LIMIT OF THE SERMON**

ALL public address must have its limitations as to length. This is true in all professions that require an advocate or expounder before any company or tribunal.

The lawyer often speaks for hours and even days when he regards the issues as extremely important, and yet the court often prescribes the time for the counsel on the opposing sides, giving to each the same privileges.

With the preacher it is otherwise. Custom has established a limitation of time to the whole service which is as effective as if it were a written law. Custom has also prescribed the time allowed to the various parts of the service, and the sermon, as to its length, must have relation to the time usually appropriated to it.

Notwithstanding the restrictions established by custom, the length of sermons varies considerably. In the churches which have an elaborate ritual, such as the Protestant Episcopal Church, the time for the sermon is shorter than in nonritualistic services. In the Episcopal Church the ordinary sermon rarely exceeds fifteen or twenty minutes. There can be no established rule on the subject, but there are certain considerations which may help in the determination in each particular case. The length of the sermon must be determined in part by its purpose. Every preacher has some particular object in each sermon besides the mere conformity to custom. The various purposes of the sermon are mainly expressed by Saint Paul: "All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good work." (2 Tim. 3, 16, 17). This purpose of the Scripture fitly applies to the purpose of the sermon. A sermon of appeal for immediate action should not be as long as a sermon in the discussion of some topic which requires fullness of treatment in order to accomplish its effect. At the camp meeting, for instance, the general object is an appeal to Christians to seek advancement in the Christian life or to sinners to turn immediately to Christ. The fervent appeal should not be so long as to exhaust the audience. It should aim to bring them to immediate action and the length of time under such circumstances should be considered carefully.

The length of the sermon should also be conditioned by the occasion. There are certain times when special sermons are delivered by the pastor called forth by special exigencies in the church. At such times the people have a right to expect a fuller discussion of the topic than belongs to the ordinary sermon. It may be an apologetic discourse, defending some great interest in the church. It may be an aggressive discourse, in which the church is expected to make a forward movement. In other words, there may often arise occasions which the people regard as unusual and which call for a fuller treatment than would ordinarily be allowed for the sermon.

The length of the sermon may be affected also by the fullness of the services. There are times when the regular service, such as the administration of the Holy Sacrament, occupies all the time that should be properly given to a public service. The special emphasis at that time is laid upon some other part of the service. This would require that the sermon for that occasion should be abbreviated. This also should be considered when the regular services are very extended. We have alluded to the elaborate character of ritualistic services which has led undoubtedly to the brevity of the sermons. The so-called nonritualistic churches have greatly extended their forms of service. In the olden time the service was very simple; the hymn, prayer, a Scripture lesson, and another hymn, sermon, additional hymn, prayer, and benediction, constituted the entire service. The Methodist Episcopal Church now has a recognized formula of service. To this are added special music and solos, etc. The Presbyterian churches have, many of them, prepared elaborate forms of service and music. All this has necessarily affected the length of the sermon, so that sermons in all churches are shorter than formerly.

The length of the sermon should depend somewhat on the physical, mental, and spiritual condition of the preacher. The most gifted men are not always in a frame to do their best work; indeed, they may be so conditioned in themselves or by surrounding circumstances if they are tedious. On such occasions they should realize their conditions and shorten their sermons rather than weary the people.

An audience will readily forgive an uninteresting discourse if it is short. It is difficult for them to do so if it is too long. The preacher should be a kind of thermometer gauging the feeling and appreciation of those to whom he speaks, and should remember that when the interest of the congregation falls the influence of the discourse is liable to cease.

Miller, in his work on Clerical Manners, has put this subject very forcibly: "Whenever weariness begins edification terminates. It was well said by Whitefield that a sermon of more than an hour long, though preached by an angel, would appear tedious. Where there is more than one service stately performed no sermon ought, on an ordinary occasion, be more than forty-five minutes in length; nor ought the whole service at any one time to be longer than an hour and a half. And if at any time you are compelled by special circumstances to preach longer, let all the other parts of the service be in a corresponding degree abridged."

He calls attention also to that at which we have already hinted, that when ministers, "for any reason, are betrayed into an inordinate tediousness in their sermons they seldom fail at the same time to make a portion of Scripture read, the prayers and the psalms all in like proportion tedious, and this interferes most essentially with the edification of many hearers."

The occasions on which the minister feels especially prepared and inspired for this work should also be considered in this connection. There are times when under the inspiration of a great purpose to be accomplished he secures the attention of the audience to an extraordinary degree. It is natural for him to go on at a length unusual, growing out of the intensity of his emotions and the vigor of his thought. There is danger even at

this point. The minister's best efforts have their limitations. In order to secure the best result he should so possess his audience that he shall realize when the object shall have been secured for which he speaks. When he has consciously fully impressed his audience with the thought and the influence which he is endeavoring to convey, it is the proper time for him to cease his sermon, although he has not exhausted what he meant to say.

The writer recalls the case of a preacher who closed his sermon when it was half finished because he realized that the end for which he was preaching the sermon had been accomplished. In one of our great New York churches a justly celebrated preacher announced that he would preach to young men on a certain topic. It was announced in the advertisement that this sermon had been called for many times, and there was a large congregation gathered to listen. The writer was present at the discourse and was astonished when he closed his sermon in thirty minutes. He was wise in that, for he left an impression which probably would have been dissipated had he preached for an hour. The writer has not proposed to answer the question which was raised, but merely to suggest that conditions of person and occasion should largely determine it.

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## ARCHAEOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

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### ANCIENT EGYPT AND IMMORTALITY

THE belief in a life beyond the grave is all but universal. It is the heritage of every human being; it is common to all countries and nations throughout the entire world. No matter how degraded a people may be, this one doctrine, in some form or another, is held by them as tenaciously as by the most enlightened of mortals, occupying the heights of civilization. No nation, however, has left such a wealth of literature on the subject of a future life as the ancient Egyptians. The theology—or shall we say mythology?—of that land is for the greater part concerned with the life after death. Its funeral ritual is exceedingly rich. Mr. Rawlinson aptly remarked that the religious ideas of this people “clustered round the tomb rather than the temple.” Professor Breasted, of the University of Chicago, expresses the opinion, in his learned and instructive volume, entitled *Development of Religion and Thought in Ancient Egypt*, that the climate and soil of Egypt contributed in no small degree to a belief in another life; for probably in no other country in the world are the conditions so favorable to the preservation of the body as in the Nile Valley. Here bodies seem imperishable. He speaks of finding bodies or parts of bodies “indefinitely old, which seemed about as well preserved as those of the living.”

Professor Flinders Petrie, one of the best-read men in the story of ancient Egypt, assures us in his *Drew Lecture* (November, 1913) that

we may trace in an unbroken line clear from the beginning of the Christian era to about B. C. 8000 positive evidence for the belief in future life. "It may," says this great Egyptologist, "seem surprising to refer to any religion in paleolithic times, yet the precision of the funeral ritual extends back to the earliest neolithic graves that we know in Egypt." The reader will notice that Petrie's system of chronology down to B. C. 1600 is about two thousand years earlier than that of most other Egyptologists. While Petrie makes the first dynasty begin B. C. 5510, Breasted gives the date as B. C. 3400. A still later date is given by Sethe and others.

Professor Petrie goes so far as to say that we owe Egypt a greater debt for the doctrine of immortality than we do Israel. Though we have no doubt whatever that Moses and the prophets believed in a life beyond the grave, we have often wondered why the Old Testament has so little upon the subject.

It may be a risky matter to pass judgment upon beliefs and ceremonies in prehistoric times, of which no written records have been left, yet the numberless graves examined and which belonged to the remote past bear clear testimony, if not in writing, yet in a very convincing way. There must have been some meaning to the position of the body in the grave as well as to the articles deposited with the dead. The earliest graves dug open had their food offerings, placed there, no doubt, in the belief that the deceased was not dead, but needed sustenance while in the tomb. The friends and relatives deposited not only food and drinks, but various utensils, instruments, and weapons, and as time rolled on the furnishings became more numerous, for to these were added little figures of servants or slaves. In short, the dead were furnished with all they had been accustomed to before death.

Those who have visited our museums and have examined Egyptian coffins, or sarcophagi, have noticed that these were covered within and without with inscriptions. The walls of pyramids were also decorated with like texts. These inscriptions have been carefully copied, edited, and largely translated. The coffin texts have been collected and explained by M. Lacan, a distinguished French archaeologist; and the Pyramid texts by Maspero and others. The best collection is that by Dr. Sethe in two volumes (1910). Those unable to read German and French, or who have no access to the originals, may get a very complete and accurate idea of both coffin and Pyramid texts from Professor Breasted's excellent little volume, to which we have already referred. The elegant coffins and costly pyramids from which these texts have been copied belonged, of course, to royalty and the wealthy. We should not, however, believe that immortality and future life were only for kings and nobles, even though, according to popular belief, kings and rulers were to become gods after their death. But what would a king be without subjects over whom he could rule, and who could do his bidding and contribute to his happiness and welfare? Whatever the popular belief was concerning the condition of the common people in the world beyond, these texts teach very clearly that the king or queen placed in one of these elaborate and massive coffins could in some manner by repeating these texts satisfy every want.



They could transform themselves into almost anything desired, and thus gratify every wish or ambition. They could build palaces, surround them with all manner of shade trees and fruit trees. They could construct reservoirs and fountains with which they might cool the air and water their gardens and fields. Repetition of these texts enabled one to engage in all sorts of amusements and sports, such as fishing and hunting—in short, to enjoy all the pleasures of earth. One of these texts is headed: "On uniting the household of a man with him in the nether world." The result of reciting such a chapter is to bring together again father, mother, children, wives, concubines, servants, and slaves—everything that one possessed before death. Such a transmundane establishment would naturally require food, drink, raiment, etc. So we are not surprised to read a text like the following, in which the deceased says, "Give to me bread when I am hungry and beer when I am thirsty."

It may be reasonably asked, How could one get servants and slaves in the life beyond? It was a very simple matter. In order to secure such service it was customary from early times to place little figures (*ushabtis*) of wood, stone, or other material along with the body of the deceased in the tomb. These were numbered and marked, so as to avoid mistakes and confusion regarding their respective duties and work. Some tombs had no fewer than four hundred of these *ushabtis*. "The device," says Breasted, "was further elaborated by finally placing one such little figure of the dead in the tomb for every day in the year."

The Egyptian conception of the future life was very gross and materialistic, as is seen from these texts as well as from the pictures in the tombs. If the deceased had great establishments here below, the same would continue above. Practically the same occupations would be carried on, and even the same relation between master and slave. One of the interesting chapters in The Book of the Dead is that entitled "Of Making the Shabti Figure to Do Work for a Man in the Underworld." (See Budge's Book of the Dead, Vol. I, Cap. VI).

There were ample provisions made for the comfort of the dead. It was customary for the wealthy, while still in life, to endow a temple or a tomb, so as to insure abundance of good things in the world to come. One Hepzefi, ca. B. C. 1900, had made such a provision. He had statues of himself erected in two temples of the city where he lived, and still another in his tomb. The latter was in charge of a special priest. Contracts had been made by him with the priests and officials of the temples and tomb which stipulated that in consideration of certain endowments they were to supply all his wants after death. They were to bring continuous gifts of all description: cakes, bread, oxen, geese, roast meat, beer, water, and what not. On certain feast days—and Egypt had its full share—no fewer than 2,200 cakes, 22 jugs of beer, 56 loaves of white bread, had to be brought to the tomb of this great nobleman.

Provisions and beverages were placed near or in the tomb of the departed, so that his *ka*, or double, could appropriate them, and thus be relieved of the necessity of wandering around in search of food and be compelled to live like a dog on offals and filthy water. The *ka*, insepa-



rably connected with every human being, was absolutely distinct from the body, and though born with the man, he did not seem to be of any service to the person till after death. Though some taught that the *ka* followed man step by step in this life, others, like Breasted, would limit his care and guidance of the individual to the *hereafter* only. Some have seen an analogy between the *ka* and the guardian angel of the older Christian theologians. Petrie calls attention to a belief, current to this day, in Nigeria, which teaches "that every person has his guardian spirit, usually, the spirit of his own immediate father."

Whether the *ka* did anything for his double while here on earth, it is clearly taught that he acted well his part after death. He interceded in his behalf with the gods and protected him from harm. There was need of such protection, for the dead had to pass through untold dangers on the way to final happiness. There were difficulties of all kinds, danger of losing one's identity, and even of forgetting his own name and of losing his way in the awful darkness through which he needs pass. There were also huge serpents and terrible monsters ready to injure and devour him. Even Ra, the sun god, himself had to penetrate this darkness, just as ordinary mortals, and pass through twelve dreary cavernous galleries in the nether world before coming out a victor in his glory. It was here that the priests got in their work, for they pretended that they could provide the dead with safeguards against all emergencies. They profited well by the credulity of the ignorant. This accounts for the large number of magic texts found in tombs on coffins and mummies. By these incantations the mummy itself could be resuscitated and provided with a soul. This change was also partially effected by the food and drinks deposited in the tomb, which not only restored life, but made the one thus restored strong and powerful enough to overcome all obstacles and dangers.

The soul did not confine itself to natural food, but literally fed upon the very bodies of the gods. The hearts of the gods were choice morsels, and afforded both physical and mental nourishment. The heart was regarded as the seat of the intellect; the eating of the heart could therefore not fail to make men wise.

The texts tell us, too, that the souls of the deceased became stars in the heaven, where they shone in glorious brightness. In other words, the blessed dead ruled above with Re. To reach the sky was no easy matter, and yet it was possible. There is depicted on the monuments an immense ladder and a stairway reaching from the netherworld to the heavens. There are many references to this mode of ascent in the texts. According to one of these, the ladder is in charge of Set. Breasted quotes from an inscription in the Pyramid of Unis (ca. B. C. 2750): "How beautiful to see, how satisfying to behold when this god ascends to the sky, when Unis ascends to the sky!" And again, "King Unis ascends upon the ladder, which his father Re made for him." The ladder may have been suggested by the slanting rays of the sun, which seemed to connect earth with heaven. We are also told that the soul flew like a bird, or was wafted like a cloud on the wings of the wind. The flying

of birds and the ceaseless moving of clouds, no doubt, helped the imagination to such a belief.

Many tombs have pictures of boats in which the blessed dead were taken over to the larger boat of Re, which sailed over the celestial waters. Petrie reproduces one such scene. On this we see, "Nut, the starry goddess of heaven, overarching Geb, the earth, covered with reeds. She is supported by Shu, space. Over her back rises and sets the boat of Re."

The wickedness and righteousness practiced in this life could not, in the very nature of the case, remain unpunished or unrewarded. There was to be a judgment day. This took place very soon after death. Such a judgment is depicted in a very realistic manner in many tombs and on papyri. "The Weighing of the Heart," as shown in the Papyrus of Ani, is very complete. Here we have a full company of gods acting as judges. Below these and under some hieroglyphics is a large scale. On the left of the scale stand Ani and his wife, who bring their hearts to Anubis. The heart is placed in one pan of the scale and the feather of Maat in the other. They balance exactly. It was not necessary that the heart should outweigh the feather. The god Thoth stands to the right of the scales, and records the result. Just back of Thoth is Amam (eater of the dead). This monster, part crocodile, part lion, and part hippopotamus, stands ready to devour those whose hearts fall to stand the test. Such are the main facts in connection with the judgment scene. It is certain, however, that different views prevailed at different periods in the life of Egypt. For there is no uniformity of details in these scenes as depicted in various tombs or papyri. "It seems," says Budge, "that every scribe or artist felt himself free to follow out his own ideas of its treatment." Sometimes the deceased appears all alone, sometimes in company with his wife. So, too, the number of gods or other figures vary greatly. When the heart has stood the test, it is presented to Osiris by Anubis or Horus.

Though the old Egyptian beliefs continued among the people through many, many centuries, it became at last necessary to give up many of the cruder doctrines which had held such sway. A little after the beginning of the last millennium before our era, "a new wave of influence spread over the world. The fresh movement was that of individualism, personal responsibility, and personal religion." It could not well have been otherwise, for Egypt was the gathering place of the nations. It was here that Greece, Asia Minor, Syria, Persia, and Arabia, and even remote India, exchanged not only commercial commodities, but also ideas, political and religious. Petrie, in the lecture already mentioned, names several Egyptian documents which appeared between B. C. 510 and 200, and which must have influenced the common people of Egypt in its religious creed. Of these we name "The Virgin and the Kosmos" (B. C. 510), which teaches that the human soul is the breath of God, "blended with unconscious matter." This mixture of soul and matter is man. Though prone to sin, he may yet remain righteous, and if righteous may gain a home in heaven, but if he deteriorate he will be changed into an animal. Then

there was "The Discourses of Isis to Horus," which proclaims the doctrine of metempsychosis. About B. C. 340 appeared "The Perfect Discourse." This teaches that animals have souls and spirits as well as bodies, but no sense and reason like men. At death the human soul may pass into a higher state of rest and happiness, or "if soiled with evil, it is driven out into the depths." The farther down we come, the nearer does the Egyptian approach solid ground, for in "The Secret Discourse" it is clearly taught that the rebirth makes man immortal. "The natural body must be dissolved; the spiritual birth can never die."

Truly, they groped in darkness dim and dreary, and yet through the twilight dull, in search of truth and light, they caught a glimpse of the glorious morning which our Saviour, Jesus Christ, has revealed to us in the gospel.

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### BOOK NOTICES

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#### RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

*The Christian Tradition and Its Verification.* By T. R. GLOVER, Fellow of Saint John's College, Cambridge, University Lecturer in Ancient History. 12mo, pp. xvi+229. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, \$1.25, net.

THE scientific method is to get all the facts and let their complete appeal be made without the interruption of prejudice. In this volume Mr. Glover aims to familiarize his readers with the mass of experience which the Church of Jesus Christ has had of him during the centuries. He is historian enough to know that the Christian faith has always been challenged, and even demonstrated again and again to be ridiculous, from Celsus down to the present day. He also recognizes that there never was a period when it was easy to believe the Christian gospel or to live the Christian life. With it all he is also assured that the future of Christianity will not be a repetition of the past. Just here he strikes a needed note when he insists that the contribution of the past must necessarily be the basis of all future advance and progress; that man is most himself when he uses the solidarity of human experience in the particular sphere in which he works, whether of boat-building, or character-developing, or what not. The experience of the race is an aid to the experiment of the individual. In applying this principle to the religious life, Mr. Glover does justice both to the inheritance of the Christian believer and to his independence of faith. First-hand experience is permissible, yea, even necessary, but it must not discard the testimony of the Christian centuries. Mr. Glover's associations have been with the Quakers, and notable as have been the contributions made to the spiritual interpretation of Christianity by this people, they have often been tempted to speak of the inner light as though the approach of God in Christ to the soul disregards all his previous appeals. This author therefore does well to insist that the Christian experience of any individual is true only as it

is in harmony with the experience of the historic church, that is, the Christian community, regardless of all denominational symbols. This is a buoyant book and the subject is handled with extraordinary freshness. The reader has pleasant experiences as he comes across pertinent allusions and references to literature. In this connection one is strikingly reminded of Professor J. Rendel Harris, one of the leading authorities and translators of post-apostolic writings, for many years librarian of Clare College, Cambridge University. Mention must be made of his course of Angus Lectures, entitled "Side-Lights on New Testament Research," which deal with questions of live interest. Mr. Glover's book also belongs to this series. The following titles of the lectures will give some idea of his volume: "The Challenge to Verification," "The Use of Tradition," "The Significance of the Christian Church," "The Experience of the Christian Church," "Jesus in the Christian Centuries," "The Criticism of Jesus Christ." In a previous volume on *The Conflict of Religions in the Early Roman Empire*, the emphasis was laid by him on the significance of men rather than of church or sacrament in the Christian movement. "The gospel set fire to men's hearts and they needed to do nothing but live to spread their faith." It was the experience of the reality and supremacy of Christ that gave them the power to overcome the world. This writer has a keen appreciation of the religious instinct and he speaks a strong word in favor of the rich deposit of religious truth in the non-Christian religions of the world. That only prepares him to note the wide difference in experience and outlook between Christian and non-Christian lands. "For example, deplorable as things are in European and American society, they are bad, nevertheless, with the continual correction of a Christian background. There are men and women leavening these societies, in whom burns a passionate devotion to the person of Jesus Christ and his ideals for mankind and for the individual. There is the public recognition (whatever it is worth) of religion, and there is in all educated persons some slight knowledge—very vague and inaccurate as it may be—of the principles of that religion which touches their lives, if nowhere else, in most of their weddings and funerals. But imagine the background removed, and industrial enormities, flagrant cruelty, and open uncleanness continuing unchecked, and gaining rather than losing in volume, as they would." This is well said; it is not a familiar argument, but it is a very strong one on behalf of foreign missions. Imagine what the situation would be if the great Chinese Republic could have a Christian background. Toward the close of his book Mr. Glover mentions four qualifications for one who proposes to make some judgment on Jesus Christ. (1) The knowledge of the plain facts of our Lord's life as recorded in the Gospels, and of the facts of the church's history. This may appear to be a trite remark, and yet it must be confessed that many who give days to the study of the great religious systems take for granted that they know all about Christianity and its Founder, and so do not give his message intelligent and adequate consideration. (2) The historical imagination. (3) Some natural or cultivated sympathy with the fundamental ideas and feelings of Jesus

Christ. (4) The sense of insufficiency. One who has this equipment will not fail to see how indispensable has been the living personality of Jesus Christ in every phase of the Christian movement. Mr. Glover is quite right when he says that: "Whenever the church at large, or any church in particular, has committed itself to any scheme of thought that has lessened the significance of Jesus Christ, it has declined. Error always tells; and the error of over-estimating Jesus Christ ought to have told by now, but the experience of the church so far suggests that it has no real reason to dread any danger from overestimating him, but rather that the danger has always come from obscuring or abating his significance." Elsewhere he quotes with approval the ringing words of Luther—*Nos nihil sumus; Christus solus est omnia*. The origin of creeds is well described: "In doxology we come nearer to fact than in dogma, for it is out of doxology that historically dogma has grown. The primitive Christian first went through an experience; then he broke out in thanksgiving and doxology for it; and finally he and other people began to speculate on the relation of the experience so stated to the general sum of human experience and knowledge; and the result of this speculation was called, in the language of the day, dogma." The importance of the church as a witness needs to be reiterated again and again. Indeed, a weakness from which we suffer to-day is that we do not bear our testimony to facts, but to quotations. As one has truly remarked: "The world is sick of authorities; it wants authority, the authority of conviction and real knowledge." For instance, what will it profit us to be told that the fathers knew God, if we, their sons, do not enjoy the privilege and blessing of a like personal knowledge? Mr. Glover has rendered timely service in reminding us of the passionate convictions and the impressive conduct of the Christian Church which were occasioned by the glowing experience of Jesus Christ. Herein consists the inspiration of the church to-day and forever.

*The Historic Jesus.* Being the Elliott Lectures Delivered in the Western Theological Seminary, Pittsburgh, Pa. By the REV. DAVID SMITH, M.A., D.D., Professor of Theology in the McCrea Magee College, Londonderry. 12mo, pp. 128. New York and London: Hodder & Stoughton. Price, cloth, \$1, net.

*Unwritten Sayings of Our Lord.* By the REV. DAVID SMITH. 12mo, pp. x+151. New York and London: Hodder & Stoughton. Price, cloth, \$1, net.

THOSE who are familiar with Dr. Smith's life of Christ entitled *The Days of His Flesh* know what to expect from his trained pen. These two little volumes of lectures are a welcome sequel to his better known work. *The Historic Jesus* is an important contribution to Christian apologetics. Its appearance is most timely, in view of books, like that of Professor Royce, already noticed, which attempt to idealize Christianity away from the facts of gospel history. The first chapter considers the contention of radical critics that the Gospels are idealizations of a later generation, and that the only residuum of historic material consists of nine fragmentary sentences which may be attributed to Jesus. The historical veracity of the evangelists is then impressively demonstrated by



a comparison with the *Protevangelium Jacobi* and the *Evangelium Thomae*, both apocryphal gospels which circulated in the second century. The elements of the grotesque, the abnormal, the stupendous, and the irrational prove conclusively that poetic fancy had free play in these writings. None of these things appear in our evangelists. They were not creators, but historians, and were therefore free from apologetic solicitude. Two rivals of Jesus are next introduced. What offended the Greek mind in Jesus was his gravity, his constancy of purpose, and his strenuous devotion thereto, so unlike the frivolous and superficial Greek. Lucian's life of Demonax, an eclectic philosopher, and the life of Apollonius of Tyana, are found to be insipid by the side of the supreme Teacher of eternal truth. The evangelic portraiture is self-attesting. Here is a paragraph worth quoting: "Whatever its explanation, the fact stands that, so far as the record extends, there is nothing in the teaching of Jesus which implicated it with the notions of his day or—which is still more remarkable—has brought it into collision with the later discoveries of science or criticism. It was to the book of Joshua, and not to the Gospels, that appeal was made in vindication of the Ptolemaic astronomy; when the evolution hypothesis was propounded, it was with the cosmogony of Moses, and not with the teaching of our Lord, that it seemed to conflict; and there is no pronouncement of his which prohibits criticism from determining on proper evidence the date or authorship of the documents of the Old Testament." After guarding against the dangers which threaten the appeal of experience from unreason and fanaticism, Professor Smith lays full emphasis on the evidence of experience, which is amply demonstrable and thoroughly scientific. Experience carries conviction even to those who are strangers to it, and the personal testimony of Christian people from age to age concerning what the living Christ has been to them is an irrefutable argument. The wealth of learning and the impartial discussion of the relevant issues render this volume exceptionally valuable. The same marks of careful scholarship distinguish his other volume. Instead of agreeing with Schmiedel in his erratic conclusions that there are only nine sayings of Jesus, a study of patristic literature and the remarkable discoveries of papyri have brought to light certain *logia* of Jesus which are very welcome. It is interesting to read what Dr. Smith has to say about the extra-canonical book of Ecclesiasticus, as exercising an influence on the thought of our Lord. An excellent commentary by W. O. E. Oesterley on The Wisdom of Jesus the Son of Sirach appeared last year in The Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges. The introduction is a mine of invaluable information. A few of the sayings of Jesus are expounded in several chapters in the light of their historical context. Their exegetical and devotional treatment is very suggestive. "Acting rightly from a wrong motive" is the subject of a saying found in the Codex Bezae: "On the same day He beheld one at work on the Sabbath, and said to him: 'Man, if thou knowest what thou art doing, blessed art thou; but if thou knowest not, thou art accursed and a transgressor of the Law.'" The test at our Lord's coming again is seen in the

following sentence, found in Justin Martyr's Dialogue with Trypho: "In whatsoever employments I may surprise you, in these also will I judge you." Our Lord's presence with lonely toilers is comfortingly illustrated by the saying in the *Oxyrhynchus papyrus*: "Jesus saith: 'Wheresoever they may be, they are not without God; and where there is one alone, even thus I am with him. Raise the stone, and there thou shalt find me; cleave the wood, and I am there.'" This saying beautifully supplements the promise in Matt. 18. 19, 20. Jesus is present not only where his people meet, but he is also with the quarryman and the woodman, who are types of lonely laborers everywhere. The sense of responsibility is enforced in the saying, "Show yourselves approved bankers," found in the Clementine Homilies. Limitations of space prevent our considering the other chapters, but they are all rich in helpful material. Both these books are of the utmost value to the preacher.

#### PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

*A Bookman's Letters.* By W. ROBERTSON NICOLL. Crown 8vo, pp. 438. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, \$1.75.

FORTY-EIGHT selections from "The Correspondence of Claudius Clear," long familiar to and popular with readers of the *British Weekly*, together with some extracts from articles in the *North American Review*, *Blackwood Magazine*, and the *Contemporary Review*; beginning with *Memories of Meredith*, and ranging through fifty-seven varieties of subjects, literary and other, and through great galleries of interesting human pictures, and closing with *The Acacias of Lausanne*. Dignified and legitimate gossip, concerning notable persons and things, apt and ready and well-informed, and penetrating comments, opinions, criticisms, reminiscences, inside views—all lively and beguiling: a readable book, indeed. A gathering of authors at the Omar Khayyam Club celebrated George Meredith to his face. L. F. Austin spoke of the gallery of women drawn by Meredith in his books. "Meredith saw that the highest charm of woman is her womanhood; not her gifts, nor her beauty, nor even her virtues, but her womanhood. Among Meredith's women some of us will prefer the wild sweetness of one, the purity as of fire of another. And others of us will choose as our heroine Cecilia, that pure and proud lily with a heart of gold." One of Meredith's favorite passages, often quoted by him from Tennyson, was this in "In Memoriam," in reciting which he stressed with vehement emphasis the two lines here italicized:

Be near me when my light is low,  
When the blood creeps, and the nerves prick  
And tingle; and the heart is sick,  
And all the wheels of Being slow.

Be near me when the sensuous frame  
Is racked with pangs that conquer trust;  
And Time, a maniac, scattering dust,  
And Life, a fury slinging flame.

Be near me when my faith is dry,  
 And men the flies of latter spring,  
 That lay their eggs, and sting and sing  
 And weave their petty cells and die.

Be near me when I fade away,  
 To point the term of human strife,  
 And on the low, dark verge of life  
 The twilight of eternal day.

When Professor Saintsbury named in a list of the great biographies the following, Lockhart's Scott, Boswell's Johnson, Moore's Byron, Carlyle's Sterling, and Sir George Trevelyan's Macaulay, Robertson Nicoll struck out Byron because, for one reason, Byron was not a great man—he was, as Macaulay said, “a bad fellow and horribly affected.” Also he struck out the Life of Sterling. Then he adds Mrs. Gaskell's Life of Charlotte Brontë, Froude's Carlyle, and Morley's Life of Gladstone. Of this last he says: “It is, so far as I remember, the only good political biography in the English language. It is almost the only book written about our own times which has any literary importance. Written with gravity, dignity, distinction, and even with solemnity, it must be pronounced a great book.” The keynote of all Emerson's writings was struck, it is said, in this passage in his essay on “Nature”: “The foregoing generations beheld God and nature face to face; we, through their eyes. Why should not we also enjoy an original relation to the universe? Why should not we have a poetry and philosophy of insight and not of tradition, and a religion by revelation to us and not the history of theirs?” Let physicists and naturalists ponder this Emersonian bit: “Far be from me the impatience which cannot brook the supernatural and the vast. Far be from me the lust of explaining away all that appeals to the imagination and the great presentiments that haunt us. Willingly I say, ‘Hail!’ to the unknown, awful powers which transcend the ken of the understanding.” Emerson does not reason systematically; he pictures, states, sketches. His style is Orphic, mystical, Runic, aphoristic. His qualities were defined by Carlyle as “brevity, simplicity, softness, homely grace, with such a penetrating meaning, soft enough to be irresistible, going down to the depths and up to the heights as silent electricity goes. His phrases are rammed with thoughts.” Robertson Nicoll says: “Emerson did not believe in system. He knew that the system-makers die. Who will ever reprint the whole works of Sir William Hamilton, or John Stuart Mill? Are the prose works of Matthew Arnold really alive?” This is a fair sample of Emerson's lofty and prophetic vision out of a scientific age: “The next age will behold God in the ethical laws. The eternal creative and informing force is itself moral and ideal. The moral life is not something into which we drift. It is that whereto we are sent. The moral life is the center, the genesis, and the commanding fact. Morality, then, is the conscious adoption of the Universal as the controlling presence of the Universal in the individual:

But love me, then, and only, when you know  
 Me for a channel of the rivers of God  
 From deep, ideal, fountal heavens that flow.

Yes, any human personality is really to be commended and loved only when it makes itself a channel through which divine influences flow from heavenly fountains to human lives. To be loyal to the soul's conviction, regardless of consequences, was a point of honor with Emerson. There was one simple old Quaker lady whom he specially honored. He made it manifest to her, and she said, honestly enough, "I cannot think what you find in me worth notice." Upon which his comment was: "Ah! If she had said, 'Yea,' and the whole world had thundered, 'Nay,' in her ear, she would still have said, 'Yea.'" And that was why Emerson honored her. The upright, independent soul will call no man "master." Emerson said: "The soul is impatient of masters and eager for change. We touch and go and sip the foam of many lives. We cloy of the honey of each peculiar greatness. Every hero becomes a bore at last." This is true of every master except one, the one who is Maker as well as Master of men. You remember Sidney Lanier's exquisite lines to the race's prophetic poets:

Ye companies of governor-spirits grave,  
Bards, and old bringers-down of flaming news  
From steep-wall'd heavens, holy malcontents,  
Sweet seers, and stellar visionaries, all  
That brood about the skies of poesy,  
Full bright ye shine, insuperable stars;  
Yet, if a man look hard upon you, none  
With total luster blazeth, no, not one  
But hath some heinous freckle of the flesh  
Upon his shining cheek, not one but winks  
His ray, opaqued with intermittent mist  
Of defect; yea, you masters all must ask  
Some sweet forgiveness, which we leap to give.

And then he runs over a list of earth's famous teachers, pointing out some imperfection in each, and at length turns from them all and concludes:

But thee, but thee, O sovereign Seer of time,  
But thee, O poets' Poet, wisdom's Tongue,  
But thee, O man's best Man, O love's best Love,  
O perfect life in perfect labor writ,  
O all men's Comrade, Servant, King, or Priest—  
What "if" or "yet," what mole, what flaw, what lapse,  
What least defect or shadow of defect,  
What rumor tattled by an enemy  
Of inference loose, what lack of grace  
Even in torture's grasp, or sleep's, or death's—  
O, what amiss may I forgive in thee,  
Jesus, good Paragon, thou crystal Christ?

Margaret Fuller used to say that she could not keep up an intimacy with any one book. She might love a book dearly for a while, but as soon as her fondness reached the point where she began to plan a new nice morocco cover for it she was sure to experience a revulsion and take a disgust to it. She had many book-loves that mastered her for a while, but even the greatest wearied her finally. For years Shakespeare was her very life; but she tired even of him at last. One can exhaust any

and every book except the Bible. The word of the Lord is inexhaustible. Countless millions testify to that. Its mastering hold on the world increases with every decade, every year. The word of the Lord endureth forever. In the letter of Claudius Clear on "The Conversation of Edmund Burke" we read that, when Boswell spoke of Croft's Life of Dr. Young as a pretty successful imitation of Dr. Johnson's style, Burke said: "No, no, it is not a good imitation of Johnson. It has all his pomp without his force; it has all the nodosities of the oak without its strength; it has all the contortions of the Sibyl without the inspiration." We are told what Thomas Guthrie said of Andrew Thomson: "I have never passed Andrew Thomson's tomb. I know not what is on it, but I know what *ought* to be inscribed on it—the words the Carthaginians wrote over the grave of Hannibal: 'We vehemently desired him in the day of battle.'" Professor David Masson described the poet Clough thus: "A man of very shy demeanor, of largish build about the head and shoulders, with a bland and rather indolent look, and a notable want of alertness in his movements." Here is a bit in a letter from Samuel Brown to George Gilfillan: "I actually met a scoundrel in a publisher's shop here in Edinburgh the other day who was o'er-raving the town with an idea on the salvation of infants. He could and did demonstrate to every unfortunate button-wearer he could selze that there are more heathens saved than professing Christians. Thus: infants are saved; a vast majority of infants perish among the heathen; argal the majority of the heathen are saved! Well, that monster cherishes that jewel of thought, that spangle of gold-bright theology—and performs his office as a deacon in the Free Church—Doctor George Bell!!!" This is a description of George H. Lewes: "I find Lewes to be what I expected: vain, confident, shallow, flippant, ungenial, unlearned, and ugly by reason of the expression in his face of these qualities." In the letter on "Gravy," meaning metaphorical gravy, gravy in literature, sloppy stuff, it is said that our ancestors were very fond of gravy, and then comes this: "It is an evil thing to nurse and fondle and cultivate pathos. The pathos of a strong nature comes without any parade of preparation. Also the clumsy voluptuousness of many love scenes is positively nauseous. Sermons used to contain too much gravy. There were days when this kind of thing was admired. It is from a sermon on the 'Ascension of Elijah,' by the Rev. J. W. Boulding: 'At last, when the darkness began to fall, and the forms of the prophets faded from their view, suddenly the snorting of horses was heard in the distance and the rumbling of wheels, like the murmur of a storm, and lo! when they looked, the mountains seemed to burn as in a furnace, and all the sky was red as blood; for, rising out of the sea, a chariot came, and the breath of its steeds was smokeless flame, and its living wheels were a rolling blaze, and, swift as thought, the whirlwind on which they swept in their pauseless course caught up the prophet into the mantling fire; while, standing in the midst of the burning car, his own wild heart became the center of the blaze, fanned by the whirlwind and kindling in the flames, till the lightning's rapture was but the reflection of his own, and, streaming with the trail of a comet through the night, he faded



among the stars into the depths of heaven; while the mantle wearily floating to the earth was the proof that the prophet's recompense was rest, and the whirlwind's history the peace of God.' Does any one wonder that a generation subjected to this sort of stuff became sick of gravity?" Robertson Nicoll tells how he learned to read with appreciation. He had a severe illness when a lad, and was allowed to read in bed while slowly convalescing. There he made certain great discoveries. One was the existence and spell of poetry. He felt a thrill at Tennyson's lines:

I have heard  
Time flowing in the middle of the night  
And all things floating to a day of doom,

and recognized that he, too, had heard the rushing of time break the silence of midnight, and that thus far he could understand the poet. The second discovery came from the reading of *Quentin Durward*. A passage in that story taught him that the world was beautiful, and that Nature was a minister of happiness. This is the passage: "The moon, which had now extricated herself from the clouds through which she was formerly wading, shed a full sea of glorious light upon a landscape equally glorious. They saw the princely Loire rolling his majestic tide through the richest plain in France, and sweeping along between banks ornamented with towers and terraces, and with olives and vineyards. They saw the walls of the city of Tours, the ancient capital of Touraine, raising their portal towers and embattlements white in the moonlight, while from within their circle rose the immense Gothic mass which the devotion of the sainted Bishop Perpetuus erected as early as the fifth century, and which the zeal of Charlemagne and his successors had enlarged with such architectural splendor as rendered it the most magnificent church in France. The towers of the church of Saint Gatien were also visible, and the gloomy strength of the Castle, which was said to have been, in ancient times, the residence of the Emperor Valentinian." He had known that there was a moon, but had not known the enchantment of moonlight. After that he knew it, and has had endless joy in seeing the "holier day," as Shelley calls it, on cities and rivers and seas. We are told of Swinburne's admiration of Browning, and are given this passage: "If there is any great quality more perceptible than another in Mr. Browning's intellect it is his decisive and incisive faculty of thought, his sureness and intensity of perception, his rapid and trenchant resolution of aim. To charge him with obscurity is about as accurate as to call Lynceus purblind, or complain of the sluggish action of the telegraphic wire. He is something too much the reverse of obscure; he is too brilliant and subtle for the ready reader of a ready writer to follow with any certainty the track of an intelligence which moves with such incessant rapidity, or even to realize with what spiderlike swiftness and sagacity his building spirit leaps and lightens to and fro and backward and forward as it lives along the animated line of its labor, springs from thread to thread and darts from center to circumference of the glittering and quivering web of living thought woven from the inexhaustible stores

of his perception and kindled from the inexhaustible fire of his imagination. He never thinks but at full speed; and the rate of his thought is to that of another man's as the speed of a railway to that of a wagon, or the speed of a telegraph to that of a railway." Swinburne singled out two lines from "Sordello" as the finest in the English language:

As the king-bird with ages on his plumes  
Travels to die in his ancestral glooms.

To us the most interesting of these letters is on "The Spiritual History of Mark Rutherford." One of the evils deplored is that with many the purely intellectual, with no reference to the ethical, is the sole object of research; and that men are found devoting all their lives to the anatomy of lepidoptera, and never giving an hour to a solution of the problem how they may best bring insurgent and tyrannous desires under subjection or face misfortune; and that our schools to-day are so destitute of religious and even of moral instruction. A teacher says, "In my classes, and they are large ones, there is not one girl who would not, on the slightest pressure, tell me a lie." Our greatest danger is the divorce of the intellect from its most important use, so that it spend itself upon trifles, the fine arts, or science, or business, and never in ethical instruction and emphasis and service. The need is to teach Duty and invest it with divine authority. We are told what Christianity was to Rutherford: First, a *law*. He insisted passionately on the vital and eternal difference between right and wrong. He believed in divine law and he took the law from Jesus. When in doubt or difficulty he summoned up before him "the pure, calm, heroic figure of Jesus," and asked, "What would Jesus do?" and when that was answered he was no longer perplexed. Second, Christianity was to him a *gospel of consolation*. It alone has the remedies against great sorrows. It alone can save life from the dullness and weariness which oppress us when nothing seems satisfying or worth while. In face of the awfulness of death it reveals the glory of immortality. It declares that spirit cannot die. We are told of the last hours of a poor servant girl. She knew her Bible and she chose to have read to her, not anything from the prophecies or psalms or epistles, but the last three chapters of Matthew. "She perhaps hardly knew the reason why, but she could not have made a better choice. When we come near death, or near something which may be worse, all exhortation, theory, promise, advice, dogma, fail. The one staff which, perhaps, may not break under us is the victory achieved in the like situation by one who has preceded us; and the most desperate private experience cannot go beyond the Garden of Gethsemane. . . . Catharine read through the story of the conflict, and when she came to the resurrection, she felt, and Phoebe felt, after her fashion, as millions have felt before, that this is the truth of death." Of the consolations of Jesus Rutherford wrote: "Every one who has walked in sadness because his destiny has not fitted his aspirations; every one who, having no opportunity to lift himself out of his little narrow town or village circle of acquaintances, has thirsted for something beyond what they could give him; everybody who, with

nothing but a dull daily round of mechanical routine before him, would welcome death if it were martyrdom for a cause; every humblest creature in the obscurity of great cities or remote hamlets who silently does his or her duty without recognition—all these turn to Jesus and find themselves in him." Rutherford's constant fear was lest the human race should throw away the one medicine for their ills. To those who turned from it he cried:

The souls of now two thousand years  
Have laid up here their toils and fears,  
And all the yearnings of their pain;  
Ah, yet consider it again.

Great was his faith in conversion and in prayer. "To be born again is to awake to the reality of spirit and the spiritual world." He knew that the only gospel for Drury Lane and White Chapel, with their multitudes sunk beyond any ray of sun or stars, is the Good News that the Divine Spirit is a Spirit of love and that there is no human heart so hard that a redeeming spark cannot penetrate it. Great was his sense of God as a refuge and defense, looking up to whom he could say, "He whose name is Legion is at our doors deceiving our intellects with subtlety and flattering our hearts with beauty; and we have no trust or defense but in Thee." Precious to him was the text: "From the horns of the wild oxen Thou hast delivered me." On this he commented: "When I was almost pinned to the ground, and when help seemed too late, one cry to God brought succor." Emily Dickinson wrote, "For when it is too late for man, it's early yet for God."

*Crowds, Jr.* By GERALD STANLEY LEE. 16mo, pp. 145. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. Price, cloth, 50 cents, net.

If this small book were not cleverer than its title it would be scarcely worth noticing. It seems to be 145 pages culled from "*Crowds*," which was a previous book of 595 pages. To call this *Crowds, Jr.*, is as if you should excise portions of a father's anatomy and call the severed parts his son. If you amputate a leg, an arm, and three fingers of the other hand from Jones, and stitch them together, is it correct to call the result Jones, Jr? But why be a "carping critic"? Whether its title indicates unclear cerebration or not, the little book of selections before us is bright, clever in Gerald Stanley Lee's way which half a dozen previous volumes have made familiar. He has a style of his own. Just after his style had made us wonder if he and Charles Ferguson are half-brothers, we found Dr. Richard C. Cabot coupling the two together, because of a certain brilliancy and epigrammatic pungency. The crisp, incisive, vivid epigrams of both recall one feature of the style of Bishop W. F. McDowell. Mr. Lee having been a preacher before he was a professor of literature and a maker of books, his books naturally enough have something to say about ministers and churches and preachers' themes, and occasionally do a little preaching, direct or oblique. Here is a sample: "A man's theory as to why people do or do not do wrong is not a theory he might in some brief disinterested moment, possibly at luncheon, take time to discuss. His

theory of what is wrong and of what is right, and of how they work, touches the efficiency with which he works intimately and permanently at every point every minute of his business day. If he does not know, in the middle of his business day, what his theory of the world—of human nature—is, it would save his time to stop and find out. Here is one that does for some of us: If the men who were crucifying Jesus could have been suddenly stopped at the last moment, and if they could have been kept perfectly still for ten minutes and could have thought about it, some of them would have refused to go on with the crucifixion when the ten minutes were over. If they could have been stopped for twenty minutes, there would have been still more of them who would have refused to go on with it. They would have stolen away and wondered about The Man in their hearts. There were others who were there who would have needed twenty days of being still and of thinking. There were some who would have had to have twenty years to see what they really wanted, in all the circumstances, to do. People crucified Christ because they were in a hurry. They were all thinking about the thing they were doing at the moment and the way they felt about it. But The Man was thinking, not of his suffering, but of the men in front of him, and of what they could be thinking about, and what they would be thinking about afterward—in ten minutes, in twenty minutes, in twenty days, or in twenty years—and suddenly he made that great cry to Heaven, 'Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!' Most of us assume that when people do us a wrong they know what they are about. They look at the right thing to do and they look at the wrong one, and they choose the wrong one because they like it better. Nine people out of ten one meets in the streets coming out of church on Sunday morning, if one asked them the question plainly, 'Do you ever do wrong when you know it is wrong?' would say that they did. If you ask them what a sin is, they will tell you that it is something you do when you know you ought not to do it. But The Man himself, in speaking of the most colossal sin that has ever been committed, seemed to think that when men committed a sin it was because they did not really see what it was that they were doing. They did what they wanted to do at the moment. They did not do what they would have wished they had done in twenty years. I would define goodness as doing what one would wish one had done in twenty years—twenty years, twenty days, twenty minutes, or twenty seconds, according to the time the action takes to get ripe." Nobody but a preacher wrote this: "The Bible of the Hebrews (which had to be borrowed by the rest of the world if they were to have one) is the one great outstanding fact and result of the inspired Hebrew genius. They did not produce a civilization, but they produced a book for the rest of the world to make civilizations out of, a book which has made all other nations the moral passengers of the Hebrews for two thousand years. And the whole spirit and aim of this book, the thing about it that made it great, was that it was the sublimest, most persistent, most colossal, masterful attempt ever made by men to look forth upon the earth, to see all the men in it, like spirits hurrying past, and to answer the question, 'Where are we going?' And

this is what ministers and church members should say: "We will knock on every door, make a house-to-house canvass of the souls of the world, pursue every man, sing under his windows. We will undergird his consciousness and his dreams. We will make the birds sing to him in the morning, 'Where are you going?' We will put up a sign at the foot of his bed for his eyes to fall on when he awakes, 'Where are you going?'" What have church people to say to such talk as this: "The word Goodness spoils a thing for people—for many people. Possibly it is because we are apt to think of the good people, and of the people who are being good, as largely *keeping from* doing something, or as *keeping* other people *from* doing something—as negative. Their goodness seems to consist in being morally accurate, and in being very particular just in time, and in a kind of general holding in. We do not naturally or off-hand—any of us—think of goodness as having much of a lunge to it. It is tired-looking and discouraged, and pulls back kindly and gently. Or it teases and says, 'Please'—God knows how helpless it is, and I for one am frank to say that, as far as I have observed, he has been paying much less attention to good people of late. I do not believe I am alone in this. There must be thousands of others who have this same half-guilty, half-defiant feeling of suspiciousness toward what people seem to think should be called goodness. Not that we say anything. We cannot see what it is, exactly, about goodness that should make it so depressing. In the meantime we hold on. We do not propose to give up believing in it. Perhaps after all, all that is the matter with goodness in the United States is the people who have taken hold of it. They do not seem to be the kind of people who can make it interesting. We cannot help thinking, if these same bad people about us, or people who are called bad, would only take up goodness a while, how they would make it hum! I can speak for only one, but I do not deny that when I have been sitting (in some churches), or associating, owing to circumstances, with very good people a little longer than usual, and come out into the street, I feel like stepping up sometimes to the first fine, brisk, businesslike man I see going by, and saying: 'My dear sir, I do wish that *you* would take up goodness a while and see if, after all, something cannot really be done. I keep on trying to be hopeful, but these dear good people in here, it seems to me, are making a terrible mess of it!'" When the author is talking about religion in business, he says: "The Metropolitan Tower, with its big clock dial, with its three stories of telling what time it is, and its great bell singing hymns above the dizzy flocks of the skyscrapers, is the soul of New York, to me. To me, the Metropolitan Tower, sweeping up its prayer out of the streets the way it does, and doing it, too, right beside that little safe, tucked-in, trim, Sunday religion of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, lifts itself up as one of the mighty signs and portents of our time. Have I not heard the bell tolling to the people in the midst of business and singing great hymns? A great city lifts itself and prays in it—prays while it sings and clangs so absent-looking below. I like to go out before going to sleep and take a look at it. It is a kind of steeple of the business of this world. I would never have said that business needed a steeple before



until I saw the Metropolitan Tower and heard it singing above the streets. But I had always wanted (without knowing it), in a modern office building, a great solemn bell to remind us what the common day was. I like to hear it striking a common hour and what can be done in it. I stop in the street to listen—to listen while that great hive of people tolls—tolls not the reveries of monks above the roofs of the skyscrapers, but the religion of business—of the real and dally things, the seriousness of the mighty street and the faces of the men and the women." Speaking of Fear and Business, Mr. Lee writes: "We have stood by now these many years through strikes and rumors of strikes, and we have watched the railway hold-ups, the Lawrence Mill strike, and the great English coal strike. We have seen, in a kind of dumb, hopeful astonishment, everybody about us piling into the fray, some fighting for the rights of labor and some for the rights of capital, and we have kept wondering if possibly a little something could not be done before long, possibly next year, in behalf of the huge, battered, helpless Public, that dear amorphous old ladylike Person doddering along the Main Street of the World, now being knocked down by one side and now by the other. It has almost looked, some days, as if both sides in the quarrel—Capital and Labor—really thought that the Public ought not to expect to be allowed to be out in the streets at all. Both sides in the contest are so sure they are right, and feel so noble and Christian, that we know they will take care of themselves; but the poor old Lady!—some of us wonder, in the turmoil of Civilization and the scuffle of Christianity, what is to become of Her? Is it not about time that somebody appeared very soon now who will make a stand once and for all in behalf of this dear old ladylike Person? Is it really true that no one has noticed Her and is really going to stand up for Her—for the old gentle-hearted Planet as a Whole? We have our Tom Mann for the workers, and we have the Daily Newspaper—the Tom Mann of Capital—but where is our Tom Mann for Everybody? Where is the man who shall come boldly out to Her, into the great crowded highway, where the bullies of wealth have tripped up her feet, and the bullies of poverty have thrown mud in her face, where all the little mean herds or classes one after the other hold Her up—the scorners, and haters, and cowards, and fearers for themselves, fighting as cowards always have to fight, in herds . . . where is the man who is going to climb up alone before the bullies of wealth and the bullies of poverty, take his stand against them all—against both sides, and dare them to touch the dear helpless old Lady again? When this man arises—this Tom Mann for Everybody—whether he slips up into immortality out of the crowd at his feet, and stands up against them in overalls or in a silk hat, he will take his stand in history as a man beside whom Napoleon and Alexander the Great will look as toys in the childhood of the world. We are living in a day when not only all competent-minded students of affairs, but the crowd itself, the very passers-by in the streets, have come to see that the very essence of the labor problem is the problem of getting the classes to work together." Attention, preachers: "Preachers can be put into classes only in a general way. They often overlap. But at least as

regards emphasis, preachers divide off into three classes. Those who tease us to do right. Those who make us see that doing right, if anyone wants to do it, is really an excellent thing. Those who make us want to do it. I never go to hear a second time, if I can help it, a preacher who has teased me to do right. Why get hundreds of people to come into church on a Sunday morning and seat them all together in a great room where they cannot get out, and then tease them and tell them they ought to be good? They knew it before they came. They are already agreed that they want to be good. They even want to be good in business—as good as they can afford to. The thing that is troubling them is the technique. How can they be good in their business—more good than their employers want them to be, for instance—and keep their positions? I know two kinds of men who believe that honesty is the best policy. These two men use exactly the same words—'Honesty is the best policy.' One man says it. The other man sings it. One man is honest because it pays. The other man is honest because he likes it. 'Honesty is the best policy,' as a motive cannot be called religious, but 'Honesty is the best policy' as a *Te Deum*, as something a man sings in his heart every day about God and about human nature is religious, and believing it the way some men believe it, is an act of worship. Any man who is seen acting in this world with a thing, as if he believed in the thing, as if he believed in himself and believed in other people, is singing. . . . Tunnel McAdoo, when he lifted up his will against the sea and against the seers of Wall Street, was singing. When he conceived those steel cars, those roaring yellow streaks of light ringing through rocks beneath the river, streets of people flashing through under the slime and under the fish and under the ships and under the wide sunshine on the water, he was singing! He raised millions of dollars singing. He tried not to look as if he was singing, but there it all was singing inside him, the seven years of digging, the seven years of dull thundering on rocks under the city, and at last the happy steel cars all green and gold, the streams of people all yellow light hissing and pouring through—those vast pipes for people beneath the sea!"

#### HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY

*The Journal of the Rev. John Wesley, A.M.*, sometime Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, enlarged from original MSS., with notes from unpublished diaries, annotations, maps, and illustrations. Edited by NEHEMIAH CURNOCK, assisted by experts. Standard edition, Vol. V, no date (1914) 8vo, pp. viii + 526, \$3 per volume for set of 6 volumes. London: C. H. Kelly; New York: Eaton & Mains.

THOUGH already familiar with the famous *Journal*, this reviewer has prepared himself for the work by reading through every line of the successive volumes as they have appeared, and has been specially instructed by the invaluable notes of the editor, which throw welcome light on many things in the life of Wesley as well as the history of his movement. Although no unpublished shorthand journals have been discovered for the years of this volume (1763-1773), unpublished materials are used in the notes, which are both interesting and full, though they

are not as full as we wish they were. As to the sturdy narrative itself, we might mention a few impressions we could not escape. There were, first, the fearful storms through which Wesley traveled. The climate of the British Islands is variable and rainy, and the wonder is that Wesley, who was not naturally robust, never flinched from rain, hail, wind, and snow (for he had several times to encounter snowstorms, and waded through drifts almost waist-deep). The marvel is that, wet to the skin, as he frequently was, he went through so scatheless and was not killed by pneumonia. Did his constant outdoor life make him almost immune to colds? Connected with this were the atrocious roads (see pages 346, 370, 451, etc.). If Wesley could have had decent weather and decent roads, he would have doubled his efficiency. Even in London itself we read that in 1736 the roads were so bad that in wet weather a carriage could not be driven from Kensington to Saint James Palace in less than two hours, and sometimes stuck immovably in the mud. It was not until 1803 and 1816 that Telford and Macadam respectively began to construct passable roads. Probably to-day no country in the world has better roads than England, but they were a caution in the eighteenth century. Wesley's method of getting about was by horseback, or his own wagon, or by public coach. He frequently uses the word machine for his chaise, a use known in England, but not in this country. We note his indifference to numbers. There was nothing of the propagandist or revivalist in the professional sense in Wesley. Of course he desired large congregations and to do all the good he could, but he was neither elated by a crowd nor cast down by a handful, and went straight on with his work and his message. He relentlessly canvassed the members of his societies as to their character and experience, and never hesitated to prune his rolls. And when he found, as he often did, that the hundred members that he left had dwindled down to fifty when he returned six months or a year after, he notes the fact, but indulges in no disappointed ambition. Perhaps this also explains his very plain dealing with his congregations. Though he never scolded, and believed there ought to be wisdom and care in rebuke ("The people of Canterbury have been so often reproved, and frequently without cause, for being dead and cold that it has utterly discouraged them and made them cold as stones. How delicate a thing it is to reprove! To do it well requires more than human wisdom," page 294), he was most frank in what he said in public and even in publishing criticisms of men and places in the *Journal*, which was issued in serial parts only about four years after the time recorded. If these issues were read at all widely, it is a wonder Wesley was not mobbed if only for his plain truth-telling. There must be fifty places in this volume alone where he makes the skin of contemporary congregations and individuals wince by his outspoken characterizations. Of course, there is also loving appreciation of devotion on their part. Frequently they stand in large numbers in the rain and cold to hear him who also preaches in the rain. But the speaker can endure that much better than passive listeners, who must frequently, one supposes, have gotten their death of cold. We should say here, too, that half a dozen times in this volume Wesley not only

highly praises field preaching, but says that it was the indispensable condition of his success and the success of his movement. Though he acknowledges it was a cross for him ever to speak in the open air, he disliked the stuffy rooms of his societies for preaching, though he and the people were often driven to them by the weather and he was glad (even though a cross) to publish his tidings in what he calls the "open face of the sun." This volume also reveals that although Wesley was the absolute ruler of his movement, and he believed thoroughly in monarchical government in both church and state—the more monarchical the better—both his people and preachers kept their independence in thought and action. Sometimes this last led to schism, but not always, as Wesley allowed in practice much freedom and did not at all insist on his own views except in matters fundamental. In a former review we noticed his concern for the main Christian doctrines, and this volume confirms that (see pages 47, 61, 69, note 2, 254; but compare 116). Speaking of mobs, Wesley was treated much better in poor Catholic Ireland than in England, and in Scotland he went abroad like a king. There is only one account of fearful mob treatment in Ireland in this book, and that was in Enniskillen, a Protestant town, and not upon himself, but his preachers. Of course, Catholics were often rude and disturbing, but for the reign of the mob commend us to the sodden, drink-crazed populations of England. By the time this volume opens, however, magistrates had interfered; and there is no better lesson the people and police of New York could take to heart than the fact revealed everywhere in the Journal, namely, that resolute dealing by the authorities stamps out crimes of violence. It also speaks volumes for the larger evangelizing and civilizing agency of Presbyterianism that in Scotland we do not now remember a single mob formed against Wesley and his preachers, much less a single minister who personally incited the bludgeon. But that argument of the superior religious power of Presbyterianism did not affect Wesley's ingrained preference for his own church, though ministers and adherents of the latter persecuted Methodists literally to the death. We have space for only one more impression: Wesley's continued emphasis on perfect love. We have indexed about twenty places in this volume alone where he utters himself in this sense. It was certainly an element in his movement that Wesley was vitally concerned in. But our notes reveal many more interesting things than we have touched here. Buy this book, gentle reader, and get in authoritative text this immortal diary illuminated by Nehemiah Curnock's wide research and multifarious reading.

*The Real Billy Sunday.* By E. P. BROWN, D.D. 12mo, pp. 285. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, with portraits and many illustrations, \$1.15.

BILLY SUNDAY is the most powerful and popular Presbyterian preacher in America. What is his preaching like? It is as lively and intense as this: "We played the old Detroit team. We were neck and neck for the championship, and four games were going to settle it. That club had Thompson, Richardson, Rowe, Dunlap, Hanlon and Bennett, and they could play ball! I was playing right field. Mike Kelly was catching

and John G. Clarkson was pitching. He was as fine a pitcher as ever crawled into a uniform. I think he could put more turns and twists into a ball than any pitcher I ever saw. There are some fine pitchers to-day—Bender, Wood, Matthewson, Johnson, Marquard, and others—but I don't believe any of them stands in the class with Clarkson. They had two men out, and they had a man on second and another on third, with Bennett, their old catcher, at the bat. Charley had three balls and two strikes on him. He couldn't hit a high ball, but he could kill them when they went about his knee. I called to Clarkson, and said, 'One more, John, and we've got 'em!' You know every pitcher digs a hole in the ground where he puts his foot when he is pitching. John stuck his foot into the hole, and he went clear back to the ground. O how he could make them dance! He could throw overhanded and the ball would go down and up. He is the only man I ever saw do it. He could send a ball so swift that the batter would feel the thermometer drop as it whizzed by. John went clear down, and just as he let the ball go his right foot slipped, and the ball went low instead of high. I saw Charley swing hard, and heard the bat crack as he met the ball square on the nose. As I saw the ball rise in the air I knew it was going clear over my head, into the crowd that overflowed into the field. I could judge within ten feet of where a ball would light, so I turned my back to the ball and ran, and as I ran I yelled, 'Get out of the way!' And that crowd opened like the Red Sea for the rod of Moses. I ran on and as I flew over the dirt I made a prayer. It wasn't theological either, I tell you that. As near as I can remember, it was something like this: 'O Lord, if you ever helped mortal man, help me to get that ball!' I ran and jumped over the bench when I thought I was under the ball, and stopped. I looked back and saw it going over my head, and I jumped and shoved my left hand up, and the ball hit it and stuck! At the rate I was going the momentum carried me on, and I fell under the feet of a team of horses. But I held to the ball and jumped up with the ball in my hand. My! how they yelled!" That was Billy Sunday on the baseball field, as one of the crack players on the famous old Chicago White Stockings team of the National League. Young Billy, the ballplayer, sat on the curbstone one Sunday afternoon, while a little band of Mission workers were praying and singing at the corner of State and Van Buren Streets, Chicago. Presently they sang some of his mother's hymns, and that went to his heart. One of the workers spoke to him, sitting on the curb, and invited him to a meeting at the mission, two blocks away. His mother's hymns, singing once more in his soul, carried him to the hall, where he gave himself to his mother's Saviour. He joined a live Presbyterian church and went to work like a live Christian who meant business. The Y. M. C. A. soon set him to talking in public. That was the beginning of this Baseball Evangelist. Billy came off the athletic field and doesn't know any better than to bring all the intense energy and enthusiasm of a ball field into his religious work. Something very like a ball game is going on upon the platform when he is preaching: the activity, the lunge, and the lingo of the field. He is running or sliding for base, he is pitching the ball swift and skillfully,



or leaping off the ground to catch it, and he is using some amazing language. O horrors! He uses slang, the rough speech of the man on the street, in talking about sin and salvation. And this offends some dainty and sensitive good people. He startles and jars almost everybody at first; he makes folks wince and shiver; but this is not all he does: before he gets through he masters them. A vast audience in Minneapolis sat waiting for him to arrive. Some of them expected to see something rough, or careless, or sporty, or pugnacious in his looks when he came on the platform. But no! There he was, smooth, clean, clear-complexioned, shapely, and lithe as a fleet Arabian, sweet and wholesome, manly and good to look upon, sitting beside that fine, strong, wise woman, his wife. When the time came, Billy sprang into the game with eager zest, impetuous vigor, and terrific earnestness, which would have been all right, of course, on the ball field, where big money was staked on the result—but—here, where only souls were at stake, it seemed to some not quite the thing for a man to astonish and agitate his audience with such unchurchly language as he used. A bishop and ex-university president with brains in his head who listened to Billy that day, being asked what he thought of it, said, "At first he disgusted me with his slang, but the last half *shook the life out of me.*" The bishop's experience represented that of the audience. The close of that Minneapolis address was so overwhelming, from every point of view, that it is difficult to imagine any human being standing up against it. In Pittsburgh the Episcopal churches held aloof in disapproval of Billy Sunday's Evangelistic Campaign. But after it was over a writer in The Churchman (Protestant Episcopal, New York) made this confession: "Billy Sunday has come to Pittsburgh and gone. Whatever he accomplished, he did it without the help or even the assent of the Episcopal Church. More: he did it in the face of the church's public criticism. Undoubtedly to many outside the church her attitude toward the Sunday revival appears inexplicable, or worse, which is a grave statement. . . . This buffoon of an evangelist made religion a subject of ordinary conversation. People talked about their souls as freely as about their breakfasts. He went into the homes of the rich, dropped his wildness of speech, and made society women cry with shame and contrition. One's eternal welfare became the topic of the dinner-table, not only in the slums, but in the houses of fashion. It sounds incredible, and it is not a fact to be grasped by the mere reading about it, but the citizens of Pittsburgh forgot to be ashamed to mention prayer and the forgiveness of sins, and the name of Christ began to be used with simpleness and readiness and reverence by men who two months ago employed it only as a by-word. City politicians came forward at the meetings and asked for prayer. The daily newspapers gave more space to salvation than they did to scandal, not for one day, but day after day and week after week. As a mere spectacle of a whole modern city enthralled by the gospel it was astonishing, unbelievable, unprecedented, prodigious." A newspaper man, sent from New York to investigate the results of Sunday's meetings in Pittsburgh, wrote, "Try every way I could and in many

directions, I could not find any adverse opinions. 'I am strongly for him,' said the editor of a prominent daily, and that seems to be the general feeling." The big stores sent their employees in a body to the meetings. One establishment sent eleven hundred. Working girls and factory operatives attended the noon meetings in crowds. The police on duty in the tabernacle succumbed to the spiritual power of the services, and one day ten of them at once walked to the front and before the crowd of fifteen thousand declared themselves on the Lord's side. The saloon keepers were dismayed at the effect on their business. Two of them said, "If this thing lasts two weeks longer we'll have to go under." The checkroom boy in the hotel said, "All the fellers go to the meetings," and went on to tell of boozers and gamblers who had been converted. For eight weeks this tide of moral power flooded the city and held its attention. Every daily newspaper published Billy's sermons in full every day. Such are the facts reported by observers on the ground. One of them says: "Vital religion; man's personal responsibility to God; a Bible that reveals the mind of God; salvation through the cross of Christ alone; a life clean in all its bearings—these are the core of Sunday's messages." The Lutheran churches in Pittsburgh declined to participate in the campaign; but the Lutheran Observer (Philadelphia), hearing the wild false reports in circulation about the cost per convert of Billy Sunday's services, took the trouble to collect and publish the figures, the result showing that the cost for 167,036 converts in eighteen towns and cities was one dollar and fifty-nine cents per convert. A New York secular daily, commenting on the attempt to figure out the cost of saving each soul, remarked rebukingly that even if the highest figures named by the critics were correct, *only the children of this world would think the price too high*. When some were saying some time ago that Billy Sunday would do in the Middle West and in small towns, the New York Sun remarked: "So said the wise men. Thereupon Billy Sunday betakes himself to the towns and cities that rejoice to call themselves urban, and turns them upside down, repeating with their smug populations his successes with the supposedly less alert ruralists." When a university president was in agony of soul over the moral condition of his students, three of whom had committed suicide in one week, he sent for Billy Sunday, introduced him to three thousand of them packed into the gymnasium, and before this Baseball Evangelist left, hundreds of the students had pledged themselves to a Christian life. Billy Sunday is a phenomenon, an unparalleled "surprise party," all by himself, but his ministry, startling and eccentric as it is, is not unauthorized. A Roman Catholic priest in New York says: "Mr. Sunday is making religion ridiculous. Saint Paul said of preachers, 'How can they preach except they are sent?' Well, who sent this man Sunday?" Well, if fruits are any proof, it looks as if God sent him, and that is what hosts of the Catholics of Pittsburgh believe and thankfully acknowledge. "Who sent this man Sunday?" That great, wise, intellectual, able, dignified, solid, and powerful body known as the Presbyterian Church, toward which even the pretentious Papal organization may well stand somewhat in awe, has "sent this man Sunday," for he is a minister

in good and regular standing in that great church, clothed with all the dignity and authority of its solemn ordination. Blessed is the church which sees its God-given opportunity and uses the God-given man. The Church of England did not, and crowded out the Wesleyans. The Wesleyans did not, and failed to make enough room for William Booth and his Salvation Army methods. Both bodies lost a quickening spiritual force and an arm of tremendous power. Recognition of the exceptional man and giving him free chance to run and glorify God by saving men in his own way, no matter how unusual and innovational, is no disparagement of "the regular ministry." The church of Charles H. Parkhurst and Henry van Dyke is wise enough to send out William Ashley Sunday, who brings as much credit as they to the church of his choice. God brings great evangelists like Wesley out of Oxford University; and President Finney from Oberlin, but he also brings William Carey from the shoemaker's bench and makes mighty preachers out of colliers digging in English mines, from Wesley's day to ours. He give divine ordination to soldiers like Chinese Gordon and General O. O. Howard, to a sailor like Father Taylor, to a Bohemian like Gipsy Smith, to a physician like Grenfell, of Labrador, to drunkards like Francis Murphy and Jerry McAuley and Sam Hadley and John Callahan, and to a barkeeper like John Masefield, who quits mixing drinks and sings divinely of "The Everlasting Mercy." It is a grand thing for a great university when the captain of its football team is president of its Y. M. C. A. And it is a glorious thing when God finds a young fellow on the athletic field out of whom he can make an evangelist who will "stand upon his feet and play the game" to beat the Devil's team, a captain of salvation who can shake a city and rally the Christian forces to storm the gates of hell. And if he can do such things, give him right of way, even if his ball-field lingo doesn't wear evening dress nor part its hair in the middle; even if he jumps on a chair and waves his arms and shouts like a man in a political nominating convention, appealing to the crowd to save the country by nominating his nominee; or even if he throws off coat, collar, and vest as if about to plunge in and save somebody like a sailor who hears the cry, "Man overboard!" The saving of this world from sin is a grim task. Daintiness and dignity cannot do it. The religion of the Crucified is not here to invent or protect forms and conventionalities. The church is not out for a holiday to pick flowers in the fields, but to pluck men as brands from the burning. The church needs books of tactics more than it needs books of etiquette. Our enemies are not elegant and suave and polite. Look at Anthony Comstock's scarred face, wearing as a decoration of honor the gashes given him by the human fiends he fights—the dirtiest, meanest, most malignant and venomous devils that ever crawled up like vipers over the edge of the world out of the cesspools and sewers of the horrible pit of hell. Ask Anthony Comstock what kind of a job the church has on its hands. A high-browed editor looks out from his lofty conning-tower on Billy Sunday's gestures and writes superciliously of "Religion With a Punch." Is there not too much "religion" *without* any "punch," without stroke

or movement, too feeble or inactive to make a dent or any impression on the community? A man who has hunted up some facts answers the writer of the "Religion-With-a-Punch" editorial thus: "You criticize Billy Sunday's vulgarisms and the narrowness of his message; but, in spite of all that, he is reaching, influencing, and helping more men than all the 'liberal' churches in America. He is getting drunkards out of the gutter, roués out of the houses of debauchery, gamblers out of the gambling-hells, and bringing a host of careless men and women to lead earnest and consecrated lives." Excellent things to do, no doubt; but how much more decorous and seemly it would be if Billy did all these wonderful works as you and I do them! Only, come to think, you and I don't do them very much; which, perhaps, is that much against letting Billy do them. Strange to say, Billy goes on doing them without asking our permission. In the business world to-day the "efficiency test" rules, and business men are applying that test to the church. They say sharply, "Show us your results—their variety and volume and value." When they hear that thirteen hundred churches in our Spring Conferences report not one probationer on the books, they think that several hundred ministers and churches need to catch some of Billy Sunday's intense zeal and energy. It is "dead earnest" that tells. "It's 'dogged' as does it." The men of business have their own good reasons for standing by Billy as they do. It is the *efficiency test* that puts Billy Sunday at the top. He is beyond dispute a master of assemblies. Apart from his slang and his gestures, he can give theological students and many preachers lessons in public speaking. His utterance is clear, natural, manly, effective. When he reads or quotes Scripture, he gives the spirit and the meaning; the words quiver and tingle and burn on his lips. His expression and delivery are telling. Before we lay down this book which aims to give us The Real Billy Sunday, we express the conviction that in this alert and intensely active age the ministry and the church need a greater variety of men and methods, more fertility of invention, more elasticity and flexibility of adaptation, more freedom and daring in making experiments, more tolerance of individual peculiarities, ideas, and plans. To fight everywhere and with all sorts of weapons, and to enlist everybody who is willing to fight, is our necessity in the present emergency. Brown-ing tells a thrilling story about that day when the Greeks at Marathon beat back the barbarians, stemmed Persia rolling on, did the deed and saved the world. The great poet tells how each trained soldier did his manliest, kept his place, and fought all day in his proper rank and file, armed with helmet, shield, and spear. But one strange figure was seen dashing here and there and yonder, a man without spear or shield or helmet, but a goat-skin all his wear, a rude tiller of the soil, a rustic clown with his brown limbs broad and bare. Seeing the fight, he left his furrow unfinished, and, with no weapon except his plowshare, rushed to the field of battle. And wherever the need seemed greatest, there he appeared. Did the steady phalanx falter, or the right-wing waver, or the weak left wing give way, to the rescue came the peasant; there that clown was plowing Persia, clearing Greek earth of weeds as he routed

through the Sakian and rooted up the Medes. And down to the dust went Persia's pomp as he plowed for Greece, that clown! "Praise to the Holder of the Plowshare!" cries Browning justifiably. Billy Sunday uses his own peculiar weapons, fights in his own peculiar, dashing way, but he is doing mighty execution on the field in the Marathon of the world. Prim and dainty proprieties sometimes have a troubled time of it in this rough-and-tumble gusty world, as plumes and draperies have abreast of the Flatiron Building on a windy day. Even religious decorum is not safe in its own sacred citadel. One fine evening H. R. Haweis preached in New York in one of the fashionable churches, the temple of highly finished forms, a drawing-room in which the Almighty is supposed to give an "At Home" to elegantly dressed and wealthy folk. The church was filled to hear the noted English clergyman. The rector being absent, a nice, neat-looking curate had charge of the service. Now, Haweis, of London, was a man of brains and culture and fire, not a man-milliner nor a manicurist of morals. That night his brain was incandescent—the phosphorus blazing brightly. He announced for his text these words: "Our Saviour, Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel; whereunto I am appointed a preacher." A kind of thrill ran through the wonderful words as he read them. For the next hour that audience-room seemed a wind-swept place, with something like a gale from the hills of glory blowing. The gospel of the life eternal was given a field-day then and there. But Tennyson's Clara Vere de Vere, had she been there, would have been as unhappy and displeased as the dapper curate seemed, for the preacher's movements had not the composure nor his manner of speech the reserve that marks the caste of Vere de Vere; and one almost wonders if even the lions on her old stone gates could have maintained their stony calm under the pelting of such a storm. The preacher disregarded the customary poses and proprieties. He was awkwardly lame and one would suppose that for his own comfort's sake he would stand still, and that for the sake of hiding his deformity he would stay in the pulpit. On the contrary, he stepped out into the open; he leaned forward and backward over and against the reading desk from all four sides of it; he limped to and fro, across and around, pounding over the platform, thumpity-thump with that lame leg, mostly along the platform's edge as near as possible to the front seats. He made those people laugh and cry. The reverent ladies of the vested choir in their conspicuous chancel-seats strove commendably to maintain their gravity, but even their self-control gave way and they, too, were shaking presently with soft and holy laughter, and after that they laughed happily and unashamed, until later their sobered faces trembled into tears. The little curate looked worried, perhaps offended. The great preacher made it seem a glorious thing to be a living spirit dowered with immortality. His sermon was the revel of a winged and far-sighted soul, like the flight of an eagle aspiring to all the sky there is, the unrestrained and holy frolic of a royal mind. Nor was it a mere flight. He buttressed solid arguments with firm facts. He brought the richest treasures of philosophy, and



history, and poetry, and science, and piled them in splendid heaps upon his subject. He used logic and ridicule, made the rationalist look irrational, satirized the skeptic, hustled the denier in a way resembling Chesterton's, lashed and scarified the creatures who desecrate and degrade the form of man by groveling on all fours like beasts as if they had not been given the sublime start of being made in the image of God. And now and then, especially toward the close, strains of exultation sounded in the high arches of his discourse as noble and stately and rapturous as the Hallelujah Chorus. No one there had ever heard a mightier meditation on the Life that is Real and Eternal, but the platform which this awkward but inspired lame man paced was strewn with the wreck of conventional pulpit proprieties, and, in a church expecting a tabloid sermonette of fifteen minutes on Sunday evening, that terrible man went on regardless for an hour and five minutes. Do you wonder the poor little curate looked sick and disgusted?

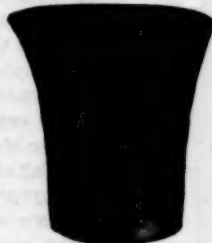
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